PORTUGAL

AND

GALLICIA,

WITH A REVIEW OF

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STATE

OF THE

BASQUE PROVINCES:

AND A FEW REMARKS ON

RECENT EVENTS IN SPAIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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4	19,	*for* nor, *read* or.
27	23,	*for* everwhere, *read* every where.
23	11,	*for* Mos, *read* Flos.
86	12,	*for* colon, *substitute* comma.
173	10,	*for* horret, *read* juvat.
205	5,	*after* Manuel, *dele* comma.
324	3,	*for* Tarragon, *read* Tarragona.

DEDICATION.

MY DEAR LORD EGREMONT,

THE greater portion of this work has been long written, and was originally intended to have been incorporated with a political treatise on Portugal published some years ago, of which it was only a part and continuation. In that treatise I endeavoured to give my readers some insight into the laws of Portugal, the municipal and judicial system of that country, the existing tenures of property, the actual state of her trade, and the relative strength and position of the political parties which then divided the kingdom. That work referred exclusively to those deeper and drier considerations, which, however fraught with interest to the politician, are, comparatively, little congenial to the taste of the general reader; but this narrative of my journey through Portugal, hitherto unpublished, is of a lighter cast, containing some sketches of society, mixed up with personal adventures, and occasionally alluding to those peculiar habits,

superstitions, and opinions upon which the political changes of the last few years can have, as yet, produced no sensible impression.

There was One, indeed, who had consented to receive this tribute of filial affection. To that beloved Parent I should have offered this little work with a full consciousness of its many imperfections, but with an earnest hope that it might shed a transient gleam of pleasure over some of those weary hours that marked the progress of declining strength. Circumstances, however, prevented its appearance at that time, and I subsequently dropped the intention of publishing it at all. But the stirring events that have lately taken place, and are still occurring in the northern provinces of Spain; the extent to which the interests of Great Britain have been committed in this most unhappy struggle; and, more than all, the deep interest which I feel in the welfare of the virtuous and high-minded Basques, are circumstances which have induced me to resume my pen, and give some brief account of the social and political state of Biscay.

I was, at one time, well acquainted with that

country, and learned, at an early period of life, to admire the character and appreciate the institutions of a people little known to the British public, but, perhaps, the noblest, though now the most oppressed, in Europe.

As my old Portuguese manuscript was still in existence, I determined to combine, in the same work, my observations on Biscay and the narrative of my journey through Portugal and Gallicia.

I felt that, although the political condition of Portugal has materially changed since my residence in that country, and my narrative may not, therefore, be found to possess the eager interest inspired by a detail of passing occurrences, still the period in question was marked by a crisis permanently affecting the destinies of that kingdom; and, although the subjects alluded to in these separate parts of the same work, are not precisely similar, still there are many points of interest common to both; for, indeed, no political circumstances affecting Spain can fail of exercising, perhaps an indirect, but still a certain influence on the sister kingdom.

The extraordinary state of our present relations with Spain has induced me to enter at some length into the actual politics of that kingdom. The Basques, whose records are fraught with interest, and, politically speaking, I may almost say with wonder to every reflecting mind, although extremely influential from their character, their vicinity to the frontier, and their almost impregnable country, occupy but an inconsiderable portion of the Spanish territory. From this cause perhaps, no constitutional history exists of this most interesting people; and the growth of their privileges from the possession of some elementary principles of liberty in the twilight of the middle ages to the system of well-regulated, but almost unbounded freedom which they have since enjoyed, is only to be traced through many documents, and in notices, copious enough, it is true, but scattered through the works of many historians.

I have endeavoured to draw up a brief, but, I hope, connected statement of their gradually improving laws and liberties; and have referred my reader for every fact of moment, to the

chroniclers and historians of the time. To the man who thinks that the justice of a great political question should in some degree affect the policy of his Government, this statement may not be wholly destitute of interest; while in the occasional notices of ancient manners and opinions visible in the record of old transactions, the antiquarian may perhaps find matter of amusement.

With respect to Portugal, I have dwelt but slightly on the cities, the churches, and the palaces; objects which generally, and justly, occupy so large a space in a work of this nature; because I felt that every building of importance, and almost every circumstance of note in the great towns of Portugal, have been accurately described by preceding authors, within the last few years. I have chosen a humbler path, and have endeavoured to lead my reader over ground not wholly void of interest, though comparatively unexplored; to make him acquainted with the fairy fields of the Minho, with the gloomy superstitions of the wild districts of Alentejo, with the feudal state of society still existing in the Traz

os Montes, and to give him some insight into the peculiar habits of the virtuous but almost unknown Gallicians.

This little work will not assist the traveller through Portugal and Gallicia as a guide, and has no pretension to that character; but is rather a record of events that befel the author during his journey through the country at a very critical period, and of observations growing out of that peculiar state of things.

My mode of travelling was calculated to secure the general kind of information I wished to attain. From Corunna to Cape St. Vincent my journeys were invariably performed on horseback, and I was thus enabled to deviate at pleasure from the high-road, and penetrate into the most secluded districts, encountering at times great hardships, and even considerable peril, mixing with all classes, and often joining the peasantry as they collected around their evening fires.

These habits, combined with the distracted state of the times in which my expeditions were generally undertaken, occasionally involved me in suspicion, and led me into situations of con-

siderable embarrassment; but perhaps enabled me to obtain some knowledge of the popular feeling,—a knowledge which in moments of political disturbance can seldom be acquired except by personal and somewhat severe experience.

I must also admit that I may have been involved in adventures not strictly defensible on the score of prudence; but it will be remembered, I trust, that many years have elapsed since their occurrence, and I was then at a time of life when difficulties to be surmounted, and dangers to be braved, are rather a source of pleasurable excitement, than of wise and careful avoidance.

Unacquainted, my dear Lord, with your feelings on the political points to which I have alluded, but, knowing your general love of literature, I have ventured to request your acceptance of this little work in its present shape, and shall feel gratified if its perusal afford you an hour's amusement.

I remain, dear Lord Egremont,

Yours, most affectionately,

THE AUTHOR.

Tanhurst, 1836.



PORTUGAL AND GALLICIA.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage to Lisbon—Steam Packet—Lisbon—View over the Tagus—Cintra—Bay of Colares—Marialva Palace—Mr. Beckford's Villa—Irish Maternity—Portuguese Games.

I EMBARKED on board the Duke of York steam-packet, on the evening of the 28th of July, 1827, and quitted the harbour of Portsmouth at six o'clock. We glided rapidly along the coast of Hampshire; the wind fell; the night was fine, and there was little motion on the water. I paced the deck till a late hour, and was joined by a gentleman, whose conversation, replete with Eastern lore, attracted my attention. I afterwards heard him announced as Mr. Wolff, the celebrated missionary, then proceeding with his wife, Lady Georgiana, to the Holy Land. I was introduced to her in the evening, and could not but admire the unhesitating devotion with which she renounced her native country and her natural connexions to follow her husband's fortunes, and

promote her religious faith in a distant and barbarous land.

We had passed the coasts of Hampshire and Dorsetshire during the night, and now saw, a few miles distant, but full in view, the dark red shores of Devonshire. Immediately before us the Exe poured its noble stream into the Channel: we skirted the picturesque coves of Dawlish, but an unfriendly mist concealed them from our sight: we glided by Berryhead; we passed the furze-covered heights of Asherne; and Start Point, stretching boldly into the ocean, was the last British headland that greeted us over the deep. We then bore straight towards Ushant, in a south-westerly direction, passed that island during the following night, and entered the Bay of Biscay. The ideas of storm and dread, which the old song and nursery associations have so long connected with this famous bay, were not, upon this occasion, weakened by any unusual calm; we were only impelled, it is true, by a light and favourable breeze, but the waters were sufficiently ruffled to contrast advantageously, in point of grandeur and size of wave, with the channel which we had just left. A windy day was succeeded by a fine starlight night.

The following morning was calm, and the sea had a fine blue tinge. I finished, with regret, that delightful picture of Eastern manners, the

"Epicurean," one of the most fascinating works of an author, who never fails to transport his readers into the scenes and climates he describes, as much by the justness as by the beauty of his imagery.

On the 1st of August we were skirting the bold and mountainous coast of Gallicia; we saw the lighthouse of Corunna in the distance; we passed the picturesque island of Cisargas; and the high hills in the background mingled well with occasional glimpses of the intervening sea: we were borne rapidly along by Monte Boa Villana, and Cape Finisterre, celebrated as the limit of the renowned Bay of Biscay. The hills are barren, and have that sandy appearance so characteristic of Spanish scenery. The villages are few; and there is little wood on the coast, which we sometimes approached so nearly that we saw and heard the waves breaking upon its granite rocks. On the evening of the following day we saw the large and little Berlines, two groups of bold and peaked crags, standing far out in the sea. Soon afterwards we hailed a ship proceeding to Gibraltar, and in a few minutes left her far behind. It is difficult to describe the effect produced on the mind by the rapidity of steam navigation in the neighbourhood of striking and varied scenery: objects fatiguing to the sight, if dwelt upon too long, appear enchanting when they pass before

the eye in rapid succession, like shifting scenes on the stage. We were now in latitude 39°, and its influence was perceptible. We enjoyed the heavenly stillness of a southern evening, yet were not retarded by the universal calm. The setting sun shed a fine glow on the waters, illuminated the distant sails of the ship we had lately hailed, and shed its last glories on the Berline crags, which presented themselves in many different but always in picturesque points of view, and at length sank beneath the horizon.

Early on the following morning I saw immediately a-head the rock of Lisbon: the hills of Cintra rose finely in the background, and the neighbouring coast was studded with villas intermingled with olive and orange groves. The entrance of the Tagus is fine: on one side the shore is crowded with palaces; on the other, the hills, though neither very bold nor varied, possess sufficient elevation to give character to the scene. The fort of Belem is curious, picturesque, and irregular, but without architectural beauty. We passed by the house of the British Admiral, Lord Amelius Beauclerk, and the palace of the Cardinal, a spacious edifice, with many turrets, but a very unpleasing display of slate roof. As we sailed up the river, the beauty of the view increased. The noble but unfinished palace of the Ajuda crowned the summit of a neighbouring steep; and on the

whole city of Lisbon, built on its seven sloping hills, and overhanging the Tagus, gradually revealed itself; and as its palaces and convents, interspersed with gardens, were seen rising above each other, it certainly formed a most imposing object from the water. Entering one of the numerous boats by which we were besieged, and rowing across the Tagus, I landed at Pampoullia, and ascended a steep hill that leads to Reeves's Hotel. Our voyage had only lasted six days, and was considered prosperous. The party on board exhibited a curious assemblage of persons, entertaining very dissimilar ideas, and distinguished by very different manners; an assemblage that could hardly, under any other circumstances, have been brought together; and this discrepancy of tastes, habits, and opinions sometimes gave rise to amusing and not altogether uninstructive scenes. Besides Lady Georgiana and Mr. Wolff, Mrs. Burgoyne was also a passenger, a lady of great taste and accomplishments, then sailing to Lisbon to join her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Burgoyne, whose acquaintance I had afterwards the pleasure of making in that city, and am indeed indebted to their society for many delightful hours. There was also a niece of Romero Alpuente's, who was said to be dying, and two other ladies: one simplicity itself, and the other

more remarkable for her beauty than for that youthful quality.

I secured rooms at Reeves's, and remained stationary till the evening, when I was joined by my friend, Sir Arthur Capel de Brooke, a young man of ancient family, and at that time well known in the literary world by his published travels; since that period he has largely added to his reputation by his "Journey into Morocco," a work exhibiting an unusual talent for observation, with a quick appreciation of the beautiful, and great general powers.

The view from my windows extended over Lisbon, over the river, with its numerous shipping, and a thousand latine sails glittering on its surface, and now lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun: few objects strike the beholder with greater admiration than these peculiar sails, which are exquisitely beautiful when seen in profile; and when beheld in front resemble a butterfly perched on a dark ground, with wings expanded. Soon afterwards the moon rose, and we rambled through the city by a light peculiarly favourable to every natural or artificial object that is grand in its proportions but defective in detail.

On the 9th of August I went with Mr. Forbes, to whose kindness I was indebted on a thousand

occasions, to see the Aqueduct, which is perhaps unequalled in boldness and grandeur of effect by any similar monument of art. It supplies Lisbon with water; it traverses a deep valley, near the beautiful village of Alcantara; and as I stood beneath the centre arch, and gazed upwards, it appeared absolutely stupendous: unfortunately, the arches are not uniform; some are in the Gothic and pointed style, while others are semi-circular, a discrepancy which mars the general effect, but less than might be supposed. Although this aqueduct stretches across the country for many miles uninterruptedly, no great extent of unbroken range can be seen from any particular position, on account of the extreme inequality of the ground.

That evening at dinner I found myself seated next to the Count da Puente, who was just nominated Secretary for the war department, upon the retirement of Count Saldanha. He possessed great conversational powers and considerable talent for debate, and at that time acted with the moderate and well-judging body of the Constitutionalists: and here, for the first time, I met Count Villa Flor, the representative of an ancient house, a man of high integrity, and universally looked up to by the staunch adherents of the Charter. In the beginning of the year he had commanded the Constitutional forces against the Miguelites, and the most distinguished success

had attended his military exertions. On the following day I again met him at Sir William Clinton's, where a large party was assembled to celebrate the birth-day of King George the Fourth, at which entertainment our host judiciously contrived that the band should play Portuguese airs during dinner. The "Bridge of Creus," a piece of music so called, after the action gained by Count Villa Flor, and composed almost on the field of battle, evidently excited some emotion among the chiefs, who were then present, and who had fought on that day.

Late in the evening I wandered over the General's garden, laid out in the old taste of straight walks, parterres, fountains, and statues; fragrant shrubs abounded; creepers hung over the trellisses in profusion: the scene was peaceful, and lit up by a splendid moon. I returned home, and retired to rest, but the incessant assaults of the mosquitos banished sleep These vampires found me, unfortunately, easy of access, as the heat of the weather had induced me to keep every door and window open · had they only devoured me, I might have patiently endured the infliction; but they kept up a perpetual war-song in my ears, an insulting accompaniment to their human repast. After some restless hours, I rose and paced my room. The view from my window was lovely. I looked

upon the Tagus, with all its shipping, from the frigate to the little latine sail, the opposite hills softened, yet distinctly shown, by the full moon, and the great city itself buried in deep repose.

On the 13th of August I quitted Lisbon, and took the road to Cintra, with Colonel Lambert, of the Guards, a friend long known and much esteemed. In consequence of sundry ingenious delays on the part of my domestic, we did not start till five o'clock in the morning, too late by an hour at least to commence, at that sultry time of year, a journey in Portugal. The Tagus gleamed through the mists which overhung its surface, and exhibited that freshness of appearance which water sometimes assumes, in southern latitudes, at a very early hour in the morning, as if it had just started from the hand of the Creator, and were flowing, for the first time, at his mandate. As we proceeded, the country had little interest; but loose stones, scattered in all directions, gave it a wild and craggy appearance. At length we reached Bemfica, a place greatly resorted to by the Portuguese nobles, and surrounded with orange groves and cork-woods; and well indeed their deep-green colour contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the villas or quintas which adorn this beautiful valley. We passed the palace of Queluz, a graceless edifice, situated in an ugly country, but famous at that time as

the head-quarters of the disaffected party; for there the Queen Mother resided in sullen state, holding no communication with her royal daughter, and offering up ceaseless prayers for the return of her banished son, and for the restoration of the ancient rule.

The scenery improved as we approached Cintra, the vegetation became more flourishing, long avenues of the silver poplar lined the road, the bay and the willow attained an immense size, and the oak and elm interspersed with box overhung the road and formed a delightful shade. At length we entered Cintra, placed at the foot of a hill of rather a singular character, for its summit crowned with loose crags and sharp pinnacles offered a striking variety to the woods that covered its base; then passing the palace, a fantastic and irregular edifice, we stopped at the Irish inn, where I found a host of military friends and some English newspapers, which informed me that I had left England. After breakfast we walked through the gardens of the Marquis de Pombal, truly delightful from their ample shade and luxuriant vegetation; but in Portugal little care is bestowed on plants when beauty is their sole recommendation, and no attention is paid to distinctions of species. The climate is the only agent there, man lends no assistance in producing graceful combinations; but at Gibraltar, where

both unite, a barren rock is converted into an Elysium. Walks are, however, cut through the gardens of Cintra, and rustic seats are placed under the shade of ancient chestnuts and by the side of murmuring fountains, while the borders are filled with oranges, lemons, and fruit trees of every description: the sight and sound of water is inexpressibly grateful, and the general verdure most refreshing to an eye fatigued by the glare of Lisbon, and by the parched appearance of its hills. At every opening in the wood, the Moorish castle and convent of 'Our Lady of the Rock' were seen in varied points of view, frowning from their airy heights upon the valley below, which lay glittering in the sun, sprinkled with numberless quintas, some fully revealed, others half buried in the shade of their orange groves. The system of irrigation practised in those parts of Spain which have been occupied till a late period by the Moors, prevails here also; the borders are intersected and watered by little canals, and the earth is heaped round the orange trees, so as to form a sort of cistern, by which means the roots are always kept plentifully moistened.

We returned to our inn and dined with a party of military men, amongst whom was a young officer who had been seized a few days before by some mounted highwaymen, robbed,

stripped, and left with his hands tied behind him: from this dilemma he extricated himself with some difficulty, and returned in very doleful plight to Lisbon, where some old women who saw him pacing the streets in this pitiable deficiency of attire remarked 'Este Fidalgo faz penitencia *.' In the evening we wandered through the Pena Verde gardens to the spot where the heart of John de Castro is interred. The periwinkle and wild strawberry covered the ground, and the cork tree clothed with ivy, and the gigantic stone-pine formed a dense canopy overhead. A delightful mixture of northern and southern vegetation is found in many parts of Portugal, and especially at Cintra, where plants peculiar to the south of Europe, and even some that have been transported from the Madeiras, grow luxuriantly under the shade of the British oak. Cintra resembles a beautiful picture set in a worthless frame: whenever the eye rests on the town and its immediate neighbourhood the scenery is unrivalled, but the distant landscape is generally flat and uninteresting. The day was declining; and as the heat had been intense, I expected to see the sun sink 'in one unclouded blaze of living light,' but its parting splendours were concealed by a dense mist rising from the ocean. There is a peculiar beauty of

* This Fidalgo is doing penance.

sunset, probably unknown to countries bordering upon the Atlantic, and perhaps confined to the shores of the blue Mediterranean; I mean that exquisite gradation of colouring, where the safron mingles imperceptibly with the rose, and the rose tint melts into the purple, all extremely bright, yet so delicate as to seem almost transparent. From the Pena Verde gardens we went to the Marialva palace.

In the course of the day the Infanta Regent and her sisters were continually riding out of the town and again returning to the palace, mounted on donkeys, and unattended by any lady, but escorted by a body of ancient gentlemen on horseback. A peal general from all the bells of Cintra regularly announced their departure from the town and their re-entry, and collected a never-failing crowd to witness their progress. I felt considerable interest in the fate of these young Princesses, which was then wrapt in doubt and gloom.

On the 14th of August I rode with my friend Lambert for some miles across hills clothed with heath and dwarf oak, and at length arrived at the Cork convent, a building ill-constructed, but well placed at the foot of a richly-wooded hill; a paved walk overhung with fine cork trees leads to the entrance, which is curiously ornamented with shell-work. Here Lambert rung a peal

both loud and long; the bell-rope, which, like Gloster's arm, was shrivelled and contracted to half its original length, performed its duty sluggishly, and for some time no response was voted necessary to his vigorous exertions. At length a boy appeared, and led us through a court full of hydrangeas and fuchsias into a wretched apartment called the refectory; benches, doors, and roofs, were all constructed of cork, and sometimes the crag in its native state formed part of the wall. Here, while we feasted on bread and wine, young Hopeful told us that, afraid of being enlisted for the army, he had taken refuge in the convent, and woefully he complained of the non-existence of breakfasts and the scanty supply of dried fish at dinner. The rosemary grows luxuriantly in the gardens above, where we enjoyed a fine view of Colares embosomed in wood, and then descended into the miserable cave, where

> 'Honorius long did dwell,
> And hoped to merit heaven by making earth a hell.'

The vineyards near Colares are small and so much divided by stone walls, that the country resembles a large garden split into an infinite number of parterres. As we approached the rock of Lisbon, half the population of a neighbouring village poured out to meet us, anxious to perform the far-famed feat of descending the

steep. When we had nearly reached the point, the roar of the Atlantic, heard from an immense depth below, suddenly broke upon us. The rock, a striking landmark to ships at sea, is about two hundred feet in height, and slants to the water's edge in a great uniform sheet of dark-coloured stone, down which our heroes descended, carefully balancing themselves with their hands; a feat which early and long-continued habit can alone enable them to perform successfully: a frightful sight, as the least slip would have inevitably proved fatal; yet the descent cannot be very difficult, as numbers accomplished it, nor can it be attended with much personal risk, as no accident had then occurred for some years. These feats having terminated without the fracture of any adventurous skull, there rose a clamour great of men and boys, contending for the spoil which we distributed with laudable impartiality.

We then descended the hill and followed a path leading to the small bay of Colares, a picturesque spot little known to the world, from which it is effectually shut out by huge black basaltic rocks of the boldest character. Here we found the Atlantic, ever restless on this coast, breaking on a fine bed of sand, and dashing its foam over large masses of disjointed crag. This was a scene peculiarly suited to my own taste,

and was indeed calculated to impress any beholder, from the contrast it presented to the surrounding scenery. Here all was dark, bleak, and savage; while on the road to Colares nature seemed to exhaust itself in the endless variety and extreme beauty of the vegetation: there the olive, the wild olive, the arbutus immensely high, the tulip, the plane, and the gigantic stone-pine environed us: we passed the cork tree everywhere bending over the road in the most fantastic shapes, with fern growing on its huge trunks, and misletoe hanging profusely from its branches; jasmines, sparkling with their snowy blossoms, loaded the air with their perfume; and various kinds of creepers overran the trees, oppressed them with their rank luxuriance, and sometimes covered and entirely concealed their foliage. We found the oak in abundance; orange and lemon groves were mixed with Indian corn and water-melon, fruit trees of every description lined the road, and the vine, not topped and trained as in France, but hung over trellis-work, appeared no longer a formal but a graceful plant. We now dismissed our guide, a lad apparently fifteen years of age, whom we had found by chance on the hills. The general expression of his countenance was sinister, his complexion almost of the Mulatto colour, his eyes were black as jet, and flashed with intelligence. Among these

mountains the people are invariably dark; and I sometimes observed a negro cast of feature, which indicated their former intercourse with Brazil. Frequently we met the real negro.

On the 15th of August I went with Lambert to the Marialva palace, where the famous convention was signed. It now belongs to the Duke de la Foens. The garden is beautiful, and there is a profusion of water. On the staircase we met the little daughter of the Duke, a pretty child about eight or ten years of age, with dark but soft and expressive eyes. She showed us a paper which contained some written sentences in English, and read them fluently. We afterwards entered an apartment, where some priests were breakfasting with other persons, attired in black, probably dependents of the Duke; for in Portugal, as in Spain, when individuals have once become connected with the great, they, and sometimes their descendants, continue to reside under their patron's roof from generation to generation. This extreme liberality towards old domestics and dependent friends occasionally involves the nobles in great pecuniary embarrassments. However adverse to the maxims of political economy, this practice reflects the highest honour on their moral feelings, and could only exist among a generous people. Before we left the palace a curious scene took place. One of the

able gentlemen whom we had previously seen, addressing us in the flowing style which distinguishes the Portuguese of all classes, proffered us every civility. The Major domo unfortunately named him as the writing-master; a designation which jarred hugely on the scholastic ears, and produced a wrathful ebullition of offended dignity. "Moi Maitre d'ecriture!" he exclaimed, in a voice and with an eye that would have annihilated any person of inferior consideration to a Major domo in a ducal palace; "because I know more than himself, and sometimes study with the Duke, this man of narrow intellect calls me a writing-master!" We of course assumed countenances incredulous of the heinous assertion, and made our exit with bows of a superlatively respectful length. On our return to the inn we saw a curious specimen of the mode of travelling sometimes adopted by the Portuguese gentry. A pair of oxen were attached to a lumbering vehicle destined to convey the illustrious Dona —— and her progeny to the capital, while the coachman, attired in a short jacket and wearing the broad Castilian hat, marched humbly by their side.

We rode on to Montserrat, the remains of a villa, built by Mr. Beckford many years ago. The ruinous state of that fairy dwelling was noticed by Lord Byron in 1809, and since that time

it has become still more desolate. The roof, then entire, has since very much fallen in, and the walls are in many parts a heap of ruins. The entrance opens into an octagonal hall, terminated by a circular apartment, which looks over a lengthened flat to the distant breakers. There is also the shell remaining of a fine apartment, perhaps the library, which commands as rich a view of forest scenery as can well be conceived. The general effect of the exterior is good, except the high slanting roofs, which, though in correct taste, are somewhat unpleasing. Further on we saw the ruins of a rambling house, to which a dark story is attached; for a young man is there said to have murdered his elder brother under circumstances of peculiar horror.

On our return to Cintra we dined at the house of the Swedish Minister, Monsieur de Kantzau. In the evening a tumult of bells announced the approach of the Infanta Regent; and as we were walking on the garden terrace she recognised Madame de Kantzau with a sweetness of expression that well supplied the place of positive beauty. Her Royal Highness and Dona Anna rode by in complete uniform: a funny costume methought for regal dames, but such is the etiquette prescribed on certain days. Dona Maria was not of the party, and some of the lightly disposed attributed her royal Highness's absence to

a facetious dispute supposed to have agitated the court circle. In this discussion the Princess Maria is said to have maintained that so much military pomp was little suited to the humble donkey on which it was destined to be exhibited; however, less ingenious, but perhaps more veracious chroniclers record that her royal Highness's absence was solely attributable to want of punctuality on the part of the court tailor.

Having returned to the inn I waited some time for a friend, who had promised to introduce me to Madame Borril, and was quietly betaking myself to rest, when the defaulter arrived. The cause of his delay was comical enough. The Portuguese frequently adopt the children of other persons, educate them, and sometimes promote their future fortunes. The Infanta Regent, possessing the national taste, applied to an Irishwoman, who forthwith accommodated her royal Highness with her own daughter, a thriving young girl two years of age. The agreement was deliberately made and the article in question sold and delivered. The mother, however, whose notions concerning the transfer of property were not peculiarly clear, returned after a short time, and wished to enter again into possession; to this the Infanta naturally demurred, and such a tumult of Irish ejaculation ensued, as had probably never before assailed the ears of any royal

Personage. In this emergency my friend was requested to march his military person to the palace, where he found our heroine of the Emerald Isle fiercely expostulating amid a host of huge black Brazilian women, who were screaming in chorus around her. Yet nothing daunted was the dame. "By Jasus, no one shall part me and my child," was still the burden of her song. A golden argument at length induced her to mitigate such unreasonable claims, and a satisfactory treaty of peace was concluded. She was allowed to retain her child during that night, and was provided with good lodgings, a good supper, and a sentinel at her door, to prevent either warlike or fugitive proceedings. I accompanied my friend in the evening to her room: she was then in the highest good-humour, and greatly flattered by the notice taken of her blue-eyed child. On the following morning he conducted the little girl to the palace, according to agreement, while the mother was deposited on a donkey and peaceably removed.

On the following morning I went to the palace; but as it was still occupied by the Court I could only see the exterior, which is irregular, and evidently the work of different periods, but part of the walls and some of the windows are decidedly Moorish. Joined by Lambert, I afterwards ascended the hill leading to the house of 'Our

Lady of Woe,' as Lord Byron rather poetically than justly designates the house of 'Our Lady of the Rock,' which occupies a striking position on the summit of the mountain, and is surrounded by wild, shattered crags, and insulated masses, very remarkable in a natural point of view,

> "Such as might seem confusedly hurl'd,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

The convent has no beauty, but is curious and evidently ancient, and the galleries encircling the inner court are in Moorish taste. The howling of the wind is heard without intermission round the convent walls; that mournful and unvarying sound alone disturbs the silence of a habitation raised high above the busy haunts of men, and apparently beyond the reach of human care. From hence we scrambled up a rugged path to the Moorish castle, and again descending mounted our mules and regained the inn.

In the evening I accompanied a friend to a party at the house of a Portuguese lady: she had two daughters, the eldest a pretty person with pleasing manners and extremely well informed, the youngest a very decided beauty. The party were playing at blind man's buff when I entered; a game in which, as it is played in Portugal, success depends upon the rapid recognition of different persons by their voices. Being immediately required to take a part, I was blindfolded

and placed in the centre of the ring. I first, however, pleaded ignorance of every individual present; upon which the lively beauty led me round the circle, hastily naming every person; an ingenious operation which did not much assist me, as I could not bear in mind a volley of names which I had never heard before: however, trusting to chance, I began my career, and soon touched a lady with the wand. I asked the regular question, and was answered in the feigned voice as regularly assumed. "Whom have you found?" was the general cry. I paused—"Well, but mention some one; the game is at a stand-still:" but I could specify no one. I looked stupid, and my new friends probably thought me profoundly so; at length, by a prodigious exertion I was delivered of a name, but it did not enlighten the party; and I afterwards discovered that the name I had given was a compound of two or three others, which had become most egregiously mixed up in my puzzled brain. This attempt having proved unsuccessful, I exclaimed, "La dame qui est habillée en noir." "Mais nous sommes toutes habillées en noir," was the perplexing reply. At length I named the eldest Demoiselle of the house. "No, it is not; it is C——," said the young beauty, naming herself in a lively tone of mock reproach, perhaps a little displeased that so soft a voice once heard should not be

immediately recognised. We played several other games. Every lady was required to sigh for a particular gentleman, who in turn was called upon to sigh for a lady, and generally felt bound in gratitude to mourn for her who had mourned for him. This reciprocal grief was very diverting. As might naturally be expected, a sigh is rarely bestowed on the real object of the mourner's affection. So closed an evening of uninterrupted good-humour; the genuine politeness of Portuguese society prevents the occurrence of those little inadvertencies which are so apt in other countries to jar upon the feelings of individuals, and break in upon the harmony of such amusements. On the following day I separated from my friend Lambert with regret, and returned to Lisbon.

CHAPTER II.

Road to Mafra—Convent of Mafra—Convent of Alcobaça—Monastic System considered—The ill-fated loves of Don Pedro and Inez de Castro—Politics of the Monks—Their social habits—Gloomy magnificence of the Convent of Alcobaça—Convent of Batalha—Society at Coimbra—System pursued at the University—The Garden of Tears—Melancholy Convent of the Carmelites—Spanish anomalies—History of the beautiful Bride of Oporto—Arrival at Oporto.

I QUITTED Lisbon on the 24th of August, and took the road to Oporto, but did not commence my journey till late in the evening, as my servant Antonio was disinclined to rapid movements, and my muleteer voted punctuality an unnecessary virtue. The owner of the mules escorted us as far as the walls of the city, according to the usual etiquette. He had accommodated me with an animal which stumbled so gallantly to the right and to the left, that feeling my neck in decided jeopardy, I determined to send her back on my arrival at Velez. The country was dull, and abounded in windmills and olives. The premature effect of the heat on the deciduous trees was strongly marked. The poplars had suffered greatly; some were altogether stripped of their leaves, and the foliage was everywhere changing its colour. Even at Cintra, where the air is

comparatively cool, the autumnal tints were stealing over the woods, and the paths, strewed with sear and yellow leaves, exhibited the bright but mournful beauty of an English October. The inn at Velez was comfortless enough: cats, dogs, and pigeons wandered about the supper-table, in hungry competition for the good things that were not; pigs, grunting at the door, threatened to join the alliance; and the only article of promise, some salt fish, was pounced upon by an intrepid puss. Entomology might have been studied to perfection in this apartment; and as its minute varieties banished sleep, I continued to gaze on sundry pictures of hell and flaming sinners, evidently intended to appal the souls of wakeful heretics.

On the 25th of August I rode through a bleak but not unpleasant country to Mafra. The convent and palace united constitute an immense pile of building, which excites admiration rather from its vast extent than from any architectural merits. It is built on the model of the Escurial, and forms a quadrangle, measuring 760 feet from east to west, and 670 feet from north to south. The church is situated in the centre, and three hundred cells are placed behind the choir: the palace, in which Sir Edward Blakeney had apartments, and where he received me with the utmost hospitality, might perhaps contain, without inconvenience, all the courts of Europe. The

thermometer had risen to more than 90°, and it is difficult to conceive the luxury of retreating from such intolerable heat to the refreshing temperature of the convent galleries, which are built of stone, and are high, wide, dark, and apparently interminable. Within those massive walls the fluctuations of the external atmosphere are never felt; and rarely indeed do any external sounds pierce through those mighty barriers. At a casement which overlooked a pretty but neglected garden, the holy fathers kept up a cordon of observation when first our troops arrived, and were greatly discomposed at the occurrence of any petty delinquencies. The occasional ejectment of an old shoe from an opposite window appeared to constitute the maximum of British aggression, and ludicrous appeals were made to the General upon these occasions. Sir Edward restrained these dangerous infringements of conventual rights; and by his judicious attention to their feelings completely won the hearts of the reverend plaintiffs; indeed it was gratifying to hear the praises everwhere lavished on our troops, even by persons the most opposed to the principles which brought them to the country. The monks showed us the refectory, a spacious apartment, and the library, well stored with books. Having spent some time agreeably with my old schoolfellows, Henry Upton and Augustus Ellis, I took

leave of Sir Edward Blakeney. Lord William Paulett kindly gave me letters for Coimbra, where he had spent some time, and mounting his steed, a beautiful English mare, showed me the shortest way to Torres Vedras, across a wild heath tract.

As I rode along the side of a pine-covered hill, a gentleman passed me, attended by two servants, one of whom carried a baton at his side, a proof that his master was a person of distinction. The peasants in this part of the country universally carry a long pole, considerably higher than their heads, and sometimes tipped with lead, which renders it a formidable instrument of attack: assisted by these weapons only, a knot of peasants is said to have dismounted a large party of French cavalry, during the peninsular war; but they seldom molest travellers, and indeed highway robberies are by no means frequent in Portugal, except in Alentejo. The inn at Torres Vedras was a great improvement on our last resting-place. The muleteer had not arrived at a late hour on the following morning, a degree of negligence which surprised me, as the natives consider any exposure to the sun, during the summer months, imprudent after the early hour of nine. I began to suspect that my friend had been waylaid, or, prompted by an ardent thirst for knowledge, had himself inspected my portmanteau, in which case I was well aware that any tasteful appropriations

would have been followed by a secession to the mountains: so forth I issued, in no placable mood, taking the road to Mafra, and spying anxiously around to discover some remnants of a trunk or a muleteer. I had, however, made little progress before I met the deserter, who assured me that he had unaccountably lost his way; but, influenced by a prodigious zeal in my service, had been toiling all night to regain it. His account was true in the main, but he prudently abstained from any allusion to certain libations, the real cause of his circuitous proceedings.

Torres Vedras is a celebrated point on that strong line of natural defence which was so ably maintained by the Duke of Wellington. Standing on these heights I was enabled to form some conception of the system pursued, but could by no means command the entire range of military positions. I continued my journey through a succession of pine-forests, varied occasionally by open spaces covered with heath. In the neighbourhood of Lisbon the hills consist principally of limestone, near Mafra of basalt covered with limestone; but we now entered on a sandy region. In consequence, the character of the vegetation changed: the Arbutus unedo, the Phillyrea, and the Myrica faya, or gale of Madeira, so abundant near Cintra, were exchanged for fig-trees of an immense growth, and a large species of cane,—a

plant which has a thick stem, resembling the sugar-cane, and is used in supporting the vines. The black ant swarmed among the fir woods, yellow butterflies fluttered over the plain in gay profusion, and dogs of exquisite taste prowled around the vineyards, and gazed with hopeless eyes on that forbidden paradise. They are passionately fond of grapes, and sticks purposely attached to their collars prevent their entrance into the vineyards. This Bacchanalian propensity is, in a great measure, the cause of that amazing influx of dogs into Lisbon during the summer months; for when the grape begins to ripen, the proprietors of the vineyards on the opposite coast lay violent hands on the canine species, and ship them off to the capital. There, prowling about in hungry groups, they become of real use in cleansing the streets of that detestable filth which would otherwise accumulate to an intolerable extent, and might breed a pestilence. In this respect the strong northerly gales are also valuable auxiliaries.

I baited my horse at a small and picturesque inn: the ceilings were peaked, and the floor abounded in cracks, judiciously calculated to admit a cheering view of the culinary processes below. The peasantry no where manifested any unfriendly feeling towards me: as I passed the villages the women made some slight salutation, and the men

invariably rose and bowed. I saw some fine old towers, and a quinta of great extent; the family arms, carved in stone high above the door, showed that the proprietor was of noble birth. I deviated from my road to see Ovidos, a picturesque town of immense antiquity, still retaining, in a great degree, its Moorish character. A fine evening sun lit up the walls of an old Saracenic castle, upon which a boy was standing, and playing most sweetly on the flageolet. The sandstone had now disappeared; the hills over which we passed were composed of limestone, and were in consequence covered with a richer and more varied vegetation.

I reached Caldas at five o'clock, an uninteresting town, latterly the resort of the Court, on account of its mineral baths; and in the evening was visited by a gentleman, who was lively and communicative, and animated with a furious zeal for liberty.

I renewed my journey over hills of mingled heath and oak, on the morning of the 27th. Travelling at this burning time of the year is only agreeable during the first and last hours of light. The sun had scarcely risen when I mounted my horse; the distant sound of the convent bells came pleasantly on the breeze; the birds were singing, and all nature seemed to rejoice: but at noon man and beast were equally subdued by the

intolerable fierceness of the heat the peasants were compelled to suspend their labours; the cattle took refuge in the shady thicket; not a bird flapped its weary wing: not an insect crept along the ground, but an unbroken and universal silence pervaded the fields, which had so lately teemed with every variety of active life. Here, as in other parts of the country, the heath and juniper had been designedly burnt to produce young fodder for cattle. The Serratula arvensis, and the Lychnis Hos cuculi, are scattered over this district with other plants of a northern parentage, rarely found in the rest of Portugal.

Soon after ten I arrived at the small village of Alcobaça, and stopped at an inn better furnished with wasps than provisions: a pretty young lady babbled much to me concerning England and English manners, which, I suppose, meant that some young British officer was lord of the ascendant. I went to the convent, and sent in a letter of introduction. Senhor A——, a young monk, of quiet and pleasing manners, received me courteously, and led me round the lofty cloisters which encircle an inner court, filled with orange trees. The convent of Alcobaça is constructed upon a scale of feudal magnificence, which affords a striking proof of the great wealth and immense consideration formerly attached to the monastic orders. The kitchen is nearly a hundred feet

long, and sixty-three feet high from the floor to the intrados of the vault. The fire-place is twenty-eight feet long by eleven broad, and stands in the centre of the apartment, through which a stream of water flows,—it must be confessed, a magnificent appanage to a kitchen. The refectory is ninety-two feet long by sixty-eight broad. As we approached, the clock struck eleven; the brotherhood poured in; the organ sounded, and the chaunt of thanksgiving arose as we sat down to dinner.

It was evident, even on my first introduction to these monks, that they were very superior to most of their order, an impression fully confirmed by further acquaintance; for they possessed that courtesy and distinction of manner, which birth, or long and early acquaintance with good society can alone confer. I afterwards learned that they were Bernardine monks, whose choice in the election of novices is very much restricted to persons of condition; a limitation which has kept up the respectability of their order, amid the comparative degradation of part of the profession. The Franciscan convents, on the contrary, from their poverty, and from other causes, have fallen into the hands of persons selected from the lower classes, who, as might be naturally expected, sometimes disgrace the brotherhood by their excesses. The monks of the higher orders are

generally restrained by considerations of policy and self-respect, are often swayed by higher motives, and almost always throw a decent veil over any violations of the convent rules. Writers are too apt to involve the monastic orders in one general denunciation, without reference to the different systems pursued by the various orders, and the different results necessarily produced; but no statement can be fair and correct, unless it be grounded on a strict and unprejudiced examination of facts. And I must say that the highly-coloured statements, so often put forth by travellers against the monks and the monastic establishments, come with a singularly bad grace from men who, journeying in a wild country, and deprived of the usual comforts of life, partake with freedom of their generous hospitality, and then repay the benefit by assertions which truth and justice do not warrant, and which gratitude and good feeling should restrain.

Whatever may be the remote effects of the suppression of the wealthier convents in Spain and Portugal, still, in the neglected state of agriculture prevailing throughout so large a portion of the Peninsula, their existence was a blessing, and their abolition is, I conceive, a positive evil, to the state. The monks were often the only resident proprietors in a country deserted by its natural landlords; and their beneficial influence

was visible in the improvement of their estates, and in the increased comforts of the surrounding population; for they brought to the management of their properties great capital and great intelligence, and largely employed and liberally rewarded the industry of the labourer: their estates were, in consequence, not unfrequently the best cultivated in the kingdom, and the sudden and ill-judged abolition of the convents will probably, for many years to come, rather check than promote the interests of agriculture. These ecclesiastical corporations should have been preserved, and would have been invaluable, if altered and improved, so as to extend their sphere of action, to comprise other and important duties, and perhaps resemble, in some degree, our college institutions *.

After dinner Senhor A—— led me to a cool and refreshing cell, and, leaving me to repose, retired also to indulge in the accustomed siesta. I slept for some time, and was at length awakened by a slight noise. I turned, and saw a monk, looking almost like an unearthly being, as he stood motionless at the foot of the bed, shrouded

* Mr. Beckford, in his splendid account of this convent, alludes most justly to the prosperous condition of the tenants holding under the monks, at the time of his visit to Alcobaça; and I can say, with some confidence, that thirty years afterwards their real prosperity had not diminished, although the most unceasing efforts were making to prejudice them against their ecclesiastical superiors.

by his cowl, and attired in the white and flowing robe of his order. It proved to be my friend the monk Antonio, who had arrived to conduct me to the library and the church; but, finding me asleep, was unwilling to disturb me. The library is a noble apartment, tastefully decorated, well proportioned, and abounding in works of useful knowledge. The monks showed me a fine edition of the Iliad, presented to them by Mr. Canning, and a splendid copy of the Lusiad, the gift of Lady Bute. The church is a fine Gothic building, and contains, within two marble sepulchres, the remains of Don Pedro the First, and the far-famed but unfortunate Iñez de Castro.

It is scarcely necessary to relate the story of Don Pedro's attachment, so celebrated by all the poetry of Portugal. That Prince, the son and heir of Alphonso the Fourth, was passionately attached to Iñez de Castro, a lady of extraordinary beauty, whom he secretly married. He chose a lovely and sequestered spot in the valley of the Mondego, as the residence of his young bride, and, retiring from the turmoils of a brilliant Court, spent in that seclusion the happiest, and perhaps the most virtuous hours of his life. But the secret transpired, and his royal Father, enraged at the discovery, proceeded to their little bower of love, and, arriving at a time when the Prince was on a hunting excursion, immedi-

ately authorised the murder of the ill-fated Iñez: The Prince, on his return, gave way to the wildest fury and despair, abandoned his home for a long time, and when he eventually succeeded to the throne, inflicted the severest punishment on the worthless ministers who had instigated the deed, and on many of their relatives. But the sorrows of this Prince, and of the lady he loved so well, have been long at rest, and their sculptured figures are placed in a recumbent attitude upon their respective monuments, the sides of which are worked, in relief, with an inimitable beauty and richness of detail: they have suffered, however, in common with other parts of the convent, from the rapacity of the French; for those enlightened barbarians not only set fire to the building, but destroyed some of the finest sepulchral carving, in a sacrilegious attempt to bring the imagined treasures of the tomb to light. They dragged the bodies of the royal pair from the vault where they had so long reposed. Don Pedro, stern even in death, is said to have retained the severe expression which never forsook his countenance, after the perpetration of that dreadful deed which rendered him homeless and houseless; and Dona Iñez, that object of his boyish passion, the cause of all his grief, and of half his crimes, was still lovely after the lapse of centuries: her hair retained its auburn colour,

and, unharmed by time, was only injured by the remorseless hand that did not scruple to invade the dwellings of the dead. After the departure of the French, the much-calumniated, but far more civilized monks carefully collected her scattered hair, and still religiously preserve the cherished relic.

As I was bending over the monument, the monk gradually led the conversation to the existing state of public affairs: he had evidently been an accurate observer of recent events; and now concealed, under a well-feigned air of indifference, an anxious desire to obtain the latest political intelligence. The observations which he addressed to me were pointed, and calculated to elicit the greatest portion of information by the smallest possible number of direct queries, while the correct knowledge which his questions indicated of British parties and of their relative position excited my surprise. He once caught an expression of this kind upon my countenance; and though it was but slight, and instantly checked, he was manifestly discomposed. He afterwards spoke in guarded terms, but once betrayed, in a remarkable manner, the intensity of his interest in the subject of our conversation. I happened to state my conviction, from recent occurrences, that Dom Miguel would soon return to Portugal, and assume the government; he repeated my

words slowly, but in a voice which clearly showed that powerful emotion was struggling with habitual self-command. During our conversation, he had so judiciously placed himself, that, standing with his back to the light, and shrouded by his cowl, he was very much enabled to conceal the expression of his own countenance, while he could distinctly trace the slightest change on mine. My eyes were bent on the monument when he repeated my words; but, attracted by the deep and altered tone of his voice, I involuntarily looked up, and the triumphant joy that sparkled in his dark eyes, which even the position he had assumed could not altogether conceal, at once disclosed his secret bias: he, however, instantly recovered himself; and when I looked at him again, the subdued manner of the monk had replaced the eager feeling of the partizan.

We adjourned to the garden, which was kept in the highest order, and has that *ne plus ultra* of luxuries in a southern clime, a fine running stream, overhung with romantic willows. The evening was calm, and the monks were passing to and fro among their dependents, superintending their improvements; happy themselves, they appeared to be communicating happiness to all around them, and exhibited a pleasing and, I think, not wholly a delusive picture of monastic life.

In the evening I had a round of visits from the holy brothers, who kept dropping in, staying a few minutes with me, and then taking their departure, but their genuine politeness did not allow them to leave me a moment alone. At length the bell sounded, and we descended to supper, which varies in no respect from dinner, as the same regular courses are served up, and wine and dessert are afterwards laid upon the table. The number of hours which had elapsed since dinner explains the facility with which we attacked a second time such a substantial repast.

There are few circumstances which so much impress an Englishman, accustomed to the late hours of his native country, as the difference of habits prevalent in this respect throughout the Portuguese provinces. The breakfast so extremely early, the dinner at eleven, the succeeding siesta, and the late supper which concludes the day, are habits so alien to his own, that his ideas of time are at first sadly confused; at least they produced this perplexing effect upon mine: however, I soon accommodated myself to customs in all respects well suited to the country. The first hours of the morning are so delightful in that luxurious climate, the brief repose during the burning noon so grateful, and the last and loveliest portion of the day spent among their gardens and in the society

of their dark-eyed women, is not less agreeable. Unlike our English habits, the morning is broken by too many interruptions to admit of serious occupation, the evening ushers in still lighter scenes, and thus in Portugal the bark of life is wafted indolently down the sunny and unruffled stream.

But to return to my Bernardine friends. Supper seemed their most jovial repast; we sat long; old convent tales went round, legends of interposing angels were gravely told, and anecdotes of friars long dead and gone excited peals of merriment. When our party broke up I took leave of my kind hosts, and desired the muleteer to be ready at three o'clock in the morning. As I retired to my cell through the never-ending galleries that echoed to my steps, and beneath the lamps that hung at great intervals and dimly lit up these high and gloomy corridors, the whole scene appeared to realize Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions, and impressed me with an awful sense of monastic grandeur. Those mighty monuments of ancestral piety stood then in their primæval might, as great as glorious to the vulgar eye; but the bolt, though still enveloped in the silent cloud, was rife for their destruction: like the tropical sun that sets in undiminished glory, their day, still bright, still proud, was almost spent; but, unlike the darkness of the tropical

world, the night that wraps them in its gloom, is a night that knows no morrow. Those heaven-devoted structures that rose so haughtily above the humbler works of man were already marked by the spoiler. Even then I felt their hours were numbered, and that the coming age would know them not. The church in Portugal may be likened to a warrior clad in a costly suit of arms; his lance has been given him by some grateful Sovereign, his sword by another, his coat of mail by a third. Surrounded by a host of assailants, he still maintains the unequal fight, he still refuses to yield an inch for life or death, and falls at length with all his high prerogatives of honour undiminished, with all his royal gifts entire; and oh! that gorgeous panoply, those fatal gifts, the cause of his destruction, become the spoil of his destroyers. Even so the church in Portugal, rich in its regal endowments, firm in its faith, and bold in the assertion of its lawful rights, maintained them to the last, conceding, yielding, compromising nothing; yet such has been the final struggle, and such the overwhelming fall. The recent desecration of the convent of Alcobaça, one of the most magnificent monuments of the kingdom, was at once an insult to the religious prejudices of the people, and disgraceful to the taste of the modern Portuguese.

On leaving Alcobaça I was assailed by a hurri-

cane of wind and sand, through which I rode to the village of Batalha, and, as there was no inn, repaired to the monastery. The Prior was absent, but the Sacristan conducted me to the church, which is built in the purest style of Gothic architecture; and, indeed, the just proportions and noble simplicity of the roof, of the clustered columns and pointed arches, can nowhere be surpassed. In an unfinished chapel, however, the arabesque and the Norman style are strangely blended; still the ornaments are so graceful, the sculpture so rich, and the general workmanship so exquisitely beautiful, that the eye is not revolted by such an incongruous mixture. Returning from the church I found a monk in my cell and a dinner on my table served up by one of those cross-grained yet faithful menials, who generally make their appearance in monasteries and novels.

I left Batalha early on the following morning and breakfasted at the ancient town of Leyria, distinguished only by its fine old Moorish castle. Between Leyria and Pombal, the birth-place of the celebrated Marquis of that name, the Indian corn looked beautifully gay and green, and the country, covered in parts with cork and chestnut, was extremely pleasing: not so the hornets, who buzzed abundantly in my ears, pitched upon my shoulders, and greatly molested me and my

horse. I have rather an affection for wasps, "that light militia of the lower sky," rapid in their attacks but equally rapid in their retreat; but the hornet thinks twice before he commits himself, and when once he settles, is invested with an awful character of permanency, and, like the British power in India, keeps possession of the seat which he has once usurped.

The sun was setting in great glory as I entered Condexa. At the first inn where I stopped the landlord was dying, so I repaired to a house kept by a pretty landlady on the other side of the street. I drew near the kitchen fire, and underwent a long examination from the youthful beauty and some laughing girls, who disbelieved my English origin, and said they knew me to be of southern though not of Portuguese extraction. The maidens of Condexa have long been celebrated for their personal attractions, and these merry damsels were certainly above the general standard of the national beauty. A young woman of superior manners entered the room, but sat apart, apparently absorbed in thought. She sighed deeply at intervals, and at length asked me whether I could give her any intelligence of Silveira and his adherents; from which I inferred that her fortunes were connected with those of the insurgents.

On the following day I rode through a country

covered with olives to Coimbra, built on the slope of a hill, and most imposing when seen at a distance. We passed the bridge, which at that time extended over a large bed of shingles, but in the wintry and autumnal months crosses a wide and rapid torrent; but then, in consequence of the continued heat, the Mondego had shrunk within very narrow limits. We entered the town and descended into Hell, for so the inn is called; and the subterranean passage which conducts to it justifies the name.

Having left my letters of introduction at various houses, I plunged into the Mondego, and afterwards roamed along its banks, where I met a labourer, who had witnessed my arrival at the inn, and was then accidentally passing by. He greeted me with a heartfelt "Vivan los Ingleses," the first and last tribute of popular enthusiasm towards my country that met my ear in Portugal; but it seems the British troops had been long stationed in this neighbourhood, and their excellent conduct had won the esteem and conciliated the affections of the simple-minded peasantry. On the last day of August I explored the botanical garden, which is by no means rich in rare and curious plants, but contains some beautiful specimens of the mimosa, and has a fine palm, and a banyan tree.

I afterwards rode with some Portuguese gen-

tlemen to Portella, a picturesque spot among the mountains, and in the evening adjourned to the House of Senhor ——, who received me courteously. There were several ladies, and some professors of the university, whose influence on society was perceptible in the improved and intellectual nature of the conversation. Some gentlemen of the party dwelt with interest on the character and policy of the late Mr. Canning, but were fully possessed by the belief that his death was solely attributable to poison, administered to him by his political opponents. I endeavoured to dispel this delusion, but without success.

The vacation extends through the summer months, and the students were in consequence dispersed over the country; a few were, however, still remaining in the university, preparing for their degree. They are generally eager politicians; but the only student with whom I became acquainted discussed the critical questions of the time with an utter and almost ludicrous indifference to their final result: he was evidently overflowing with happiness, and wisely refused to anticipate the angry passions and vexatious disappointments of later life.

On the 1st of September, accompanied by the Juiz de Fora, and some Portuguese gentlemen connected with the university, I went over that

pile of buildings, and passed through several apartments devoted to the instruction of youth. The collection of subjects for the study of natural history is tolerably good, the observatory complete, and the instruments in perfect order: of these the greater number were manufactured in London, a few only in Paris. The school where degrees are conferred is old-fashioned and picturesque, the ceiling is curiously painted, and the walls are hung round with portraits of the Kings. There are six departments of instruction in this university; they comprise the canon law, the civil law, medicine, natural philosophy, and mathematics; different degrees are taken in the respective faculties, the student generally applying himself to the particular branch of study intended to form the basis of his professional exertions in after-life. This is perhaps an improvement upon our system of college education, where the same degree is taken by all, without any reference to the different nature of their future occupations. The Greek and Latin tongues are also taught at Coimbra, and moral philosophy, history, and the belles lettres are made subsidiary studies to the higher lectures. The prevailing system of education was introduced by the Marquis of Pombal, who spoke with pride and pleasure of the reform effected in the university during the period of his

administration, and even undertook a voyage from Lisbon to Coimbra, for the sole purpose of opening and sanctioning with his presence the new course of studies.

In a former work upon Portugal, of a graver character, I have commended the policy of the Portuguese government in attaching the most influential persons in the university to their interests, by frequent promotion and honourable treatment; some commanderies of the Order of Christ are annexed to the office of senior lecturer of mathematics and natural philosophy, while every cathedral throughout the kingdom is obliged by a papal bull to attach a certain number of its prebendal stalls to the different faculties of the university, restricting them, however, to gentlemen belonging to the clerical profession. The most able law instructors in the university are often promoted to the highest tribunals of the kingdom; the most eminent teachers of divinity and canon law to the bishoprics; and the most skilful professors of medicine become physicians in ordinary to the King, an office which confers immediate distinction and ensures ultimate advancement. The service of the university is therefore considered honourable, and even the provincial nobles are sometimes competitors for a vacant lectureship. The expenses of tuition

are defrayed by the revenues of the university, and the students only pay a small sum for their board and lodging, and a few trifling fees.

In the evening I visited the convent of Santa Cruz, and wandered for some time among its shady walks and fountains, its luxuriant hedges of cypress, and its ample reservoirs of water. The monks belonging to the order of St. Augustin, men for the most part of noble descent and of distinguished manners, are forbidden by the regulations of the monastery to appear on foot beyond their convent walls, and are often seen mounted on fine horses splendidly caparisoned. I spent my third and last evening at the house of Senhor ——; the Senhora was surrounded by her little children, a pretty, dark-eyed race that had just begun to make my acquaintance.

The olive abounds in the neighbourhood of Coimbra, and its oil is considered peculiarly good, and decidedly superior to that of Spain: the tree is, however, subject to a severe disease; under the influence of the ferragem, or rust complaint, the leaves shrivel, the tree sickens, and bears little fruit. I have sometimes seen a whole wood afflicted with this disorder, for which no satisfactory remedy has been devised. Maize is cultivated in this district to a great extent, and is made into a yellow bread, which the peasants eat

in large quantities: it is also given as fodder to cattle.

Before I left Coimbra I rode to the Ponte das Lagrimas, and passed through a blooming garden, misnamed 'the garden of tears,' to the spot where the young and beautiful Iñez de Castro was slain. A stream of the purest water gushes from the cliff, and glides along its deep red channel; and this singular tint upon the stone has led to the popular belief that murder has there left its indelible stain. There sat the guiltless, unsuspecting Iñez awaiting her princely husband; there she received the fatal wound; and over yon rude and ancient basin did the fair and the chivalrous resort in olden time to unite their tears over her early grave. The dark cypresses* waving over the fountain, the weeping willows that surround it, and the stream murmuring along its rocky bed, are admirably suited to the mournful tale. Some of those cypresses are of great antiquity, and probably witnessed her secluded happiness and her tragical fate. I quitted with regret a scene over which romance and

* The cypress that grows in this 'garden of tears' is the Cupressus Lusitanica, a tree of extreme beauty, and closely resembling in growth the cedar of Lebanon, though deeper in colour. It is so very unlike the common cypress, that I had at first no suspicion that it belonged to that class of trees. It was originally brought from Goa to Busaco, but is now only found in perfection in the midland parts of Portugal: for it has dwindled in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, and is no longer to be seen in the Algarve.

poetry and old tradition have thrown their sweetest spell.

Leaving the highway I rode towards Busaco, to see the memorable field of battle, through mountain-passes, finely crested with pines and abounding in every variety of the orchis tribe. I lost my way among the defiles, and did not easily regain it, being unaccompanied by my muleteer, who had started at an earlier hour; but after wandering for some time, exposed to an intolerable sun, I reached the monastery of Busaco. I knocked long at the gate of the convent lodge before it was opened, and my first reception was ungracious enough, as the porter observed that arrivals were inconvenient at that hour. I was so much exhausted by the heat that I could hardly keep my seat on horseback, and was not therefore disposed to be easily rebuffed, so compelling the reluctant menial to inform the Prior of my arrival, and slowly following him through a fine wood of oak and pine, I reached the convent, a straggling edifice, completely embosomed in the forest. The Prior received me courteously, and placed some wine and salt fish before me, regretting he could not offer me better fare, as meat was strictly forbidden by the convent regulations. He afterwards led me to my cell, where I threw myself on the bed, too happy to enjoy an interval of repose. These monkish dormitories are most welcome to

the wearied traveller, from their coolness, their perfect cleanliness, and the total absence of the winged and creeping cannibals that infest the inns. I slept for some time, and awoke even more fatigued than when I first lay down. I frequently observed that, during the intense heats, the mid-day siesta was followed by a sense of increased exhaustion, nor were its invigorating effects fully experienced till after sunset.

I now joined the friar; and as he led me round the convent I was surprised at the unbroken silence that pervaded the place; a silence which seemed rather to indicate a mansion of the dead than the social dwelling of a numerous brotherhood. This profound stillness was only interrupted by the echo of our footsteps, and the low tones of my conductor's voice. The long galleries were partially hung with black cloth, and the shadows of evening, fast stealing over them, gave birth to mingled feelings of melancholy and awe. The Prior afterwards explained to me the cause of this strange silence. The monks who inhabited the convent were Carmelites, and their system was, to a great extent, modelled on that of La Trappe; for, like the friars of that order, they are enjoined to observe perpetual silence, with the exception of the Prior and of an assistant brother, who acted as porter.

I discovered from subsequent accounts, what indeed I then suspected, that the inmates of this convent had generally entered their cheerless abode from feelings of blighted affection or mortified ambition, the most prolific sources of human discontent. The system operated differently on different temperaments: a few had become reconciled to their altered mode of existence; others had sunk into a state of mental lethargy; and many, after the lapse of a few years, were vainly anxious to quit their living tomb. Some had entered the order from an exalted spirit of religion: these had not drooped; upheld by a powerful though misdirected principle, their minds resisted the pressure of external circumstances; the business of this life was exchanged for visions of the next, and the want of active occupation was supplied by the internal fire which supported while it consumed them.

The Prior accompanied me to the entrance door, and kindly pressed me to pass the night at the convent; but I was anxious to proceed. "This spot is indeed delightful," I observed, as I wished him farewell. "It is, my Son," he replied, with the cold and melancholy smile of one who felt the truth of my remark, but had ceased to derive enjoyment from the objects of my admiration. As I mounted my horse, the last beams of the sun were setting, and the forest

trees cast their lengthened shadows along the ground. A cross, the emblem of peace, was placed on a pedestal before the door. The beauty and seclusion of the spot appeared to have marked it out as peculiarly fitted for the enjoyment of tranquil happiness, but the misjudging piety of man had robbed him of those temperate pleasures which nature had so lavishly prepared for his gratification. The oak and fern reminded me of the deep glades of England, and the majestic cypress of Portugal *, with its waving branches, impressed the scene with a character of Oriental grace: yet, even on such a calm and heavenly evening, the monks were not allowed to walk beneath the shade of their forest trees: so active and ingenious were the founders of this convent in devising methods to heighten the privations of its inmates, as if the common course of human passions and anxieties did not render the cup which all must drink sufficiently bitter, without perverting the plainest dictates of common sense to render it still more unpalatable.

Having left the convent, I spent some time in examining the positions occupied by the armies. Busaco tells its own tale; for the bold and peculiar character of the ground enables the traveller to follow, without difficulty, the history of that

* The Cupressus Lusitanica, to which I have already alluded.

eventful day. I arrived late in the evening at Meleahada.

On the 3rd of September I hired a guide at Meleahada, to lead us through a pine forest of great extent, and so intricate that even the natives are sometimes bewildered by the multitude of tracks. Our guide attacked the friars with unusual vehemence, and then broke forth in favour of Dom Pedro, expressing great hostility to the Infant, whose expected appearance on the frontiers, at that time, kept the nation in suspense.

I observed that the peasantry were more friendly to the Constitution in this district than in any other part of Portugal, probably from its vicinity to Coimbra. My guide said that the wood abounded in wolves, and desired me to observe the stump of a tree recently felled, telling me that a young man, assailed by three of those ferocious animals, had taken refuge in its branches, and had afterwards cut it down, as a memorial of his escape, and in testimony of his gratitude. I thought this an odd mode of returning thanks, and tacitly determined never to endanger my safety for an inhabitant of Meleahada. Different nations have certainly different modes of expressing their sense of services conferred: a Portuguese fells a tree for the same reason that an Englishman would effectually protect it.

I do not think that the inhabitants of southern

countries have generally much taste for picturesque beauty. I remember seeing a house, not far from Cintra, overhung by one of the most magnificent cork-trees I ever beheld. I was standing opposite the windows, admiring the fantastic beauty and amazing luxuriance of the tree, when an old woman, attracted by my earnest gaze, sallied forth, observing that I was perhaps desirous of taking the house; and adding, that if the tree were an object of dislike, it could be felled immediately. Any old woman may be guilty of bad taste; but if the tree had been an object of general admiration in the neighbourhood, she would not have so utterly misunderstood my feeling.

There is, generally speaking, far less beauty and distinction of costume in Portugal than in Spain, but the dress of the peasantry is unusually rich in this part of the country. The men were attired in satin waistcoats richly figured, and of a crimson colour; some had handkerchiefs tied round their heads, after the Oriental fashion, but not in the graceful folds of the turban, as I have seen them worn in that paradise of the Christian world, the vale of Murcia: many of the boys, and some of the men, were dressed in a loose garment resembling in form, but not in beauty, the Highland kilt; and a broad-brimmed hat, a red scarf, and a blue jacket, not worn but thrown over the shoulder, completes the provin-

cial dress. They also carry the pao or long pole, as in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. I met a young peasant bearing a pannier of grapes, upon which I made a vigorous attack, but no persuasion would induce him to receive any recompense; a total absence of mercenary feeling very frequent among the Portuguese labourers.

Leaving Aveiro, we rode through a pretty country; the oak and olive abounded; the vine climbed up the trees and hung down in rich festoons; sometimes a regular trellis-work was constructed overhead, and an early night produced by the dense foliage. But night itself was now closing in, and we soon lost our way amid a variety of tracks. In this part of the country the natives involve a stranger in frequent mistakes by their strange mode of directing him, which is invariably by reference to one of the four points of the compass. Now south-east, or north-west, may be a very poetical, but is a very puzzling mode of direction to a man travelling by night through a country with which he is totally unacquainted. Besides, the points of the compass are in some degree conventional with these honest folks: for they talked of our north and our west, which certainly was not my north or my west, as I found to my cost, after sundry wanderings on that luckless night.

At length we stumbled on a cottage, and pre-

vailed on a peasant to show us the way to Ovar: he was lively, intelligent, and dark as a mulatto; he had served under Dom Miguel when he commanded the army, and evidently regarded that Prince with very partial feelings. He observed that he did not trouble himself with the subtle points that grew out of the question of the succession, but thought Dom Miguel ought in justice to ascend the throne, because he had killed some bulls in a masterly manner, and had generously presented their bodies to the soldiery; a novel argument in the Infant's favour, which has probably never yet suggested itself to any of his Royal Highness's legal advisers. He also entered into some curious details respecting the customs of this part of the country. The priest requires annually a bushel of wheat from every married pair; and be it further observed, the relative piety of the different parishioners is determined by the relative amount of the plums and good things stuffed into these pascal offerings: he said that many of the clergy led dissolute lives, a natural consequence of their celibacy, a system favourable perhaps to the interests of the Papal See, but decidedly injurious to general morals. By virtue of the church regulations, no priest is allowed to keep in his house, as a domestic, any woman under a certain age; but I heard of an ingenious ecclesiastic who cheated his conscience

by retaining under his roof two beautiful women, whose united years did not exceed the age prescribed for one: so that the sum total were correct he thought it mattered little how the amount were divided; like this manuscript, which contains the same number of words, whether Mr. Murray swell it into two small volumes or compress it into one.

Late in the evening we entered Ovar, a long straggling town, in which I naturally concluded that some house of accommodation must exist; but literally there was none. The Peninsula generally, although it may be said more of Spain than Portugal, abounds in these strange inconsistencies. I once stopped at a venta in Andalusia, which not only possessed the necessaries, but many of the comforts of life. Meat and fowls, with tea, coffee, and chocolate, formed a sumptuous bill of fare for a Spanish country inn: forks abounded, but when I called for a knife, I was told that no such implement was kept in the house, on a principle of self-preservation. The reason given was eminently Spanish; but in fact the road was chiefly frequented by smugglers, who live well, but always carry their own knives; and this was the real cause of the deficiency.

The same curious contradictions are occasionally found in the higher ranks. I remember sleeping at the house of a decayed noble, who

received me with the utmost hospitality. My sleeping apartment was, however, destitute of the most common conveniences of life; my bed had no curtains, there was not a looking-glass, there was not a chair in the room. Such being the case, I was surprised, and somewhat amused, at seeing a menial, attired in a faded livery of green and gold, enter my apartment with much state, bearing a basin of massive silver, which he was himself compelled to hold, because there was no table on which he could place that ponderous relic of the departed splendour of the house.

A quarter of a league from Ovar we reached the *ne plus ultra* of abominable inns. I had divided my journey badly, and often fell in with worse accommodation than I should have found if I had adhered to the regular posts; and, in this instance, I believe, I was the first person above the rank of a muleteer whom my friend the inn-keeper had ever entertained. As I arrived late, stale bread was my only supper, and straw my only bed. Growling dogs and famished cats contested the crumbs that fell from my board, and vermin sported around me in lively profusion. My servant Antonio lost the keys of my trunk, and the muleteer his way. So closed the night.

On the following day the road was sandy, and my progress slow. Soon after I left Ovar, I overtook a young woman, of great personal attrac-

tions, journeying to Oporto, attended by three servants. I greeted her, according to the custom of the country; and as we were travelling on the same road, we naturally fell into a conversation, which she kept up with liveliness and spirit. Her servants were barefooted: they wore a red sash, a laced jacket with rich silver buttons, a large hat, and ear-rings of solid gold. The curious mixture of familiar dialogue and goodnatured authority which characterized her intercourse with them revived classical associations, illustrated the simple manners of an earlier age, and seemed to realize the description of the Grecian dames amid their handmaids: other circumstances contributed to keep up the illusion. Her regular and noble features reminded me of those beautiful models of ancient art with which no modern sculpture can bear competition. Her costume might, in some degree, be considered classical, and was admirably adapted to set forth the faultless outline of her face. She stopped at a friend's house near Oporto, and we separated; but we afterwards renewed our acquaintance, and I heard from her own lips the story of her life—a simple but romantic tale. It is but short, for she was still very young.

She became acquainted, at the early age of sixteen, with a young man, only a few years her senior, but greatly her superior in rank. Acquaintance gave birth to attachment, and the

difficulties which prevented their union heightened that feeling into the most ardent love. Her lover's family contemplated the possibility of such an event with dread; but her father encouraged their intercourse and the plighted couple met, every evening, under the shade of the garden fig-tree, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The impetuous but resolute attachment of her young admirer at length appeared to overcome the opposition of his family; and he arrived one evening at the trysting place in high spirits, and entertaining sanguine hopes. They spent a few delightful hours in the full enjoyment of reciprocal confidence, and separated with the belief that they would speedily be united, to part no more; but from that hour they never met again, either in sorrow or in joy. Her lover's father, anxious to avert from his family the disgrace of an unequal alliance, had appeared to relent, for the purpose of executing his designs with greater facility. He had already conferred with the civil authorities, and that very night his son was arrested, and conveyed to a place of strict confinement, where he was seized with an infectious fever, of which he died in a few days, in spite of every exertion to save him.

She married two years afterwards, and confessed to me that she was perfectly happy. A prior attachment sometimes continues to exist in

a woman's mind long after marriage; but, except in a person of very deeply-rooted affections, rarely survives the birth of a child: from that hour the current of her thoughts becomes changed; new duties, new feelings, new hopes arise, to banish former regrets, and

> "She who lately loved the best,
> Forgets she loved at all."

I observed in my pretty heroine a striking instance of those sudden bursts of quick and sensitive feeling which seem inherent in the southern temperament. Although she spoke of her first ill-fated lover with calmness, almost with indifference, and confessed that she had long ceased to regret the difficulties which prevented their union: yet once, as she dwelt upon past scenes, and recalled a thousand instances of his boyish devotion, her voice changed, her dark eyes filled with tears, and her whole soul seemed to revert, with undiminished affection, to the object of her early love. Her emotion was but transient; yet I am convinced that, while it lasted, she would have renounced every earthly tie to be restored to him who had been the first to win her affections, and was then mouldering in the grave.

As I approached Oporto, the liveliness of the national character became very perceptible: the

women delighted in jest and repartee, and sometimes carried their facetious humour to a very inconvenient extent, by misdirecting me on my road. Good-nature, however, ultimately prevailed, and they always apprized me of the mistake into which they had led me after I had proceeded a few steps in the wrong direction: but this kind of raillery, tolerably diverting in the fair sex, was positively offensive when practised by the men. As I passed through a little village, I saw a woman standing in the street, wringing her hands, and pouring forth the wildest lamentations. I inquired into the cause of her grief, and heard that thieves had broken into her house during her absence. The poor woman suspected that she had been robbed of all her little treasure, but had not courage to ascertain the extent of her loss. As no saving-banks, or institutions of that kind, exist in Portugal, the peasants either hoard their earnings in strong boxes, or lay them out in purchasing golden trinkets, of which they are passionately fond: so that a successful attack upon their cottages may deprive them of the little store which they have accumulated by years of industrious exertion. The handsome ear-rings and chains of solid gold, worn by women among the lower classes, excited my surprise, till I discovered that they regularly invest their money in the acquisition of these ornaments: so that, by

an unusual combination, the increase of the family wealth, and the gratification of their taste for personal decoration, go hand in hand; and as these trinkets are generally of solid gold, and made with little regard to fashion, their value is easily ascertained, and they are converted into cash without difficulty.

At length I reached Oporto, an ancient and very picturesque town: the streets, with a few noble exceptions, are narrow, and the houses high and ornamented with handsome balconies. That part of the city which overhangs the Douro is strikingly beautiful, the river itself is fine and clear, and the banks bold, and partially wooded. The concourse of people was so great at Oporto when I arrived, that I passed from inn to inn, and from one extremity of the city to the other, without being able to procure an apartment. The absence of any furnished lodgings shows the little progress which this great city has made in some of the most essential comforts of life, while in other respects it has rapidly advanced in the career of civilization. At length I obtained a bed-room, though not a sitting-room, at the house of a mulatto, where, as I entered, a large party, of a mixed character, was collecting round the table d'hôte. There were two Germans: one seemed well informed, and so, I suspect, was the other; but as he abused me in the Portuguese language,

with which he supposed me thoroughly unacquainted, I will not dilate upon his merits.

I chanced to sit next a mild and intelligent Englishman, Mr. Waterhouse, who had resided many years in Portugal. The conversation turned on recent events. The retirement of Count Saldanha, the disturbances which followed his resignation, the measures adopted in consequence by Sir Thomas Stubbs, and his recall from the government of Oporto, were circumstances which excited the public mind at that time in a very high degree, and were discussed with unusual warmth.

CHAPTER III.

Count and Countess of Villa Flor—Portuguese society—Effect of the recent changes on the Portuguese Character—Author leaves Oporto—Tremendous Storm—Fall of Locusts—Description of the Traz os Montes—The Valentoines—Feudal manners of the Nobles—Dinner at the Capitan Mor—Character and Mansion of the venerable Senhor Joaquim—Lamego—Hospitality of Senhor Ferreira—Superstition of the Enchanted Mooress—Return to Oporto.

COUNT VILLA FLOR, since that time become Duke of Terceira, had assumed the government of Oporto a few days before I reached that city; and, on my arrival, kindly offered me apartments in his house, and the use of his stud,—a hospitality characteristic of the Portuguese, but particularly distinguishing this generous noble, whose liberality was proverbial both at Lisbon and Oporto. I declined his offer; but, establishing myself at the neighbouring inn of Batalha, became almost an inmate of his house during my long residence at Oporto. His staff consisted of Don Carlos, brother of the Marquis of Fronteira, Major Bernardo Sa, now Viscount Sa da Bandeira, his brother Narcisso, and Major Mendez. He introduced me to the Countess Villa Flor, a daughter of the ancient house of

Loulé, and descended from the far-famed and illustrious line of the Mendozas.

The Loulé family were originally of British origin, and are said to have sprung from an English knight of the name of Rollim, who led his vassals to the siege of Lisbon, distinguished himself in the service of Alphonso the First, and was rewarded by a grant of land, after the capture of that city. The Countess was only in her nineteenth year, and in the first bloom of that uncommon beauty which drew down the applause of every Portuguese, and afterwards excited the admiration of English society. But although the Countess was still so young, she had experienced both hardship and danger amid the turbulent dissensions of her native country. During the last few years the great had been peculiarly exposed to severe vicissitudes, yet these she had encountered with a firmness extraordinary in one so young, so delicate, and so little calculated, by birth or station, to mix in revolutionary scenes. Her childhood had been clouded by the ruthless assassination of her noble father; she had afterwards accompanied her husband to a desolate prison: she now filled the brilliant position which she was born to occupy, and was so well fitted to grace; but before a year had revolved, the star of her destiny had declined, and she was again an exile from her native land.

The military government of Oporto, always an important trust, was of vital consequence in the actual state of Portugal. Two powerful factions at that time disputed the political arena, viewed each other with hatred and suspicion, and threatened to disturb the tranquillity of the city. By strict impartiality in the discharge of his public duties, and by an equal and well-judged hospitality to men of all parties, Count Villa Flor secured the affection of the inhabitants, and mitigated those feuds which lay too deep to be eradicated. The mere circumstance of official rank confers great consideration in Portugal; but in the person of Count Villa Flor it was united to high birth and previous reputation; and although some individuals kept aloof, from party feelings, the *elite* of Oporto crowded to his house, and to his box at the Opera. In the morning the Count and Countess rode out, accompanied by their staff; and I frequently joined them in their excursions to the beautiful environs of Oporto. In the evening I generally found several persons assembled at their house; or if, by chance, there was no addition to the family circle, I was not less cordially welcomed, and the hours passed away in lively conversation.

That I may not hereafter interrupt the thread of my narrative, when it becomes more eventful, I will now insert a few remarks on the Portuguese character, and on the nature of Portuguese

society; premising only that they are somewhat premature in this part of my work, as I had not formed such conclusions till after a long residence at Lisbon and Oporto.

If I could divest myself of every national partiality, and suppose myself an inhabitant of the other hemisphere, travelling solely for my amusement, noting men and manners, and were asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say, in Portugal: this perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman, when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society, and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindliness of feeling.

A Portuguese has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual, and sedulously avoids any expression which can possibly have that effect; not only because it is ill-bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on another is disagreeable to himself. A Portuguese, possessed of strong sarcastic talent, will seldom direct it, however veiled, against any individual present, and will use the utmost circumlocution

in conveying an unpleasant truth. Even if he be aware that the person with whom he is actually conversing is in the act of deceiving him, he often disguises his knowledge of the fact from his apprehension of wounding the feelings of the deceiver; or if such a man be too worthless for consideration, from the fear of grieving his kindred: to such an extent is their politeness carried. It may occasionally exceed the proper bounds, but still the general influence of these delicate and considerate feelings is highly beneficial to society, which in Portugal resembles a vessel impelled by a favouring breeze over a calm sea, yet undisturbed by any displeasing inequality of motion.

The restless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit in Portuguese society, and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose. Dandyism is unknown among their men, and coquetry, so common among Spanish women, is little in vogue among the fair Portuguese. They do not possess, to the same extent, the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours,

but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate. Even when they err, the aberrations of a married Portuguese never spring from fashion or caprice, seldom from vanity, and, however culpable, are always the result of real preference.

Certainly, with some exceptions, the women are not highly educated; they feel little interest in general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation. A stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness, wit, and ready perception of character. The best society in England is perhaps the best in the world, because it combines civilization of manner with cultivation of mind; but, without reference to intellectual culture, the last finish of polished breeding distinguishes, perhaps in a still greater degree, the higher orders of Portugal. I speak only of the higher orders, for their superiority of manner over the middling classes is more strongly marked than even in England. There is little perceptible difference of manner between the different grades of society in Paris; but though this uniformity prevails in revolutionized, it was, I

suspect, unknown to refined and aristocratic France.

This characteristic politeness of the Portuguese does not

> "———————— only play
> Through life's more cultured paths, and charm the way,"

but the kindliness of heart from which it flows extends to all classes and affects all relations: it appears in the intercourse of the higher with the middling and lower orders, and softens the natural jealousy arising from the distinctions of rank. An English gentleman, unprovided at the moment with money, sends a beggar to the devil: the Sovereign of Portugal calls him his brother, and regrets that he has nothing to offer him. Such details may appear trivial, but are really important; because these gentle and considerate manners have promoted a kindly feeling in the people towards their superiors, and have greatly contributed to mitigate the bitter sense of actual privation. The pride of the Portuguese Fidalgos is chiefly directed against each other, and usually relates to their family alliances. A Puritano or Fidalgo, who traces a purely noble descent from the earliest times, is supposed to form an unequal alliance when he unites himself to the scion of any house, however illustrious, if not also a Puritano by descent. The higher will not ally themselves to the inferior nobles, and these again will form

no connexion with the commonalty; but precedency of rank is occasionally superseded in public opinion by antient birth; and some untitled families have constantly refused to marry into the houses of particular Grandees, because their own descent is unquestionably more antient, and therefore considered more illustrious.

If the nobles are kindly disposed, the people are, generally speaking, extremely loyal, little inclined to violence, easily led, susceptible of kindness, and patient under many privations: their virtues flow from their native goodness of disposition, their vices are, in some degree, attributable to the system under which they have lived. The overwhelming extent of the regal prerogative, which could deprive the highest noble of his birthright by an exertion of power,—and the corrupt administration of justice, which could impoverish its victim by an act of law,—are abuses which, in the towns at least, gave rise to habits of refined dissimulation as the only safeguard against powerful oppression. In England, during the reign of Henry VIII., when the dispensation of justice was venal, and the power of the executive practically uncontrolled, the degradation of the national character was strongly manifested in the corruption of our juries and the servility of our parliaments. In those prostituted assemblies neither unoffending innocence nor undoubted in-

tegrity were of any avail against the royal pleasure; and the popular forms, which should have guarded the popular liberties, became only an additional engine of tyranny in the hands of an oppressive sovereign. Even in Sir Robert Walpole's time, when the science of government had undergone a total change, when influence had superseded prerogative, the political honesty of public men was at a low ebb indeed: a century of good laws and settled government have gradually raised the British character to its present standard: it only improved with the improvement of our institutions; and I know not why the Portuguese, who naturally possess so many excellent qualities, should not attain the same moral elevation under an ameliorated government.

But I am far from thinking that the policy pursued after Don Pedro's triumphant return to Lisbon, in 1834, was calculated to effect an improvement in the character of the people. A government that owes its existence to the popular principle must not trench upon the popular prejudices of the nation; a government that professes to raise the standard of the national morality, and to inculcate better and higher principles of action, must itself be strictly just; but neither justice nor policy were consulted when the privileges of the Peers were invaded, when the convents were

desecrated, and when those sacred stipulations were violated, which pretended to secure to the dispossessed monks a pension for life. The cruel treatment of the priesthood has exercised a most unfavourable influence on the character of the peasantry: that unsophisticated peasantry, which possessed many of the noble qualities without the sanguinary spirit of the Spaniard, and were, till recently, a loyal and contented race, have become generally disaffected to the government; and, outraged by the injuries inflicted upon a Church they love and revere, are, even now, in some parts of the country, armed against the crown; are living by a system of rapine, from which they would have lately shrunk with horror; and, contrary to all their previous habits, are feeding upon the life-blood of their country.

Before I pass on to other scenes, I must take this opportunity of returning my best thanks to Mr. Crispin, the British Consul at Oporto, who hospitably offered me apartments at his house, and showed me every attention during my residence in that city; to my banker, Mr. Kingston, and to the gentlemen of the Factory, of whose civilities I am highly sensible; to my friend Mr. Whitely, the Chaplain of Oporto, a gentleman of great and varied talent, I am peculiarly indebted, not only for the pleasant hours which I spent in his society, but for many valuable facts connected with the

state of Portugal, which he communicated to me during our frequent rambles in the neighbourhood.

On the 12th of October, the anniversary of Don Pedro's birth, Count Villa Flor reviewed the troops, who were well equipped, went through their evolutions admirably, and received the announcement of the charter with loud "Vivas!" I put on my uniform of the Somersetshire yeomanry, and accompanied him to the field, where I observed to one of the officers, "These regiments are well affected to the Emperor." "Yes," he replied, "but will they send forth these loyal shouts when another year brings round another 12th of October?" At that moment the standard happened to fall. "This omen is not propitious to your cause," I replied, laughingly. Before a year had elapsed, the officers then present were dispersed, their gallant chief exiled, and the constitution had ceased to exist. In the evening Count Villa Flor gave a grand dinner to the officers, the Colonels of militias, the judges, and the deputies. He proposed Don Pedro's health, and afterwards that of the King of Great Britain and Ireland, a toast which was drunk with applause, and for which I returned thanks.

The opera box was crowded to excess on that night, although many of the leading Miguelites, or Corcundas, as they were then called, were

absent. When Count Villa Flor again proposed Don Pedro, the audience stood up, and a scene of stormy enthusiasm ensued; the shouts were repeated again and again by the men, and the fair sex leant over the boxes, waving their white handkerchiefs in token of their zealous adherence to the cause of their Imperial master.

I was rather amused at hearing, on my return to the inn, that I had been the subject of several bets during the day. As my uniform was of a different colour from the Portuguese, and happened to be very conspicuous, my appearance on the field excited surprise. I was not a native it was clear; the country of my birth, in consequence, became a matter of debate among some idlers, and several bets were made on the subject. Spain was taken against the field by many, who called at the inn where I resided to ascertain the point, and returned to their respective homes very wrathful with the guiltless object of their unsuccessful wager.

The vintage was now commencing, and as I had long intended to explore the wine district, which appears to its greatest advantage during that season, I quitted Oporto. Count Villa Flor gave me letters to the Governor of the district, and to the principal persons in the northern provinces, and my friend Major Bernardo Sa accompanied me a little way on my journey.

This young officer, who has since risen to high distinction, was even then remarkable for the extent of his information and the decision of his character; the most useful quality a man can possess in unsettled times *. Distinguished for his gallant exertions in the civil war which had desolated the Trazos Montes, his conduct in the following year proved that the same high spirit had not forsaken him under adverse circumstances. Our friendship was formed at Oporto, and confirmed at Lisbon; and I shall hereafter allude to a curious and somewhat romantic adventure which occurred at a later period, and in which we were both engaged.

On leaving Oporto, I rode on through a valley, abounding in corn and wild grapes, to Penafiel, a town of some consideration, which gives its name to the Count of Penafiel, a Peer of the realm. The commanderies enjoyed by this noble were annexed in perpetuity to his house, an unusual deviation from the general practice. On the following morning I observed several blocks of granite on one of the heights above the road; and from their situation, and from the regularity of their position, I conceive them to be the remains of some antient structure resembling our Druidical temples.

Passing a large block of stone, upon which

* He is now Minister of Marine.

a mitre was rudely carved to mark the boundary of some convent lands, I struck across a wild mountain-tract. There I beheld a natural exhibition of the most awful kind. The extreme and long-continued heat that prevailed in Portugal during the summer of 1827, was, I believe, almost unparalleled: the vines were everywhere injured, in some places destroyed, and the agriculture had universally suffered; but during the last two days an evident change had taken place, the weather was becoming more temperate, and clouds of a leaden hue were gradually collecting from all points of the horizon. They must have concentrated their strength during the night of the 26th, for on the following morning the sky resembled a great sea of ink; deep black masses overhung our heads, gradually sinking lower and lower, and a faint moaning wind alone interrupted the heavy repose that had settled upon the face of the earth. At length the storm burst; not ushered in by any light showers, not even by any warning-drops, but descending at once and vertically, in sheets of water, as if hurled by an offended God against a world which he had resolved to submerge again.

I had never seen so fierce a conflict of the elements. Those hills, a few minutes before so destitute of water that I should have hailed with pleasure the most trifling rill, now resounded

with the roar of a thousand torrents rushing impetuously into the valley; and my path, which led along a natural channel between two rocks, at once became the main artery that received these tributary streams. As the water was rising fast, and every moment assumed more the character of a raging torrent, I endeavoured to escape from its vortex by turning my mule and retracing my steps; but the strength of the current and the terror of the animal, when required to stem it, rendered this manœuvre impracticable, and I was therefore obliged to continue my amphibious journey till I found an outlet.

Having extricated myself from this master-flood, I became involved with the lesser streams, that, dashing around me, tumbling from crag to crag, and crossing each other in all directions, presented a magnificent scene of uproar and confusion. I called to the muleteer and Antonio, who had lingered in the rear, to warn them from the main channel, which might have been dangerous to them, and would probably have been fatal to the loaded mules, but my shouts were drowned in the voice of many waters. Some of our luggage was carried off, and had the inundation continued we must have lost the whole; but fortunately the sky relented, in mercy to a country which had so long withered

under its burning eye, and was now visited by a still more tremendous infliction.

I entered the inn at Amarante in a doleful plight, and creeping into a corner by the kitchen-fire fell fast asleep; in little more than an hour the muleteer made his appearance. After a reasonable interval I wished to renew my journey, but the outcry was so great, that I gave way to public opinion, which assailed me in the shape of soaked and mutinous domestics.

Speaking of natural exhibitions, a fall of locusts is, beyond all comparison, the most awful I have ever seen, and I may perhaps be excused for digressing from the immediate thread of my narrative to give my readers some account of that dreadful scourge, which is considered in eastern and southern countries the most unfailing manifestation of the wrath of God. Travelling along the western coast of Africa, I once beheld this terrible infliction. These creatures fell in thousands and ten thousands around us and upon us, on the sands along which we were riding, and on the sea that was beating at our feet: yet we were removed from their most oppressive influence; for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the great innumerable host came on slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great,

that when a cow, directly under the line of flight, attempting ineffectually to graze in the field, approached her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm that her head was for the moment almost concealed from sight; and as she moved along, bewildered by this worse than Egyptian plague, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance, as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their staffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death which swept like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year; for wherever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy honours of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while, farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, heath set on fire, and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavoured to avert by such a frightful remedy. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest, and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the

column, throw it into confusion, drive the locusts out to sea, and thus deliver the country from their desolating presence.

It was an awful, and indeed a painful scene, and I shall never forget it. Yet, perhaps, there was not one of those whose blighted fortunes I then commiserated who would not have considered my assassination well pleasing to their God, and few, perhaps, who would have scrupled to attack me, as a Christian dog, if I had been unarmed and unattended by a trusty band.

I was now detained for the rest of the day at Amarante, a town so called from the flower of that name, after the poetical fashion of the land. To beguile the time I visited an officer for whom I had letters, and found him playing at cards in a miserable apartment; he offered to show me the "lions," and we ascended together a neighbouring hill. In the valley below there had been some hard fighting between the Imperialists under Count Villa Flor, and the Miguelites commanded by Don Antonio Silveira, who were finally routed and driven back to the western wilds of the Trazos Montes. Traces of the conflict were still visible on the surrounding buildings and in the broken windows of an adjoining convent, where I visited the monks, who showed me the interior of the edifice. Their gardens, striking only from some fine light-coloured cedar trees, were neglected, and

many parts of the building were in a miserably dilapidated state; but the friars pleaded in excuse their diminished revenues, and said they had in consequence greatly reduced their numbers. From the windows of a monk's cell we enjoyed a magnificent view of the mountains, covered with wood, sloping down to the Tamega, a noble stream. In the evening we adjourned to the house of Dom Tavera. He was a fine old noble, and had two daughters, both agreeable, and one very pretty: the youngest sang some of her native melodies with taste and feeling. She observed, archly, that she could not speak French; but I suspect she only feigned ignorance for the purpose of hearing my Portuguese, which was a ludicrous mixture of the two Peninsular languages. She was lively and amusing, and asked me many questions about English society.

On the 28th I began the ascent of the Maron, accompanied by the Colonel, my friend of the previous day, and an escort, a necessary precaution against the last insurgent Guerilla, still lingering amongst the recesses of that savage pass. At the end of the first stage, a soldier gave the Colonel a list of the rebels, by which it appeared that a priest commanded the troop, with a surgeon for his lieutenant, who officiated in a double capacity, and dispensed his blows and his medicines with equal success. When we had reached

a considerable height the Colonel's horse became suddenly averse to any further prolongation of the journey, and after some unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction, turned round and trotted back with his master.

I was now entering the Trazos Montes, a province inhabited by a very peculiar people, restless, intrepid, and aspiring, the only part of the native population which has retained its original character, unaffected by the lapse of centuries; a fine manly race, possessing the savage virtues in perfection, the first to act, and the last to submit: they are the Catalans of Portugal. The spirit of the age has respected their mountain barriers, no modern refinements have enfeebled their native hardihood, and they still differ in manners, feeling, and even in external appearance, from their countrymen, and from the rest of the European community. The great insurrection, then recently appeased, had originated partly in a real affection for the antient system, and partly in a spirit of exaggerated attachment to the Silveira family: so deep was their devotion to that ill-fated house, that those priests who were opposed to the revolt could not restrain their excited parishioners, over whose minds their slightest word had generally the force of law. Yet the Marquis de Chaves, the chief of the Silveiras, was not a man of very vigorous intellect; but his father had been emi-

nently loved and respected throughout the province, and he succeeded to the hereditary influence. The people had been undoubtedly impelled by the most genuine enthusiasm, and they fought under the banner of that chivalrous house with a gallantry which claimed the praise, and obtained the respect, of every candid opponent. The prevailing spirit was still decidedly hostile to the constitution, and they were writhing under a sense of recent defeat and actual humiliation; but these feelings had been greatly mitigated by the wise and humane policy of the conquerors.

During the Catalan Revolution in 1822, the laurels of the Spanish Constitutionalists were soiled in blood, not in the blood of men fairly slain on the field of battle, but massacred coldly and deliberately after the victory had been obtained; massacred because they had fought for that falling monarchy which from their earliest years they had been taught to revere, because they had struggled to maintain privileges inherited from their ancestors, and abrogated with an insolent disregard to the feelings of a whole population; but more than all, because, as sons of Catalonia, they would not tamely permit the extinction of her cherished name, which the Spanish Cortes, those foes to every great and ancient recollection, would have blotted out of the map of Spain. But in Portugal the Constitutional leaders

of 1827 remembered, even in the hour of triumph, that their defeated opponents were fellow-countrymen and brothers.

I had now almost ascended the Maron: the surrounding heights were bold and bleak, and partially seen through the mists that were rapidly hurrying over them. These mountains are composed of granite, and their summits wholly destitute of trees: the vegetation, at all times scanty, had been so completely burnt by a recent fire, that the ground was black for many miles, a circumstance which increased the natural gloom of the scene, and invested the mountain with an awful and almost funereal character. The Trazos Montes is still the favorite land of the Valentoines, a race of men that have much declined in numbers. These Valentoines are bravos inhabiting the wildest parts of the country, known to each other by certain signs, and to the neighbourhood by their fearful reputation: they style themselves redressers of wrongs, and some indeed are honourable, though misguided spirits, acting in defiance of law, yet true to an erroneous system of imagined right. But the majority have degenerated into common ruffians, whose pride is to perform any feat however hazardous, and execute any crime, however heinous, with greater spirit and address than other men. In parts of the Trazos Montes they form almost a separate class,

and defeat the ends of justice by terrifying witnesses and intimidating or corrupting the local authorities. Fidelity to their employers is perhaps their only redeeming virtue. These bravos were formerly dependant on certain nobles, whose mandates they fulfilled with a devotion bordering upon heroism, and in return enjoyed their countenance and support. The extent to which a noble could protect them was long considered a fair criterion of his personal influence; and the number attached to the service of his house was a point of honour jealously observed. This system prevailed in the Trazos Montes and in parts of the Entre Minho; and although the altered manners of the age and the improved character of the provincial nobles have dissolved that systematic connexion, there still exists a strong feeling of protection on one hand, and attachment on the other.

In these wild districts the stately manners which characterized the nobility of the feudal world are still sometimes retained among the families of the great. I have said that a strong feeling of vassalage exists in their dependants; a haughty sense of superior birth divides these nobles from the rest of society; even in the bosom of their own families, and where their nearest affections are engaged, a solemn and somewhat unbending spirit marks their social

habits; indeed, where the old ancestral forms are kept up in their ancient rigour, the children of the house inhabit separate apartments in the distant wings of the old rambling mansion, and, long after the period of adolescence has elapsed, receive on bended knees the blessings of their parents: they are not permitted to take their meals at the same board with their parents, and must not, in their presence, remain uncovered, or even sit down without express permission. But although the familiar habits of modern life have not invaded those ancient and patriarchal halls, still, where these forms, the legacy of a primitive and wholly different age, are thus inflexibly maintained, it may be observed that the essence of the old Portuguese honour is, generally speaking, preserved equally inviolate, and the slightest falsehood or deceit is held in generous disdain.

But however strict the forms occasionally maintained, in these antiquated establishments, between parent and child, a graduated subordination of respect appears to pervade the household; a similar homage is exacted by the children from those beneath them, and a similar state observed. In many great families, the young lady of the house, even when she merely goes out to take the air, is preceded by the Escudeiro, or shield bearer of the family; though he now no longer carries the shield, but only walks a few paces in advance

of his charge, with a solemn and measured step, bareheaded, and holding his hat humbly in his hand. These shield-bearers, attached to noble families, were formerly, like our ancient esquires, gentlemen by birth, though for the most part greatly reduced in circumstances.

From the highest point of the Maron I looked over successive ranges of hills, divided by rich intervening valleys, which, in consequence of their great elevation, retained a verdure truly refreshing to eyes fatigued by gazing on parched and withered scenery. I entered Villa Real towards evening, and was hospitably received by the Governor. After a sumptuous breakfast at his palace on the following morning, I took leave, and accompanied the Juiz de Fora to his house, where he showed me a blood-stained dagger, just taken from a peasant; and said that four assassinations had been committed during the last month within the narrow limits of his jurisdiction.

Murders are of frequent occurrence throughout the Trazos Montes, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Lamego; but there, in a great measure, they result from circumstances unconnected with the lawless habits of the native population. Swarms of labourers repair from the different provinces to the banks of the Douro, during the summer, induced by the immense demand for labour which exists during that season in the wine-dis-

trict; and amongst them many individuals proscribed by the law find safety, and, residing chiefly in scattered huts, are seldom inspected by the local managers.

I continued my journey, accompanied by the Juiz: we stopped at the house of a substantial farmer, who offered us grapes, wine, and all kinds of refreshment. The daughter cast many affectionate glances on the young magistrate, and her parents were evidently elated by the distinction which his visit was supposed to confer on the family. I saw here, for the first time, the laborious process that takes place before the juice of the grape is converted into the rich beverage it afterwards becomes: the grapes are first trodden underfoot, and then pressed by a large beam tightened by a screw, till the fruit is completely crushed; after which the wine is poured into great casks, where it is left to ferment, and two or three months subsequently the necessary quantity of brandy is infused. Meanwhile the lees of the grape are collected and steeped in water, and being again subjected to the pressure of the beam, give out a light, feeble wine, generally sold to the lower orders. The lees themselves are given to pigs, or applied as manure to the fields.

The grapes were lying in heaps, within an enclosed space near the farmer's house, and seve-

ral Gallicians were carefully treading them down: from six in the morning till twelve at night these poor men continue immersed up to the knees in the cold juice, and receive a very low remuneration when their comfortless task is accomplished; yet they submit without a murmur to their cheerless lot, are grateful for any mark of kindness, and beguile the tedious hours by singing in concert a low, plaintive, and affecting hymn. Gallicians are always employed in this stage of the process, for the lively Portuguese cannot endure such painful and continued exertion; indeed they consider the patience of their humbler neighbours allied to stupidity,—regard them with contempt, and confidently assert that God Almighty first made men and then the Gallicians. Dr. Buckland would have told them that if they could substantiate this assertion, every analogical inference would tend to prove that the Gallicians, contemned of man indeed, are not the most despised of God.

Here the Juiz took leave, but desired a guard to escort me, as, he said, the peasants were exasperated against the English. The prosperity of the peasantry of these districts is so much connected with that of the Wine Company of Oporto that I was not surprised at the existence of a very hostile feeling towards the charter, and consequently towards the country which had sent

troops to support it. I mixed, however, very generally with the peasants, but never perceived the slightest disposition to molest me. As I approached Regoa I deviated from the highway and rode across a narrow mule-track. The scene was lively; the sun was setting over fields purple with the vine; and groups of vintagers, gaily dressed, were gathering the grapes, and singing the vintage song.

On the following morning I visited the great warehouse of the Company, then filled with casks of brandy, and was told that seven pipes of wine are often distilled to produce a single pipe of that spirit. At two o'clock I dined with the Capitan Mor. Besides his family circle, consisting of a wife, a sister, a pretty daughter, about seventeen years of age, and several younger children, Senhor Macarao, an intelligent young man, was present, accompanied by a gentleman who had published some humorous poetry, and was very religious, very entertaining, very flighty, and very peculiar. During dinner I had twice partaken of a dish of rice, and afterwards found, with some surprise, that an act so trivial, and so wholly unpremeditated, had given me a singular degree of popularity among this amiable and simple party: it was considered a mark of deference to Portuguese tastes, and an adoption of Portuguese habits, and this notion was pe-

culiarly gratifying to their national feeling, and sure to conciliate their affections.

In the evening I adjourned to the house of Senhor Ferreira, a gentleman of large fortune, who received me with the utmost hospitality. He had, in many respects, adopted English customs; much of his furniture was English, and the china in his house was of British manufacture, and most costly. I slept there; and on the following day rode to Lamego, accompanied by Senhor Antonino, his son, a quick and lively boy, and Mr. Carey, his tutor, a gentleman of the Catholic persuasion. We crossed the Douro, and leaving the Trazos Montes, entered Beira, where we found the road good but hilly, and the mountains on each side covered with vines in the highest state of cultivation. We stopped at the house of a young noble, who informed us of King Ferdinand's departure for Catalonia. He had a clever, and the world said, a pretty sister, but, as she would not indulge my curiosity by appearing, we rode on with little delay, through a heavy shower, to Lamego, and alighted at the house of Senhor Joaquim de Castro da Fonseca e Sousa, a noble of antient family, and father of Senhor Macarao, the young man whom I dined with on the preceding day.

We were shown into a well-furnished apartment, where I found, with equal joy and surprise,

a comfortable fire-place, and that greatest of earthly blessings in a fireless land, a fire. From an open window I looked out upon a little garden, divided into numberless parterres and gaily decorated with flowers. I saw a fine Mimosa growing in the open air, some specimens of the large-leaved Catalpa, and of the dark-coloured Medronhêiro, from the fruit of which a weak kind of brandy is extracted.

Senhor Joaquim was absent when we first arrived, but soon afterwards appeared. He had passed the meridian of life, but evident traces of manly beauty were still discernible. He was a man who at once enlisted every prepossession in his favour, and whose countenance might be considered an index to his character, for it was impossible to observe the expression of his mild intelligent eye without being convinced that it could only emanate from a candid and honourable mind; nor could I hear him speak without feeling at once that he had lived in the best society.

We were joined by the family priest at dinner, about four o'clock; for in consequence of the connexion which has so long existed between the British and the Portuguese inhabitants of the wine-district, the dinner is often here served up at a later hour than in other parts of the kingdom. On re-entering the drawing-room I saw a blazing fire; a handsome Newfoundland dog,

and a pug, somnolent upon the hearth. This complication of delights transported me to England, and I would hardly have exchanged pug, fire, and my arm chair, for the ruins of Palmyra.

We retired early to rest. My room was spacious, and had a fireplace, which, generally speaking, is in Portugal a proof of great antiquity, as fireplaces, since disused, were common among the Portuguese in the early days of the monarchy. I did not sleep immediately, but lay for a long time surveying my apartment by the light of the lamp. Every object spoke of antient descent, and revived that train of association so dear to an Englishman, and so early impressed on his mind. The walls were hung round with portraits of the old chiefs of the house: the bed, formerly reserved for state occasions, was lofty, hung with crimson silk, and constructed after the solid fashion of other times; even the fire-place bore the impress of a convivial age, and might have accommodated a large circle around its ample hearth.

After breakfast, on the following day, we walked round Senhor Joaquim's grounds, and then explored the town of Lamego, which is very antient, full of picturesque beauties and old remains of art. Fragments of capitals are half buried in walls comparatively modern; and arches now lead into the dwellings of the poor, which

once formed a noble entrance to houses belonging to Christians or Moors of distinction; for the Christians, at one period, imitated the Oriental architecture so closely, that it is often difficult to discriminate between their respective buildings. The balconies and wooden frame-work around the windows are beautifully carved in Moorish taste, the balustrades twisted, and the lattices richly ornamented The houses are high and overhanging, and the streets narrow; but this very want of breadth heightens the picturesque effect.

His Excellency led me to an antient church, where the Portuguese Estates, the memorable Cortes of Lamego, are said to have met for the first time. Near the door is an iron cross, cut in the form generally used by the Templars, and this has induced a belief that the building was once attached to that order. The exterior has been whitewashed, and the effect in consequence greatly injured. The interior derives interest solely from its antiquity, and its great historical recollections, but is so confined, that the number of persons assembled in cortes must have been extremely limited.

Senhor Joaquim then led us to the site of an old church, under the belief that it still existed, but the proprietor, to his eternal disgrace be it said, had recently erased every vestige of the old

fabric: it was, however, grateful to see the patriotic sorrow which this venerable noble displayed when he discovered that one of the most curious and most antient monuments of the kingdom had been destroyed.

The old walls of the town are partially preserved: there is a fine Saracenic tower, and a magnificent reservoir of water.

Senhor Antonino and Mr. Carey were becoming anxious to return to Regoa, as we were engaged to dine with Senhor Ferreira; and Senhor Joaquim offering to accompany us, we now retraced our steps As we passed through the town I was much impressed by the respect and affection with which all classes seemed to regard this popular noble, for he was greeted universally, and individuals seemed gratified whenever he addressed them, and this was evidently not that homage which the poor "heart would fain deny but dare not," but the genuine expression of sincere attachment. The people are often fond of their resident Fidalgos, and especially of those whose names have been handed down from father to son for many generations. The jealousy with which they are sometimes viewed prevails chiefly among the middling classes.

Senhor Joaquim took leave of us at Regoa, and we repaired to the house of Senhor Ferreira, where we dined. My entertaining friend the Poet

was one of the party, and expatiated freely on general subjects, but retreated with a ludicrous degree of circumspection from any topics which bore, however distantly, on public affairs. His conversation was peculiar, and characteristic of a state of society in which a general earnestness and community of feeling prevails on religious subjects, and where, in consequence, religion not unfrequently gives a strong colouring to the conversation of the hour. His wit was mingled with a devotion bordering upon melancholy; gay and sparkling in conversation, even to excess, his most brilliant sallies were generally concluded by some quaint and saddening allusion to the instability of human life. I will relate one out of many instances of this peculiar habit of mind. A guest observed to him, "This English Fidalgo will soon return to Lisbon, and may perhaps have an opportunity of expressing your wishes on a certain subject to the Government." He laughed, and made some rather jocular reply; then, suddenly checking himself, said, with the strongest emphasis, and the most fervent expression of countenance, "Ah, if he could put in a word for me with the Government of Heaven!" This observation, which, in many polished circles of the world, would have given birth to the fastidious sneer, did not produce a smile, or even an expression of surprise, in any individual of the party.

The dinner was excellent; the goblets were Bohemian, large, deep, tipped with gold, and well calculated for the copious draughts of the old baronial feasts. That day was consecrated to the Guardian Angels, and we drank some religious toasts that had reference to their all-powerful protection. Afterwards the healths of individuals went round, and the Esperanza de Casa, which I proposed in honour of young Antonino, was the last drunk and the most applauded. During dinner the conversation was flowing and sustained, gliding easily from subject to subject, but always retaining a character peculiar to the time and country. The persons assembled around the hospitable board of our Highland host furnished ample matter for curious observation. Inhabitants of the Trazos Montes, and intimately connected by the strong ties of kindred and constant intercourse with the wild people and wild chieftains of that half-civilized but most interesting country, yet brought into direct communication with the commerce of England and Oporto, they were singularly placed between the old world and the new; between the merchants of that flourishing city, imbued with all the notions of the present day, and the clans of the Trazos Montes, adhering with rigid fidelity to the habits and opinions of the past. These circumstances naturally influenced the conversation; and thus the

savage and long-descended feuds of their mountain neighbours, their hereditary attachments to particular families, and the remarkable and often romantic events to which their social state had given rise in former times, and in the civil conflict just suppressed, came blended in their conversation, strangely enough, with the general politics of Europe, and the general interests of the day. The state of society I describe is essentially a transition state, and will probably be unknown to the next generation, when the existing manners of the Trazos Montes shall have passed away; but under the aspect society then and there assumed, I thought it peculiarly favourable to the development of the best principles of our nature. The progress of civilization had subdued, in my amiable friends, all that was harsh and barbarous in that almost feudal state of society which still prevails in the Trazos Montes, but had not acquired sufficient strength to break down that exalted spirit which makes religion an avowed and influencing consideration in the most common transactions of life, or to impair materially the chivalrous attachments of a former age. These high-wrought feelings were shown, not only in the occasional elevation of their sentiments, and in the energy and utter absence of reserve which marked the delivery of their opinions, but also in that somewhat poetical

form of expression which often characterizes the habitual language of a people during the romantic and feudal period of their history. That unrestrained expression of feeling upon particular points, which in a more advanced stage of society would be too often regarded as the enthusiasm of the boy, or the insincere profession of the designing man of the world, was neither smiled at nor suspected, because the sentiment found more or less an echo in every bosom, and was in accordance with the prevailing sympathies of the public mind.

After a pleasant visit at Senhor Ferreira's, during which he had paid me every attention that the most delicate kindness could suggest, and Mr. Carey and Antonino had shown me every scene that possessed interest in the neighbourhood, I quitted their family with regret.

The morning was delightful, there was not a cloud on the sky, and the water was of a deep green colour, as I entered the boat which was to waft me down the stream to Oporto. I had desired my servant to engage a boat, with the necessary complement of men, but when I reached the shore, I found, to my surprise and with some embarrassment, that Senhor Ferreira had provided me his boat and his own boatmen, having arranged that they should convey me to Oporto, a two days' expedition from his country

house. I remonstrated with him in vain; he insisted on my compliance, with all the warmth of Highland hospitality; and when I arrived at Oporto the men absolutely refused to receive any remuneration at my hands, stating that they had received the most positive instructions to that effect.

The banks were hilly, and the windings of the river exhibited a succession of pleasing landscapes: terrace rose above terrace, and the vines beginning to assume the bright autumnal tint, formed a lively contrast to the grey olive and dark cork that stood in the background; but after we had left the Company's district the soil was either less fertile or less improved, and woods of fir and chestnut were substituted for the vine. Towards the middle of the day we went down one of the rapids, and entered a fine pass, where the river, deep and dark, creeps slowly through its narrow channel, hemmed in on both sides by black and inaccessible rocks of granite, iron, and basalt.

The entrance into this striking ravine was formerly guarded by a Moorish fort, which still frowns over the water. There is a superstition connected with this castle, common to many of the old Moorish towers; that of the Moira Encantada, or enchanted Mooress, a superstition well known and widely credited in parts of Por-

tugal. The peasantry believe that, although the Moorish race is extinct, the Moorish power has not altogether ceased; for that here, and in almost every tower where the Saracens once ruled with feudal sway, an enchanted Mooress still haunts the spot, and hovers round the undiscovered treasures of the castle. Last relic and representative of a departed people, and, since the dreary day of their expulsion, sole guardian of their buried wealth, she stands a link between the living and the dead; and, superior to mortal destiny, defies alike the lapse of ages and the stroke of death. Though bound by some mysterious tie to a heathen and once hostile race, there is no fierceness in her mood of mind; there is no terror in her look; for when, at the earliest dawn of day, the light dew spangles the mountain and the rock, and again when the setting sun sheds its last melancholy glories on the Moors' untenanted abode, she is seen clad in the flowing garments of her race, leaning against some broken arch, some ruined monument of national glory, as one who mourns but seeks not to avenge. She shuns the glare of day, but does not fly from those who court her: sometimes she weaves her spells around a favoured individual and shields him from mischance, and yields him a portion of her buried gold. It is no sin to seek a Moira; and in

return for her imagined kindness and protecting care, and as if in sorrow for their fathers' cruel injuries against her Moorish ancestors, the peasantry atone for past misdeeds by present love. The wild beauty of the ruin was perhaps enhanced by this sad but pleasing legend. And now emerging from the defile, the river again expanded, and we passed through a succession of gentler scenes, their natural beauty heightened by the tints of the setting sun, and, still later, by the soft full light of the moon.

We arrived late in the evening at a collection of miserable huts, situated at the confluence of two rivers, and called Entre Rios, where, disembarking, we made our way with some difficulty to the inn, which was already full; but on our arrival a new division of the territory was voted expedient. In the meantime we entered a central room, into which all the other apartments opened. In the first a mendicant friar reposed, rich in the acquisition of a pampered goose, but his saintly slumbers were at once declared inviolable: in the next a pedlar snored, but, most unscrupulously disturbed by our landlord, and alarmed for the safety of a barrel of ink deposited in the central room, he made a sudden inroad upon us, and carried off his sable goods with an air of defiance. From the third paced forth a creature, whose long shaggy hair fell over his face, and

effectually concealed his features: a bulky nondescript, surely not a man, though much approaching to the mortal shape. After these monsters had been successively exhibited, I paid a visit to the kitchen-fire, where I found the women scarcely more human than the men; upon which I retired to rest dismayed, and became the property of mosquitos, fleas, and that little black vermin 'inter politas non nominandum.'

We left Entre Rios the following day; but here, as Mrs. Radcliffe would say, my manuscript fails—it is not, however, blotted with tears, but only illegible, so the remainder of this expedition must be a blank, and my readers shall have a half holiday.

The approach to Oporto was striking; we arrived at night, and the lights seen first in the distance increased in brilliancy as we drew near, and were reflected in long lines across the water. As we passed the Customs I saw an instance of that sarcastic humour so characteristic of the lower classes of the district. The officer asked the boatmen whether they carried any goods. "No," they replied, "but a Fidalgo,"—the man bowed,—"and a clever one," they continued, "for he speaks English." The man made a more profound obeisance. "So much the more respect is due," he replied; and supposing me a Portu-

guese, departed much impressed with the unusual extent of my attainments. So terminated my excursion into the Trazos Montes.

Throughout this tour I experienced the most unbounded hospitality from the natives, who overwhelmed me with kind invitations, and were only anxious to prolong my stay at their houses, and enliven it by all the means in their power. The local authorities not only facilitated my progress through the country in various modes, but often entertained me sumptuously, and generally, on my departure, accompanied me some miles on my journey. I experienced the same kindness and attention from individuals and from official men in every part of the kingdom, till the great revulsion of feeling against the English, which took place during the revolution that elevated Dom Miguel to the throne.

CHAPTER IV.

Author leaves Oporto a second time—Portuguese Authorities alarmed—Exquisite Beauty of the Entre Minho—Joyous Manners of the People—Dramatic Dances—Author loses his way in the Forest—Terrible Superstition of the Bruchas—A Valentoine—Caminha—Author enters Spain—Antiquated Landlady of Caldas—Old-fashioned Inn at Santiago—Shrine of St. Jago de Compostella—Field of Corunna—Influence of the Monks—Passionate Patriotism of the Gallicians—Ferrol.

Having long intended to visit Gallicia, to re-enter Portugal by its north-western frontier, and return to Oporto through the heart of the Trazos Montes, I again quitted that city after a short delay, and rode through a pretty country to Villa de Conde, on the 14th of November. From the bridge, at the entrance of the town. I saw a magnificent convent inhabited by nuns of the Benedictine order; and soon afterwards arriving at the inn, I placed myself under the guidance of a rapacious young rascal, and hastened to pay my tribute of respect to the great Atlantic: for, however fatigued, I never could resist the spell which drew me to the sea. The harbour was small, but not without symptoms of activity: two brigs were under repair, and several women were carrying panniers of salt, coarse, and appa-

rently fresh from the operation which had brought it into its actual state.

In the evening I strayed into an old fort, where I found my servant Antonio conversing with the guard, making various inquiries about the stores, and expatiating with more energy than discretion on the utter impossibility of defending it against any hostile attack. I broke up the conference, and rode back to the inn, but in the course of an hour received a summons from the Governor; and I then discovered that some questions I had asked respecting the elevation of the tides, had been converted into a request for an exact description of the harbour, while the imaginative theories of poor Antonio were supposed to portend an approaching assault. His Excellency asked me what punishment the Head of the British administration would inflict on any unhappy Portuguese who presumed to invade an English fort, impelled by such an audacious spirit of investigation. I explained the nature of my inquiries, endeavoured to convince him that I contemplated no outrage against the fort or the government, and assured him that Lord Goderich, the Premier of that day, would not regard with a very unrelenting eye a similar delinquency on the part of his countrymen. Then was the worthy man appeased; compliments passed between us, according to the

fashion of the country, and I was suffered to depart in peace.

A soldier accompanied me to the inn, and told me that the inhabitants were almost universally opposed to the charter; adding, that they still maintained communications with the exiled adherents of the Silveiras, and that in consequence of their vicinity to the Spanish frontier, the garrison lived in constant dread of a descent upon the coast. On reaching the inn I offered him a piece of money, which he rejected with unequivocal symptoms of alarm, for to his apprehensive imagination the rebel evidently stood confessed before him; but when he discovered that the surrender of his loyalty was not implied by his acceptance of the coin, he received it with overflowing gratitude.

On the following day I rode on to Fonte Boa, and breakfasted with the Rector. His house was convenient, the rooms were comfortably furnished, the walls tastefully decorated with sketches and engravings, and his windows looked out upon a little garden, kept in the highest order, while the surrounding country exhibited a beautiful mixture of rich cultivation and picturesque woodland. After breakfast we wandered among fields where Indian corn had been lately cut. The church was of a dazzling whiteness, the cottages were neat and comfortable,

the cottagers seemed happy and attached to their pastor, and the whole scene excited unmingled sensations of pleasure.

I rode on to Barcelos, delightfully situated on that noble stream the Cavado, and continued my journey over a wild tract of heath, which was still partially in bloom, and gave a fine blue tinge to the prospect. Groups of oak and chestnut adorned the neighbouring hills, and presented all the beautiful combinations of park scenery; while the villages through which we passed were thickly peopled, had every appearance of comfort, and were generally embosomed in a grove of trees. Beneath their shade this happy population is accustomed to collect at eve, and spend the last hours of the day in dancing, and in singing old traditional ballads to the sound of their favourite guitar; for tales of love and chivalry, forgotten in other parts of the kingdom, are still cherished in this loyal land. All in the Minho seems redolent of joy: the country pleasing, the climate fine, and a perpetual sunshine on the face of man shows that oppression has no entrance here. Their religion, cheerful as it is sincere, is quite divested of the fanatic spirit that obscures it in the southern provinces, and in the neighbouring Trazos Montes. Devotional expeditions to their chapels, placed, like landmarks, on the highest hills, are generally combined with feasts and merry-makings; many

vows, besides those addressed to their saints, are there offered up; and many a maiden looks forward to the day when she will accompany her family to some favourite shrine, with a throbbing heart, and thoughts with full as much of earth in them as heaven.

Towards the close of day, even in the autumn months, the ladies sit in their ornamental balconies, listening to the never-ceasing sound of song issuing from the streets below, or gazing upon those dramatic dances, in which the imaginative character of this interesting people is so peculiarly developed. In this kind of dance a story, with its regular sequence of events, is represented in dumb show. For instance, a swain approaches the maid of his choice; he first hints the secret of his heart, but gradually grows bolder as she appears to turn no inattentive ear to his pleading; he urges her too strongly; he offends; she waves him from her; he retreats—despairs—grows haughty—love, however, prevails over pride—he implores forgiveness—he is forgiven, and pride, anger, and distrust give way before the returning beams of true affection, as icicles beneath the morning sun.

During this delineation of varying passions and events not a word is spoken, but every change of situation, every fluctuation of feeling, is represented by the looks and gestures of the dancers;

and, when I remembered that the actors in the scene were but the peasants of the soil, I scarcely knew which to marvel at the most, the refined nature of the sentiments described, or the extraordinary power possessed, by persons in their rank of life, of giving correct expression to those feelings. As certain features of the face are said to accompany certain qualities of the mind, so, in this favoured land, there is a grace of manner almost invariably associated with a grace of mind, not the result of art or education, but sometimes as apparent in the lowest hind as in the highest noble of the land."

Unquestionably a stranger may sometimes experience incivility in the Minho, nor can he travel at all hours, and under all circumstances, with that sense of perfect security which he justly entertains in the greater part of the Biscayan provinces; but any rudeness or danger to which he may be casually exposed, arises less from the common peasantry, who are generally kind and well-disposed, than from that fearful race, the Valentoines, who, in the neighbouring Trazos Montes, grew into a numerous and almost banded body of men, in consequence of the feudal state of manners which prevailed in that district. Passing the limits of the Trazos Montes, sometimes singly, sometimes in considerable numbers, when deprived of a powerful protector or pursued by

the vengeance of a rival house, they infected the worst part of the population of the Minho with their marauding tastes; and as the dense woods and deep ravines of that beautiful country furnish haunts too well adapted to the habits of an outlaw, the Valentoines, though neither very numerous nor much to be dreaded there, at least during the hours of light, are yet not wholly unknown in those Elysian fields.

The Minho is immensely peopled in proportion to its extent; much wealth is distributed over its surface, and it yields a large revenue to the government. Many of the nobles reside on their estates, which are generally small, and often held as prazos, and therefore are not divided upon the death of the existing proprietor, but descend entire to his heir-at-law.

There was a great fair in the neighbourhood of Ponte de Lima, and the road was enlivened by successive groups of peasants, returning to their homes, gaily attired, and in overflowing spirits. At length, to my regret, the sun went down, and the shadows of evening closed over a prospect every moment increasing in beauty; but though we could no longer distinguish accurately the details of the country through which we were passing, it was evidently mountainous and most picturesque.

Soon afterwards we lost our way, and entered

a pass, which was so narrow that two horsemen could not ride abreast: the rocks rose so high on each side, and the branches overhead formed so dense a canopy, that the mouth of this pass resembled the entrance of a subterranean cavern; and as I proceeded the darkness was not partial, but absolute. The beautiful fictions of the poets recurred to my mind, and I almost fancied myself descending into the infernal regions. Our progress was unsafe, as the ground was covered with huge stones, and pools of water everywhere abounded. When we at length emerged from this gloomy defile, and found ourselves again in the midst of the deep forest, all indications of a track had vanished, and I was preparing to take my night's repose on the heath, when Antonio was attracted by a distant light. He reluctantly accompanied me to the spot whence it appeared to proceed, for I should here observe that a light seen at a late hour in the dark wood, or on the lonely moor, is regarded with superstitious fear by the inhabitants of these wild districts, as it is supposed to be kindled by weird women, known familiarly by the name of Bruchas, hags who maintain a direct intercourse with the great Author of evil, and hold conference with him at midnight on some dreary spot.

As their dwellings are often distant from the scene of these impious assemblies, they acquire

the power of transporting themselves to the accursed place of meeting by the most dreadful means, anointing themselves with a preparation strongly impregnated with the blood of children, and pronouncing the following potent spell—"*Por cima de valludo por baixo de telhado*—Over the eaves and under the roofs let us go to our fate." It is believed that any mistake in the exact formula of words is a source of the greatest danger. A man who, in ignorance of her fearful nature, had married a Brucha, is said to have seen her leave the bridal bed at midnight, and, supposing him to be asleep, perform her mystic rites, and then, pronouncing the fated words, fly up the chimney. Prompted by some strange impulse, he endeavoured to follow her example, but transposing the magic words, was dashed against the roofs of houses, and found on the following morning mutilated and in a dying state.

When the sisterhood are assembled, the devil appears in the shape of an enormous goat, and receives the most degrading acts of homage; after which these women, whose personal appearance is described as very revolting, become transformed into beautiful girls, of whom the Prince of Darkness selects the fairest. A scene of frantic revelry ensues; and then the real business of the night begins, the arch-fiend enjoining them to tempt certain individuals, and instruct-

ing them in the mode best calculated to destroy their victims, body and soul. The meeting disperses before the break of day, but woe to the traveller who chances to meet the dreadful Bruchas returning to their dwellings: for by kindling false lights they allure him from his path into imminent peril, then leave him in total darkness, and appal him by their loud and fiendish laugh.

In spite of Antonio's apprehensions we kept the light steadily in view, and at length reached a solitary cottage. We called beneath the casement, upon which two men appeared, one of whom engaged to show us the way to Ponte di Lima; but his manner was by no means satisfactory; he required payment before he performed his task: there was much consultation between him and his companion, and hurried whispers were exchanged. Unarmed, and thinking our situation insecure, I desired him to re-enter his cottage, or lead the way immediately. He then went on; but his conduct on the road only confirmed my suspicions: for at one time he wished to leave us, and requested me to remain stationary till he returned: a modest proposition on so cold a night. By his peculiar manner, and by his conversation, which was a tissue of personal boasts, I recognised the Valentoine.

At length we reached the inn, where he in-

dulged the landlady with a series of overwhelming gasconades, and made a great parade of his services: according to his own modest statement, he had led us through paths undistinguishable by any other eye; he had preserved us from the marauders; he had saved us from the unearthly terrors of the wood—terrors which, acting upon the foreign and feeble mind, must have terminated, if not in sudden and appalling dissolution, at least in howling madness. In short, we were indebted to him for security of purse and person, and for any gleams of intellect we were still permitted to retain.

I supped with an officer who had just marched into the town to suppress an insurrection which had broken out in favour of Dom Miguel; for the public mind was at that time excited by the recent intelligence of his nomination to the Regency. The inhabitants of this town, and of all the surrounding district, were notoriously hostile to the Constitution.

The environs of Ponte di Lima are truly delightful. The horizon is bounded by a fine range of mountains, and the intervening plains are richly wooded, while vines, trained over trellis-work, hanging down in festoons, and covering a great extent of country, looked like an endless succession of luxuriant arbours. I rode into Vianna by the beautiful Rio Cavado, through

meadows possessing all the verdure of England, and through a country supposed by the Portuguese to have been the Elysium of the ancients; and indeed it well deserves its high reputation.

Leaving Vianna, I took the road to Caminha. The sun had set behind a bank of clouds, and a drizzling rain had commenced. As the night closed in, the character of the scenery changed: we rode across a wild tract of heath, over which huge crags were scattered in all directions, and passed beneath the high towers and massive walls of a large fort, which, standing insulated in so wild a country, and seen by so dim a light, looked like the gigantic residence of some enchanter of the olden time. The sea was raging furiously among the rocks; beneath, the foam of the breakers was visible through the gloom, and their loud roar was rendered still more awful by the absence of every other sound. We soon afterwards entered a royal forest, and procured a guide, who showed us the way to Caminha.

The inn was completely full; our horses were exhausted, and it was nearly midnight. I was therefore compelled to send my servant with a letter to the Juiz de Fora. It was ludicrous to perceive the altered manner of my host, when he discovered that I was likely to become the guest of such an influential person: his regret at being unable to accommodate my estimable self knew

no bounds; his solicitude for my comfort was paternal—he would receive no remuneration for his trouble—his roof had been sufficiently honoured by my presence. He added, however, in a whisper, that a few words spoken in his praise to the Juiz de Fora, who, it seems, had only just arrived at Caminha, would reflect the highest credit on my natural benevolence. I promised to declare him a paragon of innkeepers, and rode to the house of the Juiz de Fora, a young man of mild and prepossessing manners.

I was so fatigued that I retired to rest as soon as I could effect a retreat with any propriety; but about two o'clock I was awakened, and found a sumptuous repast laid on the table close to my bed. Its sudden appearance reminded me of those incidents so common in fairy tales, where a table, covered with every delicacy, unexpectedly presents itself to the weary traveller. Shaking off the drowsy fiend, I did justice to the supper; for I was in reality half famished. When I had concluded my repast, the table vanished, the lights were extinguished with the rapidity of magic, and I sunk again into a profound sleep. I spent the following day with my kind host and a numerous party of his friends, and afterwards continuing my journey, rode to Valença, one of the most strongly fortified towns in Portugal. I was immediately led by a soldier to the Governor,

who received me courteously, and requested me to take up my abode at his house. In the evening his sister had a large assembly.

On the following day I crossed the Minho, and entered Spain, with an agent of the British Consul, who accompanied me for the purpose of smoothing the difficulties which an Englishman then experienced in passing into Gallicia. The civil war had raged so lately and so fiercely along this boundary; the Portuguese insurgents had been so warmly supported by the Spanish authorities, and so many acts of mutual hostility had recently taken place, that the irritation between the frontier provinces was extreme. On my arrival at Tuy, my passport was narrowly examined, and my letters of introduction broken open, and attentively read by the police. Being, however, declared innocuous to the great monarchy, they received the signature of the office, and were restored to my possession. After infinite discussion, I continued my journey to Vigo: the night closed in; the rain came down in torrents, and we stumbled on in miserable plight to the inn of San Francisco. The Gallicians seemed to me inferior in personal appearance to the Spaniards of the other provinces. I was now obliged to resign my travelling cap, because it was white, and was supposed to have a Constitutional look.

I was now again in Spain, that land of romance, in which I had so long resided during the stormy period of her last revolution. How many changes had occurred in her eventful annals since that time! how many in my own! and how completely had her fair prospects been blighted by the folly and oppression of that assembly to whose collective wisdom their ill-fated country had vainly looked for her political regeneration!

The port of Vigo is one of the finest in Spain, and rather resembles a great lake, surrounded by high hills, than an inlet of the sea; for its entrance is guarded by rocky islands which break the force of the waves, and effectually protect the largest ships from the violence of any wind. The Ramsgate diving-bell was transported to this harbour, during the previous year, for the purpose of recovering the money sunk in the Spanish galleons *. The project failed; for the treasure was probably buried deep in the sand; and the unsuccessful speculator sustained a heavy loss. The view was fine, the sea sparkling, and the little boats, bringing in their loads of sardines, gave life to the scene. These fish are so much esteemed, that they are exported in

* Lord Mahon has given a very striking account of the loss of the Spanish galleons in his truly valuable work, the "History of the War of Succession in Spain."

great quantities to Gibraltar, Barcelona, and many towns in Italy.

I explored the environs with Don Louis Menendez, and a noble individual, who had been one of the few reasonable members of the Certes of 1820. He spoke with deep feeling of the actual state of his country, and justly attributed the failure of the Constitutionalists to their own intemperate conduct. The arbitrary suppression of the convents; the unqualified abolition of entails, and the decree by which certain properties became subject to forfeiture when the title-deeds could not be produced, were acts for which they deserved the execration of every honest man, and which might have shaken a far more legitimate government. I inquired after several persons with whom I was acquainted in the early days of the revolution: a few were dead; many in exile; and society appeared to have undergone a total change.

Leaving Vigo I rode through a pleasant and inclosed country to Pontevedra. I had deviated from my road to make some visits, and therefore reached that town late in the day. My clothes were drenched with rain, every fire in the inn was extinct, and no food could for a long time be procured, but the landlord's daughter was pretty and not disinclined to a little flirtation; the landlady was a native of Barcelona; she had

decked her little son in the red bonnet peculiar to Catalonia, and frequently called him a Catalan, dwelling upon the word with evident pride and pleasure.

From Pontevedra we pursued our journey through a heavy rain to Caldas, and as the best inn was full, took refuge in another; here, ascending a dark and narrow staircase, I entered a large apartment, and discovered a strange assemblage of persons. The careless muleteer, with his broad-brimmed hat, red scarf, and velvet jacket; the gloomy Franciscan friar, half shrouded in his cowl; and a pilgrim bedecked with shells; formed a curious group, that sat apart from a crowd of peasants attired in the sombre dress of their country. The landlady, an ancient dame, combining the garrulity of her years with the activity of nineteen, received me as I entered, called me her dear son, and throwing her arms around my neck, folded me in a warm embrace. As mine honoured hostess was enveloped in an atmosphere of garlick, I recoiled, with some abruptness, from her fragrant arms. She attributed my reluctance to pride, and an expression of mortification, slightly mingled with displeasure, was for a moment visible on her good-humoured face, as she loudly exclaimed "*Che disconfianza!*" But unlike the generality of "ancient ladies when refused a kiss," she was speedily pacified; she brought me some

sardines for supper, arranged my bed in a little wooden recess, insisted on putting on my night-cap, and left me to slumber in peace under the protection of the Virgin

On the following day I again made a slight deviation from the high-road, and then proceeded to the famous Santiago de Compostella, where we arrived in a woeful state, for the rain had fallen for many hours without intermission and the roads were full of mud. For a long time we roamed from inn to inn, without being able to procure accommodations, but at length alighted at the Viuda San Valentina, by no means the best hotel, but the only one that could then receive us Here we literally found only walls to shelter us: we sat drenched with rain, yet without the power of changing our dress, as the muleteer with the luggage was many miles in our rear, nor could we for a long time procure a fire or provisions

Our hostess was a perfect specimen of the old Spanish landlady, for her dress and manners were equally antiquated, and her language was strongly tinged with the devotional character of the place When I urged her to be more expeditious, she said, "My Son, we live in times very different from those when God walked upon the earth:" she was perfectly insensible to any reflections on the utter deficiency of comforts that pervaded every part of her establishment, but

extremely proud of its antiquity. She enumerated the guests that had at various times reposed within her sacred threshold:—the Silveiras in recent days, and in times long past many holy men, Heaven rest their souls! many champions of the Faith, and even royal pilgrims. I heard with gravity this long recapitulation of worthies, in which existing grandees were curiously mixed up with ancient and sometimes legendary characters; but was utterly discomposed when she named as one of the earliest and most constant visiters of her inn, the Apostle St. James himself, the great Patron Saint of Spain. I turned hastily aside to conceal the laughing impulse which irresistibly overcame me: I might have abused my worthy hostess, I might have calumniated her family, or her larder, and have possibly retained her good graces; but a single doubt cast on this inportant point of sacred history would have been irretrievably fatal to our mutual intelligence.

The next day I explored this curious city: the houses are old-fashioned as the manners of their inhabitants; and the streets, narrow, dark, and gloomy, were well suited to my previous conceptions of a place that bears the famous name of Jago de Compostella, and is still the stronghold of the ancient fanaticism. The Cathedral is a huge, ungraceful pile of building. The façade is striking only from its extent and crowded decora-

tion; and the memorable recollections associated with the interior of this edifice invest it with a charm it would not otherwise possess.

The shrine of St. James is profusely adorned with gold and silver, and is surmounted by a figure of the saint on horseback, still regarded with the deepest devotion by the enthusiastic Spaniards. He is the tutelar saint of Spain, and the firm reliance once placed on his protection contributed greatly to the success of the Christian forces in their early wars with the Moors. Whole armies, deluded by their ardent imaginations, beheld him mounted on a white steed bearing the Cross, and leading them on to certain victory. And still some dreamers indulge a fond belief, that although, offended by the disloyalty of the times, the Saint now veils himself from the vulgar eye, he will appear once more among his faithful followers, and, mounted on his heavenly charger, restore the national glory.

To this Mecca of the Christian world, persons of every age, and sex, and rank, came formerly in crowds; even princes, barefooted, and with uncovered heads, prostrated themselves before the shrine, in the vain hope of lightening, by such profound humility, the weight of some enormous guilt; and as they gazed upon that object of a kingdom's veneration, tears flowed down the cheeks of men whose ears had been deaf to

the cry for mercy, whose hearts had been inaccessible to remorse, and whose hands perhaps, even in that hour of supplication, were red with murder. Many pilgrims resorted annually to the Cathedral before the revolution of 1820; but their numbers decreased in consequence of the provincial disturbances which followed that event; yet, I saw many persons kneeling around the shrine, absorbed in prayer, and fully impressed with the belief that the mortal remains of the saint rested beneath their feet, and that his guardian spirit was hovering around them. I observed one man particularly, who was bending forward in the attitude of prayer; his eyes were fixed upon the shrine, his hands clasped, and he had such an expression of intense devotion on his pallid features, that I believe scarcely any external sound or sight could have distracted his attention. There are many relics in the Cathedral, and some costly plate, which the Constitutionalists of 1820, with their usual wisdom, were on the point of appropriating, regardless of the popular prejudices, when the counter-revolution took place.

Señor Riva, to whom I had a letter of introduction, accompanied me to the university, which is said to contain a thousand scholars; but the shortness of my visit did not enable me to gain much insight into the nature of the studies pursued, the mode of tuition, and the general cha-

racter of the establishment; yet I heard one class examined, and it appeared to me that many of the scholars had made considerable proficiency in the Latin tongue. The scholars formed, perhaps, the only party in Santiago that entertained any feelings of affection for the memory of the popular government. Those were golden days, indeed, when little urchins mounted guard at the door of the patriotic clubs, and when corporal punishment in schools was abolished by law, as incompatible with the dignity of schoolboys: a ridiculous instance of that minute legislation which characterised the Cortes, and degraded them in the eyes of Europe. We afterwards went to the convent of San Martin, which is rich, and on an enormous scale. One of the brotherhood had just died, and two monks were keeping watch by the bier upon which he lay extended with a placid smile on his countenance, as if the spirit had not yet deserted its mortal tenement, but was only sunk in temporary repose. I returned with Señor Riva to his house, and joined the family circle as chocolate was served up.

The land in the vicinity of Santiago is well cultivated; the potato is becoming an object of agricultural attention in this part of Spain, and may possibly in some years supersede the chestnut as an article of food among the lower classes.

Leaving Santiago, I rode through a hilly district to Elves. Little towns and villas studded the country, and the first sight of Corunna, the bay, and the mountains, was extremely beautiful. Entering the principal street, I alighted at the Hotel de Commerce, where we found a civilized landlord, and excellent rooms, commanding a fine view of the harbour. On the arrival of the muleteer my luggage was conveyed to the customs, and my papers re-examined. I had been making some extracts from old Spanish chronicles, respecting Don Pedro the Cruel, and this name at once excited the alarm of some subordinate officers. To calm their apprehensions, I informed them that the hero of my extracts had no reference to his Imperial Majesty, but to a King of Castille. They simultaneously exclaimed that Ferdinand was the only King of Castille. I assured them that I was the very last man in the world to raise any doubts upon the validity of his Majesty's claim to the throne, and that my Don Pedro had died some centuries before the birth of their actual Sovereign, so that these two royal Personages could not by any possibility be brought into collision. They could not controvert my statement, but sullenly answered that I had no right to introduce into the kingdom papers that treated of any Pedros, living or defunct. At that moment the head of the depart-

ment appeared. He was a well bred and intelligent man; he glanced rapidly at the papers, rescued them from the grasp of the enemy, and permitted Don Pedro and me to leave the office without further molestation.

On the following day Mr. Bartlett, the British Consul, accompanied me to the spot where the memorable battle of Corunna was fought. An Englishman surveys that scene with very different feelings from those which affect him as he looks upon the plains of Vittoria and Waterloo. The general failure of the expedition is hardly compensated by the transient lustre of success, and exultation at the prowess of our arms is checked by sorrow for the slain.

The gallantry, the high feeling of the British General, and the noble death he died, combined with the almost unprecedented disasters of the previous retreat, are circumstances which shed a melancholy interest over this well-disputed field. The French attacked the British lines on that day with their usual impetuosity, were received with British firmness, and driven into the valley with considerable loss. Major Stanhope distinguished himself in the pursuit, and Major Napier gave shining proofs of that chivalrous valour which is so remarkable in all the members of his warlike family*. Hurried on

* Who that is acquainted with my valued friend, Colonel

by the ardour of his feelings he led the advance, but was severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy, from whom he received the most generous treatment: but he was long supposed to have fallen; the news of his death was circulated in England, and his friends mourned over him as over one whom they should never see again.

We inquired of a peasant who happened to be passing by, if he could show us the exact spot where Sir John Moore was killed. "Indeed I can," replied the man, "for I saw him fall, and assisted in carrying him off the field," and then pointing out the place, he passed on. We were not however satisfied, and put the same question to another countryman. "I ought to know," our second friend began, "as the General died in my arms," saying which he led us to a knoll of ground precisely opposite to that indicated by our late informant. This double statement was too egregious; but entertaining I suppose large notions of English credulity, a group of peasants collected around us, and none would resign the honour of having received the falling General; though no

George Napier, brother of the gallant Officer to whom I have been just alluding, will not acknowledge

"———— that knight
Was never dubb'd more bold in fight,
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for gentle courtesy?"

two individuals could agree upon the exact spot where their zealous aid had been administered.

These delusive statements arose from a spirit of exaggeration inherent in the Spanish character, and in any other country but Spain might have been received, and perhaps not unjustly, as indications of a frivolous and insincere disposition: but there they were only the expression of a foible which played on the surface, but had taken no root in the mind; for the same men, on any occasion of moment, would have been found honest, disinterested, and sincere. Great difficulty however arose among themselves in reconciling their conflicting statements. One man asserted that his account of the battle must be correct, because he still possessed a cannon-ball which had been discharged on that eventful day; an admirable specimen of Spanish reasoning, admitted to be conclusive by his companions: another displayed his knowledge of military matters, by arguing, that the same piece of artillery could at the same time be levelled against two objects in different directions, and was equally destructive in front and rear; but all possessed high notions of British courage. When we observed that Sir John was not likely to have occupied a station which they assigned him, as such a position would have been unnecessarily perilous, they answered, he was brave enough to have

placed himself anywhere, "Quite brave enough, Señor, to have been a fool."

We concluded our expedition by entering the cottage of a peasant, where we ate some yellow bread, made of Indian corn, and drank some bad wine. The poor people seemed highly gratified by our visit; the Spanish peasants are peculiarly tenacious of considerate treatment from their superiors, and their native independence breaks forth in their language, and is strongly marked in their general deportment: it is however unmixed with any taint of republican rudeness, and is therefore by no means offensive. In Spain, that land of extraordinary contrasts, the peasantry have retained the high feelings which have long ceased to influence the labouring classes of countries far more wisely governed, at least according to the received notions of good government. Experience and theory are however sometimes strangely at variance; a peasantry full of independent feeling, devoted to their country, proud of their position as Spanish peasants, and not aspiring to a higher condition in the social scale than that which is allotted them—fearing God and honouring the King—a peasantry embued with such invaluable qualities has grown up under that priestly government, which is so continually denounced as certain to extinguish every high and manly energy.

The influence of the monks is least perceptible

in the cities, but it is not in the cities of Spain that Spanish virtue is principally to be found. The influence of the monks is chiefly exercised upon the labouring classes; and no finer race of men exists, in any part of the world, than the agricultural classes of Spain and Portugal. If this position be true, and I cannot think it will be denied by any man who has travelled much in those countries, how can it be maintained that the influence of the convents has been, upon the whole, injurious to the well-being of the people? The Protestant prejudices of the religious public of Great Britain, naturally indisposed to monastic establishments, have formed a strange alliance upon this point with the infidel portion of the Catholic world, which is unanimously hostile to their continuance, and have thus led the English mind into a great though general error.

When accidentally detained by a Royalist guerilla, a few years before the period to which I am now alluding, some observations which I then made confirmed me in the opinion just expressed. They were hemmed in by the revolutionary army, they were involved in the greatest peril, and if not actual spectators of the massacre of their wives and children in the plain below, were yet conscious of the events in progress, and within hearing of the exterminating musketry. Although they were wound up to phrenzy by

every circumstance that could exasperate the mind of man, and gave way to the most passionate language, not an oath or irreligious expression at any moment escaped their lips; and a delicacy of moral feeling was perceptible on some points, perfectly astonishing in men accustomed to the rude and lawless habits of guerilla warfare, and who were in the daily practice of exercising the most unsparing revenge upon their prisoners, cruelties which they regarded with comparative indifference, as the necessary result of the system adopted by their enemies, and consequently as the only means of meeting their opponents on equal terms, and effectively maintaining a cause identified in their eyes with all that is great and holy. That regulation of mind which enabled them to control their language at such a moment of excitement was unquestionably the result of monkish influence, and was striking indeed, when compared with the ribaldry and frequent oaths of the Constitutional soldiers, men for the most part taken from the towns, and comparatively free from religious scruples. That regulation of mind must also have been habitual, to have produced such results under such circumstances; and if so, I have considerable difficulty in believing that the Spanish convents have exercised an unfavourable effect on the formation, or in the development of the national character.

During the Peninsular war the Gallicians are said to have destroyed many thousands of their enemies: they remained apparently engaged in their usual occupations, as the great French detachments marched through their villages; but no sooner had they passed than the spade was exchanged for the musket, and the peaceful peasant became an armed and formidable opponent. Thus they rapidly formed into bands, and as quickly dissolved; seen rarely, but heard of every where, they cut off convoys, and put to death the stragglers that followed the invading army. In one instance they seduced a large party into their cottages, regaled them with their best cheer, and laid before them their choicest wines. The soldiers fell into the snare, became intoxicated, and finally unconscious; upon which the villagers secured the doors, and barred up the windows; and then, forgetting every personal consideration in a deep sense of the national wrongs, they set fire to their own dwellings, and, retreating to a neighbouring eminence, beheld, with stern delight, the progress of the flames, which carried desolation into the bosom of their families, but inflicted a most dreadful retaliation on the oppressors of Spain. They saw in silence their dwellings sinking successively a prey to the devouring element: their women, their very children disdained to breathe a complaint; every softer feeling was lost in an overwhelming desire

for vengeance. Not a word was spoken till the last roof had fallen in; not a sound was heard until it was evident that none of their devoted guests would ever quit their burning tomb; but they then gave vent to their suppressed passion in a fierce and exulting shout: there was more eloquence, there was more deep disinterestedness, there was more genuine patriotism in that wild burst of natural feeling than in all the studied declamations of the Cortes.

We returned to Corunna through a pleasant and inclosed country. The excellent position of the town, the beauty of its environs, and the extreme cheapness of provisions, might render it, in tranquil times, a desirable abode for English families residing abroad from motives of economy. The Spanish possess many advantages over the Portuguese towns; for although often situated amid delightful scenery, they are generally placed on level ground. Lisbon, Oporto, and Coimbra are, on the contrary, built on the summits and along the slopes of steep hills; a circumstance naturally productive of great inconvenience to a resident. There is also far more beauty in the appearance of a Spanish, particularly of an Andalusian town; and the perfect cleanliness of the streets is delightful to an Englishman.

The fortifications of Corunna are now in tolerable repair; and had they been less dilapidated

in 1809;* Sir John Moore might possibly have defended the town till the French had been compelled to retire, from the scarcity of provisions. I was shown the house where that gallant officer expired, and heard some particulars connected with his dying injunctions that increased the interest I naturally felt, as an Englishman, in his fate. The circumstances attending his interment must have been wild and hurried indeed; for the French were already in possession of the suburbs, and the British army was rapidty embarking when a few faithful officers consigned their revered Commander to the tomb. He was buried on the lonely rampart, by the side of the roaring sea, beneath the dim light of a clouded moon, and his funeral obsequies were graced by the heavy sound of the hostile cannon, then playing with fearful effect on the departing troops. Since that time a monument has been erected over the place of his burial, and an inscription has been affixed by the British Consul, recording the circumstances of his death, in simple and manly language.

I visited the little bay of Orcun, where so many fine English horses were slaughtered; and saw some curious specimens of petrified wood scattered along the coast. On the following day I heard that a steam-boat, fitted out for the assistance of the Greeks, and actually proceeding to

Greece, had arrived in the harbour. The military men under whose command it was called upon the Consul. They had suffered from a heavy gale; and, in an attempt to gain the port, had struck upon some rocks at the entrance: an accident solely occasioned by the incapacity of the pilot, as the navigation of the harbour is most easy, the rocks visible, and the water between them deep.

The next morning I was awakened by cries of "*La barca a vapore!*" and heard from Antonio that another steam-vessel had arrived, which proved to be my old friend the "Duke of York." I visited it, in company with the Consul and the officers of health. As we approached the ship, I recognised with pleasure and surprise my friend Lord Clements, and also saw Captain Boyce, who had shown me many kind attentions during my voyage to Lisbon.

On the preceding day, the Spaniards, who had never before seen a steam-vessel, had expressed the greatest anxiety to go on board the Greek steamer, and examine her internal economy, and many applications had been made to the Captain, who had fixed upon a particular hour for the reception of the numerous applicants; but in the mean time a far greater potentate, his Royal Highness of York, arrived, and his appearance was as fatal to the splendour of the Greek as-

sembly as a party given by her Grace of Gordon would have been destructive of any other entertainment audaciously given on the same night. I spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, to whose kindness I was much indebted during my short stay at Corunna, and agreed to sail with Clements on the following day to Ferrol.

In consequence of the neighbouring dockyards, Corunna gradually rose into importance during the last century; and being one of the nearest points of communication with England, its name became familiar to the British public even before the memorable battle fought in its vicinity. As the inhabitants of Corunna were notoriously attached to the Constitutional cause, the seat of the provincial government had been lately removed from that town to Santiago, which was originally the capital of Gallicia; a measure just in itself, but calculated to increase the discontent already created at Corunna by some injudicious regulations. Almost every article of consumption brought in from the country to the town was subjected to a tax, highly inconvenient in its operation, as the peasants would no longer supply the market with poultry, &c., without specific orders: heavy duties imposed on salt had depressed the sardine trade, another grievance sensibly felt by the poor, who subsist principally upon these fish. I heard that silver was gra-

dually becoming scarce throughout the country, and have no doubt that such was the fact.

I met several officers who had served in the Constitutional army, and were actually in a state of great destitution. One of those unfortunate men assured me that his pay was reduced from fifty dollars a month to twelve; and even this diminished allowance was then four months in arrear. His lot was certainly severe: he had served with distinction throughout the Peninsular war, and had taken no part in the insurrection of 1820, or in the subsequent excesses of the Revolution; but was now superseded by young and inexperienced officers, and condemned to pass the evening of his days in penury and disgrace. He said, with bitterness, that some of the Constitutional officers had died of hunger, and that the old soldiers had lost more than twenty years of life by the events of 1820. His language, upon the whole, was temperate: he condemned the arbitrary proceedings of the Cortes, and spoke of Martinez de la Rosa in terms of commendation.

But thus it ever is with the Spanish Constitutionalists: I have seen them on the pinnacle of prosperity; I have seen them in the depths of misfortune. When compelled to eat the bitter bread of sorrow and distress, their views are temperate, their charity universal; they then acknowledge the value of an endowed church; they are im-

pressed with the immense advantages resulting from a second chamber; and, in a truly Christian frame of mind, only wish for the establishment of some elementary principles of representative government which may secure liberty of person and undisturbed enjoyment of property: yet when the cloud has passed away, and the revolutionary fortunes have become triumphant, the moderation of adversity, and the repentance of humiliation are equally forgotten; and perhaps no party in modern times has entertained more impracticable views, or waded through a deeper sea of guilt, than the truly misnamed Liberal party of Spain.

"I never indulged in the hope," he said, "that your government would interfere to prevent the French invasion; it is not consonant with British interests that Spain should possess an energetic government." How far the establishment of a vigorous government in Spain would be favourable to the general interests of Great Britain is no easy matter to determine; but never was a sounder policy adopted by any administration than that which practically directed the councils of this country, with reference to the invasion of Spain by the French army in 1823. Happy it was indeed for the welfare of the British people, and for the universal interests of Europe, that the ministers of the crown were not goaded by the exaggerations of the press, and by the clamour

of an ill-judging portion of the country, into a war with France, for the sake of a system execrated by a great majority of the Spanish people, and incompatible with the tranquil existence of any European monarchy.

On the following day I embarked with Clements in an open boat, and was rowed across the water to Ferrol. We entered a narrow arm of the sea, and on landing delivered our letters to the Consul, who introduced us to the Governor, an infirm old man. He received us courteously, and asked me many questions respecting the actual state of Lisbon, the number and disposition of the troops, and the intentions of the British government, with which I was wholly unacquainted. My answers were fortunately guarded, for, in fact, they were carefully recorded, and any indiscreet expression would certainly have been afterwards brought up in judgment against me. When I praised the fine, pure climate of Spain, he answered briefly, but those few words implied a mournful consciousness of her powerless state. Although he pressed me to spend the day in his house, I have every reason to believe that he suspected my intentions in visiting Ferrol, and recommended the arbitrary measures which were afterwards adopted against me.

In the evening we explored the arsenal and

the dockyards. The rooms in which the masts and cables were made were excellent; the apartments devoted to the carpenters, smiths, and various workmen employed in the construction of ships, were also admirably adapted to their respective purposes. But all are now deserted, and on the spot where, forty years ago, several thousand workmen were actively engaged, none are at present regularly, and but few occasionally employed. Two frigates were lying unfinished, from the want of funds to complete them. I saw the blocks and cables intended for their use, and considering the little practice of the workmen, was surprised to find them so well made. My guide assured me that he remembered forty men-of-war, which averaged eighty guns, lying in the deep and spacious basin; but, when I visited the harbour, there was not even a solitary frigate, if we except the two that were unfinished.

What singular reflections do these facts suggest! How forcibly does Ferrol, in its present state, impress the mind with the complete decay of Spanish resources! In what striking colours does it show the virtual extinction of that power within the limits of whose empire the sun never set! That deserted basin, those gigantic but untenanted apartments, erected at an enormous expense, but now crumbling into ruin, not only show the inability of the government to conduct

operations on their former scale, but even to keep the mighty structure in repair.

I quitted Clements with regret; he returned to Corunna, intending to continue his voyage to Lisbon by the Duke of York. Here I finally renounced all intention of visiting Gijon, a seaport on the coast of Asturias, and set off for Lugo.

The inquiries which I then made about Gijon contributed to strengthen the suspicions which, it afterwards appeared, were at this time entertained by the Spanish authorities respecting the objects of my journey. To them I could not offer any explanation of my motive in desiring to deviate so far from my general line of route to visit an unimportant seaport; and I reluctantly inform the reader of the real cause, as otherwise he would hardly comprehend the sequel, and might impute to me an overweening love of useless enterprise. The fact is, that Gijon was painfully associated with my earliest impressions.

When I was quite a child, my uncle, Captain H——, sailed for Spain, not in his naval capacity, but as an individual anxious to behold that great display of patriotic feeling which was then fixing the attention of Europe on the Peninsula. He quitted England, but never returned again. His voyage was prosperous, and he reached the Spanish coast in safety, but was unexpectedly

lost at the entrance of the port of Gijon, in the sight of numerous spectators, and while their shouts of welcome were ringing in his ears. The overwhelming intelligence of this event was brought to us in the West of England on a beautiful summer evening; and though more than twenty years have elapsed, I still retain a vivid recollection of all the circumstances of that eventful day.

I was sitting by the sick couch of one—

> "All angel now, though little less than all
> While yet a pilgrim in this world below,"

reading the captivating tale of Robin Hood and his merry men in the green forest, and occasionally looking out on the deer stalking amid the high fern, the waving woods, and the shadows lengthening as the sun sank lower in the west. I recollect this childish occupation being abruptly interrupted by my dear Father's sudden entrance. The deep despair which his countenance expressed in the first moment of poignant affliction for the loss of a Brother whom he had loved in no ordinary degree, is still imprinted on my mind. His emotion only filled me with terror and surprise, for I was then too young to comprehend immediately the cause and extent of his grief.

It so chanced that about this time the sky, till

then unusually serene, became suddenly overcast, the wind arose, and a pitiless storm beat against the windows as if the heavens were changing in sympathy with our altered feelings.

The nature of the coast of Gijon, its perilous bar, and the wild sea that dashed over it on the unfortunate day on which my uncle perished, were for several months a subject of earnest conversation. These circumstances were calculated to leave an indelible impression on the young mind; time has not effaced them from my memory, and probably never will. As a child I was anxious to behold the scene of the catastrophe, and even in manhood a similar feeling, growing out of early associations, and stronger than I like even now to confess, made me wish to undertake a voyage, rather hazardous at that time of the year, in a little trading vessel to Gijon. I was however prevented from executing my purpose by a continuance of adverse winds; but my intention, though never carried into effect, produced singular and unexpected results.

CHAPTER V.

Curious Costume of the Maragattos—Don Felippe Moreda—The Author arrested—State of Parties in Spain—Anecdote of King Ferdinand—Journey to Santiago with the Royalist Volunteers—Ruinous Building—Robber Tales of the Spaniard—Superstitions of the Portuguese—The Escolar, or Wolf-impeller—A truly loyal Dame—Superstition of the Negro—Ludicrous discomfiture of an Alcalde.

LEAVING Ferrol I continued my journey to the south, and travelling through a country wild, bleak, and only partially cultivated, arrived at Lugo in the beginning of November. Finding that I had reached the town at too late an hour in the day to obtain provisions, I went to a neighbouring tavern, and was supplied with food rather resembling than tasting like meat. The tavern was small, smoky, and crowded with peasants; among whom I saw many muleteers, from a particular district in the neighbourhood of Astorga, called maragattos from their very remarkable dress. They wore the scarf and large brimmed hat of chivalrous Castile, while their full, long drawers seemed to bespeak a Moorish extraction; but some believe them to be descended from a Roman colony, and this part of their attire

to be rather Roman than Mahometan. The dark but glistening leather, which covered their broad chests like a protecting breast-plate, resembled armour partially stained with rust, and combined with their hard and weather-beaten visages to give them the appearance of old feudal retainers.

I afterwards called on Don Felippe Moreda, the Commandant of the town, and, during his temporary absence on official business, conversed with his daughter, a pleasing and intelligent person. Though young, she had seen much of the world, and had evidently profited by her observations. Near her was seated a lady, apparently a relative, whose countenance beamed with good humour, but she gave no indications of that cultivated understanding which distinguished her companion. They were both anxious to ascertain whether I had met certain Spanish refugees in the course of my wanderings, and if I knew any particulars of their fate. The young lady, who had probably some tender motive for inquiry, repeatedly led the conversation to the same point, but so gradually, and with so much grace and tact, that I did not immediately suspect that her questions were dictated by any stronger feeling than curiosity. While she displayed considerable knowledge of foreign countries, I was often amused by the crude opinions which the elder lady expressed upon general subjects, and

her exclamations of wonder on the statement of very ordinary facts. She exhibited a ludicrous degree of amazement when I alluded incidentally to the British Constitution, as she had never heard of its existence; a manifestation of ignorance evidently annoying to my fair young friend, who checked her, but in so light and delicate a manner, that her reproof was neither painful to the person who received, nor to the bystander who heard it.

We were joined at dinner by her brother, a fine young officer, and afterwards by Muscoso, who was Minister of the Interior during the revolution of 1820. In the evening we walked round the walls of the town: the foundations are ancient, but the superstructure was hastily raised by Quiroga in 1823, when the French troops were advancing upon Lugo.

I returned to the inn at a late hour, and retired to rest. In the middle of the night I was awakened by my servant, who told me that some officers of the police were waiting below to accompany me to the Town-hall, where my presence was required. Tired and sleepy, and greatly disinclined to comply with this ill-timed invitation, I speedily dismissed Antonio, and his dismissal was quickly followed by a satellite of office *in propriâ personâ*. He entered the room descanting hugely on the gross indecorum of my

conduct in presuming to sleep when the King's authorities were themselves deprived of sleep on my account, and urged me to rise as I valued my reputation for loyalty.

Sundry guarantees for my appearance on the next day having been tendered and rejected, I had no alternative; so, following my garrulous disturber, I went to the Town-hall, where I found the Authorities assembled. I begged to know their reason for summoning me at such an unusual hour, but could not obtain a direct answer; and although their language indicated a strong suspicion of some part of my conduct, I was unable to discover the circumstances upon which it was founded, or the point to which it tended. It was, however, evident, from their questions, that they viewed my journey into that part of the country with uneasiness, and were peculiarly jealous of my communications with Muscoso and Moreda. For some time they pretended to find fault with my passport, but when they were fairly driven from a position wholly untenable, they pretended to be in possession of facts which they refused to reveal, but which, according to their statements, fully authorized their proceedings.

After much vexatious discussion I returned to the inn, accompanied by a young officer, who requested me to breakfast with him on the following morning, and urged his invitation so warmly,

that I could not decline it. He was a native of Andalusia, and from my knowledge of the Andalusian character, from the light and boastful manner in which he spoke of the numerous friends he would invite to meet me, and from his evident connexion with the Authorities, I have no doubt he was perfectly aware that circumstances would effectually prevent me from putting his hospitality to the test.

On the following morning I found myself placed under arrest, and unable to leave the inn, a guard being stationed at the door. In this dilemma I wrote to my friend the Commandant, requesting him to obtain my release, or, at all events, to acquaint me with the nature of the charges preferred against me. He immediately came to the inn, and informed me that I had been arrested on political grounds, expressing at the same time great indignation at the conduct of the civil authorities, with whom he was evidently at variance; for, indeed, he intimated that my communications with Muscoso and himself had precipitated my arrest.

To such a curious state of disorganization was the Spanish government reduced in 1827, that the component members of the local administrations were engaged in watching and counteracting each other at a time of great general alarm, and when the calm co-operation of the civil authorities was

peculiarly requisite. It must be remembered that a civil war was then raging in Catalonia, and had increased to so great an extent, that the King had actually left Madrid, and, in the hope of checking its progress, had proceeded to Tarragona.

It so happened, that when I quitted Spain in 1822, the Catalans were carrying on a deadly warfare with their government; and now, when I re-entered the kingdom, after a lapse of five years, I found that martial people engaged in another desperate conflict. The mode in which the insurgents conducted their operations was similar in both these arduous struggles; but the principle, upon which their opposition to the government was founded, had materially changed. In 1822 they enjoyed the sympathy of every generous mind, for the motives which impelled them to arms were great and generous: they fought for all that is dear to the freeman, for landmarks cherished from boyhood, for privileges hallowed by time, for rights inherited from their ancestors: their passions were kindled by the sight of the revered teachers of their faith driven from their altars, homeless and houseless: their arms were raised in defence of one who had erred, perhaps, but who was still the representative of the ancient monarchy—of that mighty pile under whose protecting roof they had grown and strengthened, under which their greatest spirits had been reared, to which their fondest

recollections attached, and which the spoiler sought not to reform, not to repair, but utterly and remorselessly to destroy *.

In that great northern struggle of 1822, Catalonia went forth lion-hearted against the oppressor. Navarre, and Aragon, and Biscay followed in her wake, and their appeal against the misgovernment of the Cortes found an echo in every loyal heart, and in every corner of the kingdom. But in 1827 the Catalan insurgents were leagued together for very different purposes. Their leaders were impelled by two motives: the first was to increase the ascendency of the Church, as the only effectual barrier against any future assumption of power by the Constitutionalists; and this object many of them proposed to effect by re-establishing the Inquisition, and by arming it with all the powers it possessed in the most dismal period of Spanish history. Their policy was in this respect mistaken; for had they succeeded in restoring and rendering that tribunal an oppressive engine of government, such a measure would have created great discontent in the towns, and have precipitated the fall of the existing institutions: the restoration of the Inquisition, altered and improved, so as to meet the improved spirit and the more humane policy of the present day, might have been a proceeding neither unwise nor un-

* For a wild adventure that befel the Author, in 1822, among these Catalan insurgents, vide Note at the end of this volume.

unpopular; but the Inquisition, the whole Inquisition, and nothing but the Inquisition, restored in its ancient spirit, and with its ancient rigour, could only have been maintained by a system of vigilant persecution, which would have ultimately recoiled on their own heads.

To this desire of increasing the ascendency of the Church was added an ungovernable thirst of vengeance, produced by the tyranny of the Cortes during their day of power; and, considered in this light, the second Catalan insurrection may be truly said to have resulted from the first. That dreadful commotion, the great northern revolt of 1822, in which eighty thousand persons are said to have perished in the field and on the scaffold, had left inextinguishable feuds, and injuries that could only be appeased by blood. During that struggle deeds had been done which could not be forgotten, crimes had been committed by the Constitutionalists which could not be forgiven. Prisoners had been slaughtered after the fight was over; and peaceful civilians, dragged from their homes, had been butchered without a form of trial, for no specific offence, but solely because they entertained opinions hostile to the ruling party! They fell, but falling they bequeathed to their kinsmen a legacy of hatred and revenge, not likely to be neglected by the fiery Catalan.

These motives influenced the leaders of the

insurrection of 1821, while the misjudging crowd that rallied round their standard believed King Ferdinand to be still a prisoner in the hands of their former enemies—that Constitutional faction, so notoriously hostile to the Monarchy and the Church. To the surprise of his mutinous subjects, he appeared among them, he spoke, "*Et dicto citius tumida æquora plàcat.*" His presence restored a deluded people to their lost allegiance; and that insurrection, which had baffled all the efforts of the government, which had been gradually extending, and at length threatened to convulse the whole kingdom, was at once and completely dissipated: the astonished peasants, discovering that they had acted in opposition to their Sovereign's will, forsook their leaders, abandoned even their priests, and came in crowds to the presence, confessing their error, and imploring the royal clemency.

When I was arrested at Lugo in 1827, this, the second insurrection, was at its height, and the issue still doubtful. But though the civil war was confined to the eastern provinces, a secret struggle was at that period carried on throughout Spain between the partisans of the actual ministry and those who strove to establish a more rigorous and intolerant system. The insurgents were called Carlists, because they professed the principles attributed, I believe unjustly, to Don

Carlos, the King's brother, whose elevation to the throne, however irregular the mode by which it must then have been effected, was still desired by the ultra-Royalist faction, as the readiest means of obtaining a government more congenial to their views.

But there were many persons belonging to the provincial administrations who disclaimed any connexion with the insurgents, yet were clamorous for the adoption of coercive measures against all persons suspected of any Constitutional tendency. They advocated this policy, because they thought the eventual success of the Carlists probable, and still more because they detested their temperate colleagues, whom they looked upon as the remnants of the Constitutional party, and were consequently anxious to exclude from any share in the government. Such was the state of feeling which then prevailed among the authorities of Lugo, and such a struggle, unseen but violent, secretly divided official men over all those parts of the kingdom which were not convulsed by open war. The Commandant of Lugo, Don Felippe Moreda, was a man of high honour, sincerely attached to his royal master, but averse to intemperate measures, while the civil authorities were secretly favourable to the ultra-Royalist party, and therefore regarded him with jealousy and dislike.

It was curious to observe how completely the Constitutionalists appeared to be forgotten in the struggle then maintained between the different Royalist factions. To me, who had seen, five years before, the democratic principle triumphant throughout Spain, the Crown shorn of its privileges and existing only by sufferance, the gigantic power of the Church subverted, and the landmarks of ages swept away, it seemed indeed extraordinary that such a torrent should have so completely subsided, and have left no traces of its desolating course. The distinctive appellations of the various parties, which served as watchwords in the excited days of the revolutionary rule, had not only lost the powerful spell which they once exercised over the minds of their adherents, but were almost obliterated.

On my return to Spain I had a new vocabulary to learn, and to become acquainted with interests that a few years before had not an existence. The Factiosos, the Serviles, the Communeros, and the Descamisados, names once fraught with hope and terror to their respective friends and enemies, were now swallowed up in the all-absorbing distinctions of Fernandistas and Carlistas. But although the public attention was rivetted on the combatants who then filled the arena, the actors in the late tragedy were not quiescent; for the Constitutionalists still maintained com-

munications with their exiled friends in Portugal, who were watching the tide of events, and only waiting for a favourable opportunity to descend on the coast of Gallicia; nor were the authorities regardless of their machinations, for they kept a steady eye upon their slightest movements.

The Spanish Constitutionalists spoke of their actual situation in the most desponding terms. A man of rank assured me that arrests had been lately of such frequent occurrence, that he breathed his native air in fear and trembling. "We now pray," he said, "that Gallicia may become incorporated with Portugal." The violence of party animosity must have been great, indeed, which could have excited, in the mind of a Spaniard, sentiments so little congenial to Spanish pride. The Constitutionalists were prepared to renounce every long-cherished feeling of national antipathy, were willing to be separated from a great and ancient monarchy, to lose a great and glorious name, and become subject to a minor and comparatively insignificant state, solely, as he said, to participate in the advantages resulting from a Constitution eminently aristocratic in its elements. Yet these are the men who, in 1823, rushed upon a war that terminated their political existence, because they would not submit to the tyranny of a second Chamber. The Constitutionalists did not, however, attri-

bute to the King, personally, any acts of individual oppression, but to a party, at one time stronger than the throne itself.

Perhaps the wisest man could not have steered through the sea of troubles, upon which Ferdinand was then embarked, without incurring much censure, and falling into many apparent errors. For, while the Constitutionalists were ready to avail themselves of any incidents favourable to their cause, a powerful faction, in the country and in the government, were extremely irritated by his reluctance to adopt the views of the ultra-Royalist party. He refused to remove from offices of trust many moderate men in whose personal attachment he had reason to confide, and even retained some individuals who had not been indisposed to the Constitution. At that perilous crisis, the period during which my Gallician expedition was undertaken, he showed a degree of moral courage which his previous actions would not have led us to expect; and terminated the insurrection, by proceeding in person into the heart of the disturbed districts; but it must be admitted that frequent and cruel executions succeeded and disgraced his triumphs. As I am speaking of King Ferdinand I will allude to the very peculiar circumstances under which I first saw him, some years before the period to which I am now adverting.

Travelling, in the autumn of 1821, with my friend, and now my brother-in-law, Mr. P——, we arrived at the inn adjoining the Escurial. My readers may perhaps recollect that the Spanish Revolution occurred in 1820, and that during the years 1821, 1822, and indeed until the occupation of the territory by the French armies in 1823, the country was distracted by civil dissensions. At the period of our arrival at the Escurial, the popular party was completely triumphant; the Cortes, imbued with a very democratic spirit, was hurried into the worst excesses by a party still more unscrupulous: the nobility were degraded an their property plundered; the priesthood were persecuted; the power of the crown was not curtailed, but annihilated, and the person of the King insulted. The great northern revolt in favour of the Crown had not yet broken out, but the exasperation of feeling throughout the disaffected provinces was extreme; the Royalists were every where in a state of active though secret preparation for the approaching contest, and were only waiting for the countenance of foreign powers to commence the struggle. The French troops were at that time ranged along the Pyrenean frontier, ostensibly to protect the French provinces from the yellow fever, then ravaging Barcelona, but really to control the progress of a revolution, which had become altogether incompatible with

the safety, or even the existence of the Bourbon dynasty. At that critical moment every heart in the court circle indulged the hope of French assistance, and every loyal eye was turned to France.

Soon after our arrival at the Escurial, we hastened to see the palace, which was shown us by a valet, and, as we were afterwards informed, the most confidential servant of the King. As we were leaving the palace, he asked us if we wished to be presented to his Majesty. We said in answer, we hoped to have that honour at Madrid, where the British Minister was then residing, and where we intended to remain some time. He replied, that, if we desired to see the King, his Majesty would dispense with the established etiquette, and he would call at the inn at ten o'clock in the evening, and conduct us to the palace. We were naturally surprised, but as he seemed sure of his ground, we no longer declined a proposition so little in accordance with the forms that generally surround a court, and which were, moreover, peculiarly strict at the Spanish palace. In the evening he called at the inn, at the hour agreed on, and told us that two of the ministers had arrived from Madrid, bringing his Majesty the very alarming intelligence of a revolt just broken out at Seville and Cadiz, at the instigation of the republican party; the King was

consequently engaged, and our presentation must be postponed till the following morning. Accordingly he appeared the next day and accompanied us to the palace; and having conducted us into a large apartment, departed, saying that he would inform the King of our arrival.

The King was in an inner room communicating with the apartment in which we were left, and through which the nobles and gentlemen of the court were continually passing and repassing. As far as we could judge, the confusion produced in the palace by the intelligence just received was extreme, and an expression of thought and anxiety overc t every face. Yet notwithstanding the general uneasiness, several persons, perceiving we were strangers, paused for a moment as they passed through the room and addressed us, obviously from a sense of politeness. At length two gentlemen entering the apartment drew near us, and the tallest made some general observations. I remember replying, civilly no doubt, but perhaps a little carelessly, and asking some question in return, when I observed an expression of surprise pass over the face of the individual whom I addressed, such as might be perceptible on the countenance of a well-bred man, at the infraction of some established conventional form. This attracted my attention. I looked more stedfastly at him, and remembering a picture which I had

been contemplating only the day before in one of the apartments of the palace, I recognised the King: the features were the same, the expression was the same—I had no doubt. I instantly bent the knee according to the Spanish fashion; the King perceived my previous mistake, goodhumouredly continued the conversation for some minutes, and then departed with the Marquis de ——, the major-domo of the palace.

Thus ended this singular interview. I cannot but suppose, that in consequence of our arrival at the Escurial direct from Paris, and before we had visited Madrid, a suspicion was excited in the mind of the King's valet that we were secret but accredited organs of that French party with which the Spanish Royalists, and the King himself, were then in active and constant communication. Perhaps, also, some expressions of our sympathy with the royal embarrassments may have strengthened this notion. Motives, too, were quickly imputed; for at that disturbed period few persons, if any, travelled for their amusement, and during the time we then passed in Spain I do not remember having met a single person journeying through the country, uninfluenced by private or political business.

Nor was this supposition, if really entertained, improbable, as the course we undesignedly pursued would have been unquestionably adopted

by any Royalist agent, for the Escurial was at that time the very centre and focus of Royalist intrigue; and to its friendly shades the court retired from the dangerous observation of Madrid, to receive its secret communications and pursue its schemes of liberation from the tyrannous bondage of the Cortes, undiscovered and uninterrupted. We were afterwards saluted more than once by signs of an expressive nature, to which a hidden signification was attached, and which were then currently interchanged among the adherents of the Royal cause.

On the day before we left the Escurial we attended the convent church, and heard the funeral service magnificently performed over one of the royal infants just deceased: the evening was fast closing as we left the assembled crowds and passed into the sacristy: there, while we stood opposite the Perla, giving a last lingering look at that exquisite production of Italian art, two gentlemen approached us, one of whom, separating from his companion, passed close to us and said, in a low but clear voice, "Vive le Roi." He paused for a moment, apparently in expectation of the answering watchword, but as we remained silent he rapidly withdrew.

The magnificence rather than the beauty of the Escurial palace, the splendour of the Escurial convent, the cruel uncertainty of the King's posi-

tion, our own singular recognition of that monarch, the mystery which hung over the court, and the mysterious communications which seemed to be carrying on in those dark cloisters and long corridors so fitted for the purpose of intrigue, made a deep impression on my mind, and I long remembered with interest our visit to the Escurial.

A short time afterwards I was presented, in a more formal manner to the King and Queen. The Queen was just of age, having on that very day accomplished her eighteenth year, on which account it was kept with great state at court: it was then, however, no time for pomp; events were critical, the republican insurrections of Cadiz and Seville were unsubdued; the Queen was reviled, and the King denounced in the public journals as a traitor to the state: in short, the democrats were faithfully following the march of the French revolution, and the least apprehensive began to anticipate a similar consummation of the royal griefs.

That anniversary of her birth, a day which, in the palaces of kings, is generally ushered in with every demonstration of popular joy, was productive of no pleasure to the youthful Queen: upon that occasion no gratulating songs were presented to her, according to the fashion of the land, but the fierce Tragala, breathing a deadly hate to royalty in every line, was sung by hostile

voices almost under the palace windows; she was evidently much alarmed at the lowering aspect of affairs and could scarcely restrain her tears in the presence of the assembled Court.

I was struck by the alteration which had taken place in her appearance; but three weeks before I had seen her in the garden of the Escurial feeding some gold fish in a little pond, and afterwards ascending a tower and counting the steps with the light-hearted playfulness of a girl. She was rather pretty, and very interesting; extremely devout, and much beloved by those around her; taken from her Saxon home, to which she was passionately attached, the destined bride of the King of Spain, instead of the peaceful pomp and universal homage which she had been led to expect, in a land once renowned for the loyalty of its citizens and the gallantry of its nobles, she found on her arrival at Madrid the storms of civil war darkening around a throne, endangered by the progressive usurpations of the Cortes, and exposed to the insults of a demoralized populace.

During those days of revolutionary agitation, she is said to have spent many weary hours, bewailing the departed pleasures of her German youth, and anticipating with a heavy heart the terrors of the time to come; but her afflictions, though great, were brief, and she is now, and has

long been, in that peaceful region, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Had the life of this interesting Queen been prolonged, Spain would probably have been spared a host of calamities.

Since my visit to the Escurial, how many changes have occurred! King Ferdinand and his youthful Consort are no more; the Brother, who then graced the court, is now an exile, struggling for his throne. The chivalrous Eroles, the life and soul and leader of the Royal cause, is numbered with the dead. The brave O'Donnel has been butchered in cold blood, and his body horribly mutilated by the unpunished adherents of Mina and the present Queen; Riego, then the idol of the Spanish populace, at whose approach the incessant shout was raised, and over whose triumphant march the choicest flowers of the year were strewed, has died upon a Spanish scaffold. The Empecinado, who shared his crimes or glories,—which you will,—has shared his fate; Torrijos has met the bloody death he so relentlessly administered; and Mina, a murderer upon system, though still alive, is sinking to the grave oppressed with disease and infamy.

But to my narrative.—I remained a prisoner in my apartment at the inn at Lugo till three o'clock in the afternoon, when I received an intimation from the authorities, that they intended

to send me to Santiago, the capital of Gallicia, and expected me to commence my journey to that city within an hour. Accordingly, at four o'clock, six Royalist Volunteers, consisting of four foot-soldiers and a sergeant and corporal, mounted, arrived at the inn. After a warm and ineffectual paper-war with the Autherities, I turned my horse's head to Santiago, and left Lugo under the escort of this trusty band. Besides the indignation naturally excited in my mind by this extraordinary proceeding, the personal inconvenience was extremely great, as I had intended to visit Orense, and, re-entering Portugal by the north-eastern frontier, explore those parts of the Trazos Montes which I had not yet seen.

Santiago lay in a direction precisely opposite to Orense, and as I had already spent some days in that city, it had not the recommendation of novelty to counterbalance the great annoyance arising from this compulsory change of route. The soldiers were attired in the light-blue uniform which then distinguished the adherents of the Crown; and white tassels, considered the unfailing badge of a blanco, or white man, hung from their caps. "We are called blancos, an epithet used to designate the children of pur faith and loyalty," said a high-spirited young soldier, one of the most ardent Royalists of the band. Divers men and mules followed in our

train, and thus encumbered, our progress was of necessity extremely slow, and was moreover interrupted by frequent orders from the sergeant to halt. Two soldiers, who had evidently received injunctions to keep up with my horse, walked constantly by my side. Our route lay across a wild heath tract, then lighted up by the last splendours of a setting sun.

We arrived, at a late hour, on the confines of a small village, and stopped at the door of a ruinous building, formerly belonging to the government, but now used as a resting place by the few travellers who wandered over those unfrequented wilds. We were received by its only tenant, an old woman, whom the superstitious terrors of an earlier age would have invested with the character of a sorceress; for her arms were bare and withered, her visage wrinkled, and she was surrounded by an awful and appropriate number of cats; and indeed she was actually regarded with a strange mixture of veneration and abhorrence by the neighbouring peasants. The night was dark and bitter, but we dispelled the darkness and the cold by heaping ample supplies of heath upon the fire, which blazed high, and sending a thousand coruscations over the huge rafters, lit up the gloomy recesses of the old building. There were benches, but not a single chair or table in the apartment; candles we had none, for the "Lady

Sorceress" declared, that she rose at the break of day, and retired to rest when the sun went down; and moreover expected her guests to adopt her primitive habits, for this, she said, was what God intended. "Or the Devil?" muttered one of the soldiers, aware of the imputations that attached to our antiquated hostess. Provisions we appeared for a long time to have little prospect of obtaining, but at length, after several foraging expeditions, some black broth, "*meminisse horret,*" was brought in a wooden bowl, garnished with bread of the same Tartarean hue. The soldiers, with the delicacy and good-feeling eminently characteristic of the lower orders in Spain, offered me all the scanty provision they could procure; nor did they appear to desire that any part should be reserved for themselves, although they must have greatly stood in need of refreshment, as they had been marching from four till eleven o'clock at night, over a rugged country. Of course I divided equally our little store, and it was pleasant to see the grateful feeling excited by this trifling mark of consideration. But the candidates for a share of the supply were very disproportioned to the amount in possession, so that the process of distribution became ludicrous, and only furnished a practical proof of the infinite divisibility of matter.

Though most indignant with the potentates of

Lugo, I could not entertain any hostile feeling against my travelling companions, who were free from any participation in the foolish acts of their superiors, and were merely their unwilling instruments. They evidently believed that I was guiltless of any serious offence; but in spite of this general impression, I perceived that strong, though short-lived suspicions, occasionally passed through their minds. While these feelings prevailed, though still respectful in manner, their countenances were serious and even clouded, and they seemed absorbed in thought; for these men were sincerely attached to the Royal cause, and would have looked with horror upon any agent of the Constitutionalists.

Throughout the journey they tried to soften all that was disagreeable in the peculiar state of our mutual relations, and invariably treated me with respect. Had their conduct been different my situation would have been intolerable; for, having received positive injunctions never to lose sight of me, I was not occasionally, but constantly in their society. It is true, they placed the least possible restraint upon my actions, and were ever ready to sacrifice their inclination to mine; still they were scrupulously exact in the execution of their orders If I wished to inspect any objects of curiosity near the places where we halted, they were always willing to accompany me, however

fatigued they might be; when I retired to my apartment, if the subdivisions of the miserable hovels, at which we stopped, deserve the name, I was regularly attended by a guard; indeed, on horseback or on foot, asleep or awake, a watchful eye was ever fixed upon me. No man, who has not been the object of such unremitting vigilance for some days together, can at all conceive the nervous sense of moral oppression which it at length induces. It depresses the spirits to an extent not justified by the cause, it weighs like a night-mare on the mind and tortures it, as water does the human frame, when drop falls after drop upon the same part, producing irritation solely by its continuous action. When at length released from this vexatious thraldom, I can hardly express the pleasure of finding myself restored to the enjoyment of my solitary chamber.

But I am digressing.—The soldiers and muleteers were ranged on the benches in our ruinous abode, and I had made a seat of heather for myself within the fireplace under the huge chimney. Manuel, my Portuguese muleteer, was becoming reconciled to the loss of his supper, by the opportunity it afforded him of exulting in the superior comforts of his own country; and he loudly declared, that he had never seen a land so utterly degraded as Gallicia, or so evidently branded with the Divine displeasure. I began to fear, his

national antipathies would light up the torch of discord among our Spanish allies; but although his language was strong, he was probably aware of the lengths to which he could safely proceed, as I observed that he averted, more than once, their rising indignation, by a well-timed and humorous sally. My friend, who had declared himself a blanco, was a high-spirited young soldier, eager in his manner, and unmeasured in his expressions; but the Corporal possessed the most varied humour of the party. He was an admirable mimic, and amused us by a series of lively observations, and practical jokes. Seizing one of our landlady's cats, he convulsed the circle, by making poor puss respond to his questions by a whine that was mournful in its tone, or eager, or indifferent, according to the nature of his interrogatory; a feat which he contrived by pressing the side of the animal unperceived, upon which it naturally cried out, and the peculiar intonation of that cry varied according to the suddenness and degree of the pressure applied. The trick was cleverly managed: it was not cruel, as the creature did not appear to suffer, and the effect was inconceivably ludicrous. Yet beneath this wild buffoonery, a mine of deep piety and enthusiastic feeling lay concealed; a disposition less apparent in his conversation than in the fervour of his manner, and the prostration of spirit with which he approached any holy relics.

In passing through the convent of San Martin, he spoke rather in sad and serious, than in bitter language, of the Constitutionalists who had violated the shrine. The Sergeant, and leader of the troop, a native of Castile, was imbued with all the gravity of his country; he was cold and cautious, and said little; but although he appeared to observe minutely all that took place, it was not easy to discover, in the hard lines of his immoveable countenance, either the general character of the man, or the impression produced on his mind by passing occurrences.

As the night wore on, the party closed round the roaring fire, and the conversation became general. Banditti, a subject of unfailing interest among the lower classes in Spain, were first discussed. They dwelt upon the plaided Catalan who, couched behind some jutting rock, springs like a tiger on the thoughtless traveller, bids him give up his gold, and never bids him twice! Nor did they forget the Andalusian bandit, mounted on the steed he calls by some high sounding name and loves with the love that other men yield only to the ladies of their hearts; an outlawed race, the genuine heirs of old romance, whose courteous bearing still lends refinement to their guilty trade, and invests their lawless acts with the chivalry of times long past. Many a tale of those robber chiefs was told,

many a feat was recorded of the Bold James of Valentia, an extraordinary man, the mingled terror and admiration of his native district, when I passed through it in 1822.

The soldiers now related his exploits with a kind of gloomy pride, they detailed his hair-breadth, and according to their account, miraculous escapes, with manifest satisfaction; and contrasted his deeds of horrible cruelty to the great, with his unbounded generosity to the poor. In those statements there was much truth mixed up with much romance: when I was in Valentia, this powerful adventurer paid the taxes of at least five villages, or small towns, lying within the limits of the mountain territory, over which for years together he held an almost undisputed sway; the local authorities feared and feasted him, and the poor loved and obeyed him as their lawful lord. But the Spaniards were not allowed to engross the conversation; our Portuguese friends became jealous of the exclusive attention excited by these Spanish tales, and as they could not match the famous James with any native bandit of equal prowess, they touched a deeper chord, and engaged the sympathy of their hearers by tales of wild and fearful superstition.

They spoke of the distant Beira, and shuddered as they named the Escolares, the dreadful wolf-impellers, the lonely wanderers of the mountain,

the servants of the Prince of darkness! Assuming mortal shape, and seated on some lofty pinnacle, they hail, with fiendish joy, the snow-storm gathering at their feet, they see it whiten all the land and know their hour of strength is come! Subject to them, but terrible to all beside, the wolves assemble at their viewless bidding, and obey the sign that sends them headlong on their desperate course. Woe to the hapless peasant who has waked the vengeance of the Escolar, for lo! the hell-commissioned wolf comes down upon his fold. His trusty dog, that never shrank from mortal encounter, copes not with such unhallowed strength, and quails beneath the supernatural eye! In vain his master points the unerring rifle; the bullet will not strike, or bounds innocuous from the charmed skin. Flight is the shepherd's only refuge, destruction waits upon his flock, and desolation sits upon his hearth!

But even in deeds like these, surpassing human power, the Spaniard would not yield the palm of merit to the rival Portuguese, for straight an Andalusian, jealous for his country's honour, told how the robber-children of Ecija, in weal or woe, conquering or conquered, still retained by magic spells their fated number of thirteen. Conquered!—when were those children of the forest conquered? for victory over them was not success, defeat was not to them reverse of fortune.

They hurried to the midnight encounter, thirteen in number, stout men and true, as ever wielded robber's blade; half died the death of men, yet, counted when the fray was over, the band was found in undiminished strength, and thirteen manly voices answered to their chieftain's call! What then to them was triumph, or repulse, or government, or law? Strong in the guardianship of powers unseen, they mocked at mortal might!

Amongst our party all had heard of, none had beheld, the infernal warriors of the wood; but some had seen the invulnerable Trappist * rushing to war mounted upon his coal-black steed; high bearing in one hand the sacred crucifix, and with the other slaying at every stroke a rebel to the Church and Crown, while heavenly troops unseen averted every danger from his head, and Heaven itself directed every blow he struck. They too had felt the earth quake like an aspen-leaf beneath the iron tread of that unequalled steed; whose charge no son of man had ever yet withstood; whose flight was swifter than the swiftest arrow; whose step ne'er faultered down the steepest precipice; whose eye sent forth at night unnatural beams, to guide his master through the deepest gloom, yet lure his rash pursuers to their

* A Guerilla leader, renowned for his extraordinary exploits in the great northern insurrection of 1822.

fate! Hunger and thirst were to that famous horse unknown; sleep never sealed his watchful lids; and oft the sullen death-beat of his hoofs, distinctly heard for twenty miles around, palsied the hostile sentinel upon his midnight watch, for sure he was those dull dead echoes were the certain harbingers of ruin to the camp, and well he knew, the first of that predestined host, who hears the strange unearthly sound, survives not the approaching fight. It is difficult to describe the effect produced by these wild tales, narrated at the dead of night in a ruined building, by the doubtful gleams of a flickering fire, and addressed with all the energy of perfect faith to an audience as implicitly credulous.

As the real history of the famous James, or Jaimè, is a curious illustration of the state of society and manners prevalent in one of the wildest and most remote districts of Spain, I will again for a moment digress, to inform my readers of the singular kind of government which he established, and for a long time maintained, in the district subject to his authority. When I was in Jaimè's territory, poor Jaimè was, for the moment, in a situation of great difficulty and distress. He had just declared for the Royal cause, and the government of the Cortes had in consequence dispatched a considerable force against him, had driven him into a mountain, and hemmed him in

by a cordon of troops. The deepest anxiety prevailed in the villages which practically acknowledged his supremacy, and which for many years had considered their allegiance to the King of Spain as secondary to that which was owing to King Jaimè.

In one respect, however, he stood in a very different position from that in which monarchs are generally placed with reference to their subjects. He paid their taxes for them, and they repaid him by secret co-operation, an arrangement which by no means diminished their zeal in his cause. On arriving at a Posada in one of these villages, I asked a young lad, who acted as waiter, whether Jaimè was altogether as bad as he was represented to be. "Señor," said the boy, suddenly turning round with the greatest excitement; "Jaimè is a man of spotless faith and honour." "Nay, José," said his Father, a cautious man, and naturally alarmed lest his son's unguarded zeal should have betrayed his real prepossessions to an enemy, "You speak warmly, as you are wont to do on subjects wholly indifferent to you. The Señor observes justly, that Jaimè is not so bad as he is said to be."

We were then in the month of May, and the night had all that heavenly calmness which is so bewitching in a southern clime. As I lay awake, the sound of musketry, produced by shots occa-

sionally exchanged between the partisans of Jaimè and the Government troops, mingled, strangely enough, with a serenade of peculiar sweetness, which rose under the windows of some fair Spaniard in the same street. At Orihuela I saw a player on the guitar, and spoke to him about Jaimè. He at first showed great unwillingness to enter upon the subject; but at length dismissing his fears, gave way to his feelings, and spoke of his robber-chief with the same enthusiastic feelings which a Highland piper might be supposed to feel for the head of his clan: for Jaimè, though wild and lawless in his habits, was fond of minstrelsy and generous to the bard. He had also ballads recounting Jaimè's heroic deeds, that at the moment in question it would have been death to recite, which gold could not extort, but which might have been won from the easy minstrel by expressions of sympathy for his endangered chief.

Jaimè escaped the perils which then environed him, and flourished for some time longer, the pride and terror of the district; but was finally taken and executed after a prosperous reign of nearly twenty years. He appears to have been a very mixed character, possessing in a great measure the virtues and vices of a chieftain of the middle ages. He was liberal to his followers, and cruel to his enemies; but even towards them,

he showed upon occasions a magnanimity worthy of the heroic age. He had a peculiar pride in protecting that portion of the population which adhered enthusiastically to his cause; he would enrich with his spoils the most devoted of his subjects; and it was said, that in some instances, where an attached couple, belonging to families friendly to his partisans, had been prevented from marrying by the want of a certain sum of money, he would remove that difficulty, bestow on the fair damsel a sufficient dowry, and suddenly appearing in his robber's dress on the evening of the marriage festival, would assist in the dance, lead down the blushing bride, imprint upon her cheek a salutation which, under the circumstances of the case, conjugal jealousy might well forgive, then resign her to the bridegroom, and disappear amid the loud applause of the delighted peasants.

These dazzling acts, partly the sallies of a naturally generous, though ill-regulated mind, were perhaps, in a still greater degree, the result of calculating policy. By occasional acts of this kind, and by permanently, though not ostensibly, charging himself with the taxation of the neighbourhood, he established himself in the affections of the people, and became invested with a real power and security, which no mere superiority of his marauding force, either in numbers or discipline, could have long ensured. When danger

drew near, he had the earliest intimation of its approach; and when it at length enveloped him in its toils, no means were left untried by his faithful subjects to facilitate his escape. He was several times hemmed in by the Government troops, who, despairing to secure their prey by any other means, formed, as they imagined, an uninterrupted circle around the place of his retreat, and determined to compel him to surrender by the slow, but sure, effects of famine. But even in these perilous circumstances he was always wonderfully assisted by the affection of his adherents, till at length, availing himself of some local and momentary negligence of the blockading troops, he broke through the line, and to the rage and surprise of the soldiers gave signs of unabated activity, by a sudden descent at the head of his men in another part of the district; seizing, perhaps, some obnoxious and amazed Alcalde, carrying him off to the mountains, and only restoring him to liberty upon the receipt of an enormous ransom.

These frequent escapes, when all hopes of eluding the pursuit of the troops seemed desperate, and his almost simultaneous appearance in a distant part of the district, gave rise at length to a belief that no material obstacles could impede his progress, and that he was gifted with a double presence of an inexplicable and fearful character; any poor Alcalde who, intimidated or bought

over by the Government troops, had swerved from his allegiance, was not reassured by circumstances that would have given confidence to a stranger; but as the accounts of Jaime's situation became more hopeless, so, in proportion, he felt an increasing fear that the door of his dwelling might be suddenly forced, and the ubiquitous Chief appear at the head of his armed men.

During the struggle against the Cortes, in favour of the King, he sometimes, when severely pressed by the Government troops, entirely dissolved his band, advised each man to take a separate path, and commanded all to meet again on a stated day and hour, and at a stated place. The appointment was generally well observed; and that Guerilla force, which a few days before was almost crushed by the advancing troops of the Government, were now perhaps hovering on their rear, cutting off their supplies, and thinning their numbers by a constant war of detail.

This marauding Chief was as remarkable for the reasoning vigour of his mind, as for his personal courage and dexterity. He was aware, even in the early days of his career, that to ensure his power he must temper his pursuit of plunder with a forbearance seldom exercised by men of his profession; he felt that a system of immoderate rapine would either divert the passage of the southern and eastern provinces of Spain from

his district, into other channels of communication, so as entirely to elude his grasp, or would, from the extent of the evil, produce a determination on the part of the Government to suppress his power at any cost.

Under this impression, while on the one hand he sedulously courted the good-will of his neighbourhood, on the other, he seldom robbed the trader to any great extent; but rather levied a tribute upon his goods, which, considering the lawlessness of the act, did not bear a very unreasonable proportion to the whole. As some compensation for this attack upon his purse, the traveller had no reason to fear any further molestation from the gentlemen of the highway, not only in Jaimè's territory, but for some distance beyond the limits of his recognised domain. He conversed freely and good-humouredly with the plundered merchants during the examination of their goods by his partisans, offered them cigars to smoke, and wine from his embroidered goat's-skin to drink; and although the tribute or black-mail was very much levied by rule and proportion, he courteously attended to any particular wish expressed, and affected a generous contempt for petty profits.

By this judicious self-restraint, and by his local popularity, which he kept alive by pandering to every interested and to every grateful feeling,

he maintained his throne for so long a time. He was a man of extraordinary resource, designed by nature to act a better part; under other circumstances he might have been the saviour, instead of the scourge, of his country; he was, however, in personal address and mental energy, a magnificent specimen of the robber Chief; yet there were some dreadful passages in his history. A firm observer of his word once plighted, he punished treachery with a ferocity suited only to a savage state of society; and is said, on one occasion, to have buried alive the unfortunate victims of his suspicion.

But to resume my narrative.—The night was far advanced when a loud knocking was heard at the door; two servants being admitted, announced the approach of their mistress, the most influential person in the immediate neighbourhood. Directly afterwards she appeared, followed by a train of domestics, and evidently decorated to the utmost advantage. Her dress was extremely antiquated, but had been gorgeous in days of yore; it was, I have little doubt, an heir-loom in the family, and had probably been worn by herself, and by her maternal ancestors for some generations past, on every solemn occasion. The soldiers received her with every demonstration of formal respect. The stately dame began by saying, she had only just been informed that a

party of troops engaged in the Royal service were quartered in a miserable building near her house. She expressed her hopes, that no circumstances displeasing to his Majesty's government had given rise to such an unusual occurrence; she trusted, her devout aspirations on this head would be confirmed, but at all events esteemed it the bounden duty of a loyal subject to congratulate the troops on their safe arrival, and to assure the individual entrusted with the command, that the loyalty which had ever distinguished her family had suffered no diminution in the person of their actual representative. She concluded by declaring that her house, her grounds, and all her goods were at the entire disposal of the King's troops, as long as they remained in the neighbourhood. The Sergeant answered in a strain as formal and polite, and in language far above his station: he thanked her for the affection which she bore the Royal cause, and for this mark of attention to his Majesty's servants. He spoke in gratifying terms of the proverbial loyalty of her house, and wished that his Majesty possessed more supporters, true-hearted as herself, in these degenerate times, when, in too many instances, the son had fallen away from his father's faith. He touched lightly, and with address, upon the object of the expedition, and concluded by declining her offer of accommodation, as the night was far spent, and his

troops were obliged to renew their march at break of day. A profusion of parting compliments were then exchanged, which, time and place considered, were rather entertaining. The door was then opened

> "Wide and high,
> To let the Queen and her train go by."

Two menials went forth in advance to clear the way, and after them paced forth the pompous dame; then all her attendants followed; but it must be confessed, their ragged attire spoke ill for the fortunes of the loyal and illustrious line. She was, no doubt, a worthy soul, though not to me "her lips imperial ever spake;" indeed, she scarcely deigned to look on a suspected traitor. After her departure we retired to rest; I slept upon some heath in a shed that opened into the hall; the soldiers collected around the only point of egress, to prevent the possibility of my escape; scattered some straw on the floor, and placing their arms beside them, lay down to enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted repose.

The following morning was intensely cold; we quitted the old building soon after sunrise, and travelled for some hours over a country generally wild and barren, but varied by occasional patches of cultivation. In the middle of the day we halted at a small village, where some cold fish and bad wine were brought me by an old woman, whose

face was furrowed with wrinkles, but animated by an expression of the most active benevolence, and by eyes of the lightest blue. She whispered in my ear, unperceived by the soldiers, "My Son, the King is as good as he is great, but many oppressions are committed in his name." The extreme sensation produced by our arrival at every village or town through which we passed, was the most disagreeable circumstance resulting from my peculiar position. Upon those occasions the houses were deserted by their inmates, who flocked around our mules, eager to see us, and to ascertain the motives of our journey. The resentment of a mob is unpleasant; their commiseration is still less supportable. The people were always, at first, inclined to espouse my cause, and sometimes expressed their disapprobation of my arrest in audible murmurs; but it was curious to observe their instantaneous revulsion of feeling, when acquainted with the general nature of the charges preferred against me. That word *nègro*, that single, fatal, damning word, sufficed to convert the general sympathy into abhorrence, and as it crept from mouth to mouth, the peasants shrank from all intercourse with a man weighed down by such a heavy accusation. In the great towns, a *nègro* simply means a Constitutionalist, but among the uninstructed peasantry of these secluded districts, it is understood in its literal

sense, and a dark and mysterious signification is attached to the word. Here too it is applied to the Constitutionalists, but is also associated in the popular mind with undefined ideas of an infernal traffic, of secret clubs of Freemasons holding an accursed intercourse with the great Author of evil and entering with him into positive compacts against the Holy Church, and against the King, God's delegate upon earth. Such an imputation creates a degree of horror among the simple Gallicians, which can scarcely be conceived in the enlightened state of British society, and can only be compared to the harrowing sensation formerly excited in our own country by a charge of sorcery. It severs at once the firmest friendships, and cancels the nearest ties. Under the influence of this gloomy belief, the young bride has denounced the husband of her love, the child has fled from the polluted couch of his guilty, but expiring, sire; and the parent has driven from his protecting roof the son who knew not where to screen his head from the fury of the elements and the more pitiless pursuit of man. As any accordance with the views of the Constitutionalists, any intercourse carried on with them, or any assistance rendered to an individual of that party, is an unfailing sign of a *negro*, this superstition is naturally encouraged by the priesthood of these lonely districts; indeed it becomes under their di-

rection a most formidable engine; it confers upon them a kind of omniscience, by making them acquainted with the most secret undertakings of their political enemies, and invests them with a species of omnipotence, by the power with which it arms them of enlisting every moral and religious feeling against their opponents.

I said that the people were, at first, disposed to espouse my cause, a circumstance that surprised me, as any expression of public feeling is unusual in countries subjected to a despotic government, particularly in the presence of troops. That the people, especially in the remote parts of Spain, have been always kept in subjection rather by the force of habit, and by their regard for ancient usages, than by the operation of any regular police Their obedience has been the result of attachment the Church retained its ascendency, because it was venerated and beloved by the people, the King was enabled to preserve entire the despotic forms of the old monarchy, because, however defective in theory, they were still in unison with the national feeling. For the same reason, the old government maintained its authority over the whole kingdom, while the decrees of the actual administration are disputed within thirty miles of the capital. The conspirator against the old order of things could rarely escape from the interior of the country, though

he travelled by night, and hid himself in caverns by day. On the contrary, the bandit and the smuggler not unfrequently mix freely in society, and roam undisturbed over the scene of their outrages, because they are, comparatively, but little obnoxious to the public feeling.

The character of the old French police was deservedly high, and with reference to the detection of ordinary crimes, no comparison could be fairly instituted between the police of the two kingdoms; at the same time, I believe, that under the old system, at least in the provinces, the Spanish police would have detected a conspirator against the Crown with greater certainty. They worked by means, perhaps unsuited to the discovery of common offences, but peculiarly favourable to the detection of crimes of a treasonable nature. On these occasions an almost omniscient priesthood supplied them with the most accurate information, and every peasant, from loyal and religious motives, became a policeman in the King's cause. But they found it impossible to excite a similar feeling against offences which were not peculiarly abhorrent to the popular mind; and, where the same feeling did not exist, of course the same zealous co-operation could not be secured. The Spanish police was therefore compelled, in the pursuit of ordinary criminals, to fall back upon their own resources, which,

for general purposes of investigation, were feeble and imperfect, when compared with those of the old French police. So that in Spain, by a great apparent contradiction, the common offender frequently evaded the pursuit of justice for years; while crimes aimed directly against the throne, however adroitly concealed, were often detected, and punished with a rapidity which, in the eyes of the people, resembled the instant judgment of an offended God. It may however be observed, that in those parts of the country which have latterly become a frequent scene of conspiracy and disturbance, the general perceptions of the Spanish police have become wonderfully improved.

The Spaniard of the old school identifies his own honour, purely and entirely, with that of his Sovereign. When, on a certain occasion, King Ferdinand arrested some individuals of name and weight, without assigning any reasons for the proceeding, the arrest naturally became a prominent subject of conversation at the market-place of a neighbouring city. Such an exertion of the regal authority would probably, in England, have at any time excited a resentful feeling among the people; but in proportion as the act was startling, and arbitrary, and unexplained, did the Spaniards think it right worthy of their Sovereign, and strutted about rejoicing in the fulness

of his power, and saying with pride and pleasure, "*Es mucho Rey,*" he is a King every inch of him. And yet to such a people our liberal politicians would recommend laws and institutions fitted only for a nation of republicans.

Before we continued our journey, we went to a neighbouring convent to see the real, or supposed, skeleton of a saint, for I felt by no means certain that Dr. Buckland would have declared it a remnant of the "human form divine." I did not however betray a suspicion which would have scandalized my Royalist friends, who were greatly moved at the sight of this relic, and indignantly pointed out some injuries inflicted on it by the Constitutionalists. "*Mala fé, mala fé,*" said the Corporal, slowly and gravely shaking his head. "Spain shall be governed by her King alone!" added his more impetuous companion.

While I was consuming my fish and wine, a friar approached me, apparently fatigued, and said he had been travelling barefooted towards Madrid to solicit an interview with the King, but had not been allowed by the authorities to reach the capital, and was now returning to his convent. I requested him to partake of my humble fare, which he declined, saying exultingly, "Behold, my Son, the advantages attached to my holy profession," and as he spoke, he drew from his pocket a badge of his order which admitted him into any

monastery, and entitled him to a cell for the night, and to a share of the best provisions. As the soldiers were on regular duty, the Sergeant had instructions to levy horses in the name of the Government, and consequently applied to the Alcalde of the district to assist him in the execution of his orders.

The appearance of this worthy officer of the Crown was beyond description ludicrous; his dress was literally in tatters; he wore no coat, but carried on one arm the remnants of what had been a jacket in his youthful days, then past some forty years; his waistcoat was of a faded crimson; his shirt-sleeves, from continual wear and little washing, had assumed a most sombre hue; his small-clothes, buttoned high on the sides, were full of gaping holes; so were his stockings; the long flaps of his pockets resembled asses' ears: the ends of his shoes turned up in front with a most extravagant flourish, while the heels were absolutely obliterated. On his head he proudly carried a peaked cap, to which was affixed the badge of office, but out of all modest proportion, so huge it was. In addition, the cloth of his cap was twisted into a sort of horn, which projected far in front, and was intended to invest the official pigmy with a greater awe and dignity, but unluckily it had the most burlesque effect imaginable. He scarcely attained

five feet in height, but had elevated himself to the standard of common men by perching judiciously on a neighbouring hillock. So stationed, he drew up his diminutive figure, and glanced his little eagle eyes around with an expression of conscious importance, as he declared he would forthwith promulgate his orders for the fresh supply of horses, which the Sergeant demanded in the name of his Government. The Friar, who was waggishly inclined, and disposed to abate an excess of magnificence which completely overshadowed his own ecclesiastical consequence, approached the little Potentate bareheaded, and with an air of deep humility. He said, that some trifling errors might have crept into his passport, some necessary signatures might have been omitted; in short, in the disturbed state of the country, he was most anxious to obtain his Excellency's opinion of a document so essential to his safety.

The Alcalde commended him for the readiness with which he had voluntarily submitted his case to the civil authorities, received his passport, and glancing over it, assured him that his apprehensions were well founded. He observed that, by the last regulation, travellers were required to obtain the signature of every Alcalde through whose district they might happen to pass; but in the passport, then under his inspection, some im-

portant signatures were wanting. This omission would entail upon the Monk the payment of a fine, which he, the Alcalde, would receive, and apply to the uses of the state. After this exposition of the law, he trusted that the Monk would not encroach upon his valuable time by any unnecessary delay, but would forthwith pay the penalty. The Monk said in reply, he should of course submit to his Excellency's decision, with the deference that became a poor Friar transacting business with a Person of his exalted station; but feeling anxious to avoid any future irregularities, he implored his Excellency to guard against the possibility of their recurrence, by specifying the particular signatures omitted in his passport.

The man of pomp seemed much annoyed by this audacious spirit of inquiry. At first I only supposed that his dignity would not stoop to debate, but his increasing confusion led me to suspect a deeper cause. Absurd and original as the creature was, the solution of his embarrassment really surprised me, for, like the great men of yore, he proved to be totally unacquainted with the art of letters. Supposing, however, from the Friar's apparent doubts, and from his allusion to certain supposed omissions, that some informality of that nature existed in his passport, he had determined to take advantage of this belief and exact a

fine, which would certainly never have been transmitted to his Majesty's exchequer. The Sergeant, joining us at that moment, looked over the passport, and declared that the only signature deficient was that of the illustrious Alcalde himself; a deficiency explained by his inability to write, and yet reluctance to expose his ignorance by putting the mark required under such circumstances. The Sergeant then observed that the Friar was legally entitled to exact a fine from the Alcalde, for having omitted to place his mark upon a passport regularly forwarded to him. This announcement was received with delight by the crafty monk, who had deliberately led the Alcalde into this ridiculous scrape. "*Solvuntur tabulæ;*" the little man abdicated his hillock, and sneaked off praying for mercy, amid the shouts of the soldiers, "*quantum mutatus ab illo,*" who lately stood magnificent, and said "he would promulgate his orders throughout the land."

We continued, for many hours, to pursue our journey through the heart of Gallicia; the country was wild and unfrequented, and the manners of the people truly primitive, for they have little communication with the world, from which they are separated by their mountains. A fine wintry sunset was followed by a bright frosty night: at a late hour we reached a venta, or solitary house; it was prettily placed behind a clump of trees,

but rarely perhaps in the record of any traveller has such an absolute hovel been dignified by the name of an inn. The principal apartment was picturesque enough. The walls were blackened with soot, and neither floor nor pavement covered the bare earth. As there was no chimney, the room was filled with murky clouds, through which I distinguished an old woman, fantastically dressed, looking like a witch, and stirring up the cauldron destined to relieve our physical wants. Till I became in some degree accustomed to that intolerable atmosphere, I fluctuated between the arctic and the tropic regions; the clouds of smoke inflaming my throat and eyes, repeatedly drove me from the hovel, and the rigour of the external air as frequently forced me back to my Tartarean cavern. As the soldiers thought themselves bound to follow these rapid transitions, the inmates of the venta must have supposed us engaged in a game of hide and seek; and, at length, the effect became so ludicrous that I was obliged to renounce the ambulatory system, and sat, as the hapless infidel is described to sit, in the emphatic diction of the Koran, under a column of smoke neither cool nor agreeable.

In the mean time Manuel, my Portuguese muleteer, was making desperate love to a ponderous damsel, whose appearance was by no means favourable to the tender passion. I overheard

him tell her, that he fully expected to accompany me to England in the capacity of head muleteer; and should his hopes, in that respect, be realized, he was anxious to convey her with him as his bride. He then attacked a less youthful dame, and asked her whether the monks represented their absent husbands with satisfaction to the fair sex, and with credit to themselves? To which she answered, with perfect coolness, "Vastly well, indeed." "This young woman," said Manuel, addressing me, "is the daughter of a Friar." I asked her whether his statement were correct; and she answered, without hesitation, in the affirmative.

A portion of the Gallician peasantry abandon their homes for many months in the year, and seek employment in other parts of the kingdom. These poor men are proverbially industrious, but seldom realize much by their expeditions.

I now retired to rest: my sleeping apartment had neither door nor windows, and its naked walls were left in the primitive grandeur of brick and mortar. The soldiers collected round the entrance that led into this strange recess, and became quickly engaged in a game at cards, but spoke in whispers, apparently unwilling to disturb me. I was, however, soon aroused by an altercation, and heard the soldiers evidently resisting some proposal, urged in a shrill and tremulous tone

by a person whose voice I did not recognise: the cause of this excitement was whimsical enough, and characteristic of the place and time. The wife of a neighbouring peasant had been apprised of the circumstances under which I had arrived at the venta, and was extremely urgent to see me. She declared that she had often heard of these horrid *negros*, but had never chanced to behold one of that impious sect. She would not endanger her soul by tarrying in his company, but confessed that her disappointment would be deep indeed, if she were compelled to depart without seeing a sight she might never have an opportunity of witnessing again.

The soldiers, who, much as they hated a Constitutionalist, were not under the influence of the *negro* superstition, which was chiefly, if not entirely confined to the peasantry, were half displeased and half amused by this absurd interruption. They turned however a deaf ear to her remonstrances, which became so pathetic that my heart was touched, and I begged the soldiers to gratify her curiosity. She approached me slowly, crossing herself, and muttering an Ave Maria to shield her, body and soul, during the perilous progress she was making towards that incarnate devil, which she believed me to be. After gazing for some time, at a cautious distance, on the

object of her suspicion, she retreated, voting me in all probability a poor specimen of the hellish brood, and disappointed at perceiving neither horns, nor cloven foot, nor nostrils of fire, nor any unequivocal symptom of the fiend.

The night wind was so cold and piercing, that I had little inclination to remain long on my couch of rest, though much fatigued by the day's journey. Early on the following morning I resumed my place in the hovel, and was again half suffocated by smoke. The soldiers guarded the entrance, and as I was bending over the fire in fancied solitude, tracing figures with my stick in the dying embers, and engrossed by the recollection of other times and fairer scenes, I was suddenly brought to a full sense of my actual locality by a shrill cry of "Alms! alms!" which seemed to proceed from the very spot where I was seated. The petitioner was at first invisible, but after much inspection I discovered a woman in the murkiest corner of the hut. She and her four children were almost buried beneath a mingled heap of straw and rags. This strange applicant for charity proved to be the landlady's sister; her habitation was in filth and in darkness, the atmosphere she breathed was the densest smoke, her face, begrimed with soot, seemed hardly human, and her cry was like a wail from the infernal

regions. Such is a faithful picture of a Gallician inn in the most uncivilized part of the province; such the degraded state of its inmates.

The rest of the party gradually assembled, and Manuel, my Portuguese muleteer, and a Gallician peasant, were soon engaged in a warm discussion respecting the Lord's Prayer. The Gallician repeated it in a solemn voice, with uplifted hands, and a countenance expressive of the most fervent devotion; while Manuel, who was a native of Oporto and affected an utter contempt for all religious rites, declared that he had long forgotten the Lord's Prayer; an avowal which excited the utmost indignation in the Gallician, who reproached him in such bitter and unmeasured language, that Manuel retracted the confession he had just made; for, like many of the Constitutionalists, among the lower classes, he entertained a strong though secret belief in the doctrines of the Church which he pretended to revile. The Gallician treated his recantation with such evident incredulity and scorn, that Manuel, stung to the quick, offered to bet that he could repeat the Lord's Prayer correctly. The honest peasant accepted his wager, but observed, fairly enough, that a man who had made two contradictory statements in the same breath, might possibly refuse to pay his just debts, if declared a loser. He therefore required, as a preliminary,

that, before the trial, both parties should deposit their respective shares in the hands of a third person. Manuel acceded to this arrangement, and the money was placed, at his own request, in the hands of the young woman with whom he had flirted so gallantly on the preceding evening.

Manuel repeated the Lord's Prayer, and would certainly have been adjudged triumphant, though the Gallician disputed the correctness of a single word; but while this skirmishing was carried on at the out-posts, the citadel was betrayed. The young woman said, addressing those around her, that Manuel had evidently won the bet, and that, under such circumstances, she considered her claim to the money superior even to his. He had made her two promises, on the previous night,—to make her mistress of all his goods,—and to take her with him to England. These he had clearly no intention of carrying into effect; the last, indeed, she could not oblige him to fulfil, but she would take good care that he performed the first, at least in part. Saying this, she departed, unperceived by the eager disputants, who were only apprised of the failure of the bank by a general roar of laughter. The Gallician was thunderstruck, but Manuel's emotion was of a more lively character. He declared, that no earthly power should induce him to quit the hovel, till he had recovered the money, of which

he had been basely defrauded by an infamous woman. The Sergeant, however, informed him briefly that the time fixed for the renewal of the march had arrived, and that he must mount his mule without delay. A ludicrous scene of protestation, entreaty, and impotent anger, ensued. The inmates of the hovel refused to assist him in finding the young woman; the Sergeant, whose muscles had not undergone the slightest change, evidently thought it beneath his dignity to interfere, and calmly, but sternly, insisted on his instant compliance with the orders to march; while the soldiers assured him that he had fairly won the bet, and if he had lost his money he had saved his honour; a species of consolation which stimulated his rage. Meanwhile his worthy but somewhat stupid opponent, only just recovering from his amazement, looked on in silence, half displeased at a manœuvre which he justly considered dishonest, and half gratified by the signal overthrow of his impious adversary, for he clearly saw that the affair concerned him not, as the money would have been unanimously awarded to Manuel. The enraged Lothario was finally marched off, but ever and anon he cast doleful glances on the Gallician hut, where, severed from his side, the cherished coppers of his affection were snugly deposited.

It may be said that I have dwelt too much upon

trifling occurrences, and facts leading to no results; but as the traveller can only become well acquainted with the feelings and opinions of a people, by observing their peculiar modes of thought, and noticing their casual remarks; so he can only hope to convey a faithful picture of that people, by communicating to his readers those facts, however trivial they may be, which have contributed to form his general estimate of the national character: and this observation is perhaps applicable to a far higher species of composition. The most useful part of history is often the most neglected; the reader is fatigued with military operations, and treaties in endless detail, while that which is fraught with a far deeper interest to a comprehensive mind; the progress of society; the opinions entertained at various epochs by the people, not only on political matters, but on subjects connected with ordinary life; and the relative degrees of civilization in different periods; are slightly alluded to, or passed over in silence. These considerations are deprived of their due weight, mainly, I believe, because they are best illustrated by details which the author too often rejects as trivial and beneath the dignity of historical composition. But I am plunging into a discussion which I have no business to inflict on the reader of a Spanish tour. I will therefore conclude this little digression by

relieving him from the fear of any further details connected with my Gallician expedition.

As we approached Santiago the character of the country changed; the ground was beautifully undulated, the verdure delightful, and streams of the clearest water abounded. Man was also evidently higher in the scale of creation; the Alcaldes of districts could always read, and sometimes write; their alarming horns were modified, and the holes in their attire became less huge and numerous. As we drew near Santiago I became extremely anxious about some papers in my possession. A traveller sustains an irreparable injury in the loss of his journal, when it is a summary of facts and observations, and a daily record of events, and I remembered with uneasiness the destruction of my notes during the Catalan Revolution in 1822: notes compiled with care during a long residence in the country; written, too, at a time when Spain, revolutionary, and struggling, but still romantic Spain, had, in my eyes, all the charms of novelty; when my own feelings were comparatively fresh; when my mind was still under the influence of recent and vivid impressions, and during a period of unequalled political interest.

I had a small mattress, the only luxury I carried with me from Oporto; though it had become so torn and dirty, that I had, latterly, but seldom

applied it to the purpose for which it was originally intended. When first placed under arrest at Lugo, I foresaw that a rigid examination of my papers would eventually be instituted, and I felt that the frequent allusions to the Government, and to the state of the country, would confirm the suspicion entertained as to the motives of my journey, and would probably render their seizure certain. Under this conviction I made a slit in the mattress, inserted my papers into the opening, and had the separated parts sewed up by my servant. This device might succeed with the rustic police of Lugo, but I thought that the more practised agents of the central Government would explore every nook of my ragged bedding. It was not, however, at this time easy to remove the papers secretly, as the soldiers watched my movements with unrelaxed vigilance, nor could even my servants absent themselves from the party for many minutes together, without exciting suspicion. Indeed, I found it difficult to communicate with Antonio, as any appearance of consultation would have increased their watchfulness and defeated my intention. In this dilemma I resorted, unwillingly, to a disagreeable artifice; after our mid-day halt, and just before we mounted, I desired Antonio to arrange the luggage on the mule, so as to embarrass, without absolutely impeding, the progress of the animal, or rendering

the assistance of a third person necessary. He took the hint, and when we had proceeded a little way I pretended to perceive, for the first time, the confused state of the luggage. I waxed wrathful, and approaching Antonio, told him, in English, to disregard the feigned irritation of my manner, and to pay the strictest attention to every word, as I should have no future opportunity of repeating my instructions. I then told him how to remove my papers from the mattress, to put Manuel partially in our confidence, and, with his assistance, conceal them in the hay with which he fed his mules, immediately after our arrival at Santiago.

Our conference was short, yet did not escape the observation of the soldiers; but they suspected no collusion, as they saw my attention exclusively and angrily directed towards the disordered state of the baggage. My fears were, however, revived at the barrier of Santiago, where we were delayed by the Custom-house officers, who insisted on searching my effects. The pride of authority rescued my papers from this fresh hazard, for the Sergeant declared that I was wholly under the military arm; that he was bound to consign me to the Captain-General of the province; that, in my actual position, I was not amenable to any civil power, and he would not tolerate the interference of any civil officer. After a

warm discussion, we proceeded through the city to the residence of the Captain-General. He was taking his siesta, and I was detained rather longer than I approved of, in an apartment opening into the audience room. He was at length declared too unwell to transact business that evening, and soon afterwards the Secretary of Police came to me, examined my passport, declared that it was perfectly correct, and expressed his astonishment at the conduct of the Authorities of Lugo, whom he denominated madmen. He said, he should represent their folly and insolence in the strongest colours to the Captain-General, begged me to accept a thousand apologies, and restored me at once to perfect liberty. This decision was received with great applause by my Royalist companions, who, now no longer my guards, insisted upon accompanying me as friends to the Estrella inn. I was happy to see them in that capacity, and glad to be released from their perpetual vigilance. The inn was kept by a Frenchman, and was far superior in comfort and cleanliness to my last abode, the Viuda San Valentina, though no familiar visits from the great Patron Saint of Spain were recorded in its annals.

CHAPTER VI.

Author Arrested again—Description of Eguia, then Captain-General, now the famous Carlist Chief commanding in Biscay—Eguia's Tribunal—Author Examined—Remains in Santiago on Parole—State of Public Feeling—Immense Power of the Clergy—Spanish Notions of Religious Freedom—Love and Devotion in Spain—Vigilance of the Police—Señor Atocha—Eguia's Tribunal—Author Restored to Liberty—Re-enters Portugal.

I WAS now free; but when I reflected upon the arbitrary measures pursued by the Authorities, in summoning me to their conclave in the middle of the night, and compelling me to undertake a long and difficult expedition, during an inclement season; when I remembered, also, the strict injunctions to prevent my escape; my sudden and unconditional release appeared even more astonishing than my previous arrest. I could not divine the reasons which had induced those worthies to send me so jealously guarded to the capital of Gallicia, and then let me loose in the streets, and bid me go about my business. But while I was musing on the strange conduct of men who seemed to be rather guided by caprice than by any consistent motive, another vicissitude of fortune was at hand. Early on the following morning I was again placed under arrest.

At twelve o'clock the Secretary of Police called on me, and requested me to accompany him to the audience room, where the Captain-general awaited my arrival.

I found Eguia, the Captain-General of Gallicia, in a lofty room, looking like an Inquisitor of old, a black cap on his head, and indeed entirely habited in black, sitting in a chair of state before a long table covered with green baize, and surrounded by officers, and persons connected with the police. We exchanged salutations coldly, and I sat down in a chair immediately opposite to his. He broke silence by expressing his regret at finding himself under the necessity of proceeding with an inquiry, rendered indispensable by my conduct; but, in the first place, he thought it right to urge me in the most solemn manner to make a full confession of every particular. I said, in answer, that no words could express the astonishment produced in my mind by the extraordinary conduct that had been adopted towards me; I had been forcibly conveyed across the mountains to Santiago, without having received the most distant intimation of the reasons which had induced the Authorities to resort to such a measure; I had been, however, last night, released, and assured by the Secretary, that the Central Government of the province was both astonished and displeased at the proceedings of the police

of Lugo. I was, therefore, much surprised at his Excellency's address:

He answered, that the Secretary was not then aware of the secret correspondence that had taken place respecting me; or, that the Authorities of Lugo were acting in concert with the Government of Santiago. The Secretary had merely looked at my passport, and finding it correct had censured their proceedings, under the mistaken impression that my arrest had been founded on some supposed informality in that document. He concluded by urging me again, most solemnly, to confess, as any evasion would be useless; for he assured me that every act I had committed, every opinion I had expressed, and almost every word I had uttered since my entrance into Spain, were known to the tribunal of the police. From the emphatic tone in which he made this assertion, and from the deep attention with which it was received, a stranger might have supposed that he arrogated to himself the power of seeing into all hearts, and that his claim to such a divine attribute was acquiesced in by his retainers. But in fact, this manner is assumed to surprise the unguarded conspirator into a full confession of his crimes, by persuading him that he is surrounded by an invisible, but overwhelming and omniscient agency, from whose toils there is no escape. I replied with warmth, that I had no

confession to make; that I had not offended wittingly against any law of Spain; that I could not have expressed any disloyal opinions, because I entertained none; and finally, I called upon him to state the names of my accusers, and the nature of the charges preferred against me. He said, the charges were of the gravest kind, and the accusers, persons in whom the Government had the firmest reliance; but added, that it was not customary to satisfy the accused on these points.

An examination then took place, extremely curious, as it illustrates in the most striking manner the general accuracy and extent of information, which the Spanish police are, or rather were under the old system, enabled to command on certain subjects; it also impressed me with the occasional fallacy of strong circumstantial evidence, as, in this case, a multitude of trivial circumstances, apparently led to one positive conclusion; the immediate inferences drawn from the separate facts were often correct, while the deduction from the aggregate was completely false.

They evidently believed that I was a Spaniard; that, acting in concert with the Spanish Constitutional refugees in Portugal, I had entered Gallicia to establish communications with the malcontents, and ascertain the state of the forts, and the general disposition of the people pre-

vious to an invasion. I was surprised at the degree to which my movements had been observed, and questions which I had asked in different parts of the country, noted down and compared; and thus a string of facts had been collected together, and were combined with so much ingenuity, as to establish against me a strong presumptive case of suspicion.

To give my readers some conception of the nature of this singular investigation, I will insert some of the questions and replies, nearly as they were asked and answered; at least, as they were committed to paper immediately after the examination, when they were still fresh in my recollection.

Eguia, Captain-General.—"Are you aware that you have disturbed the tranquillity of the whole province of Gallicia?"—"Certainly not. I thought that I had passed through the province without attracting attention, or giving offence to the Authorities by word or deed."

Capt.-General.—"You have assigned different motives for your expedition into Spain; and have entered the kingdom upon false pretences."—"I have not; nor can you make good your assertion."

The Captain-General turned slowly round to one of the officers standing near him, and whispered in his ear. The officer disappeared for a moment, and then returned with a heap of papers. Eguia selected a few from the file, and resumed.

"Did not you bring a letter of introduction to Don ——?"—"I did."

Capt.-General.—"And to Don ——?"—"I did."

Capt.-General.—"To Don —— also, and to Don ——?"—"Yes."

Capt.-General.—"Did not you deviate from the high-road, and cross some miles of difficult country to see Don ——?"—"I certainly did."

Capt.-General.—"Do you acknowledge yourself to have been the bearer of a letter to this effect?"

He then read extracts from a letter addressed by a gentleman in England to a Spaniard, stating that I was proceeding to the Peninsula to recruit my health in its genial climate, and requesting him to show me every attention.—"I certainly brought a letter to that effect, though I cannot charge my memory with the precise words."

He then read another, written by an English merchant at Oporto. It stated, that I was on the point of leaving that city to explore the natural beauties of Gallicia, and concluded nearly in these words: "He intends to ride through the wildest part of your province. I wish he would defer his expedition till the summer, as he is much too late in the year for your mountains, and must expect bad weather and much hardship; but he is fond of enterprise and seems callous to these considerations."

"Do you acknowledge this letter?"—I assented.

Capt.-General.—"Perhaps you will also agree with me that the motives assigned for your journey, in these two letters, are not very consistent?"—"This circumstance admits of explanation."

The Captain-General bowed, with that peculiar inclination of the head, which indicates, what, if expressed in words would be, "I do not contradict you, but allow me to draw my own inference." And then, as if determined to overwhelm me by the number of my own confessions, and by a mass of contradictory statements on the part of my friends, he produced a third letter, which declared that my chief motive in visiting Gallicia was the desire of becoming acquainted with the remains of art scattered over the province; that I was fond of Spanish lore, and should be gratified by the sight of any records which threw light upon the ancient usages of the people. A fourth, and last, was then summoned "from the vasty deep," which stated, without any circumlocution, that my inquiries were chiefly, if not exclusively, directed to the actual state of the country.

"So that according to the deposition of your friends," the Captain-General observed, "it appears, that ill health which has forced you from your own country; a thirst for enterprise which has driven you into our mountains; the Galli-

cians as they were, and the Gallicians as they are, have been each successively declared the principal objects of your expedition into Spain."

It must be confessed that such conflicting statements may well have appeared extremely suspicious to persons so utterly unacquainted with English habits as the Spaniards. The fact is, the greater part of these letters were given me by the merchants of Oporto, just before I commenced my Gallician tour; and as it is customary in the Peninsula to assign some reason for travelling, in letters of introduction, all alleged some motive, and probably no two persons fixed upon the same; each writing what occurred to him at the moment, or, what he thought most adapted to the taste and habits of his correspondent. Englishmen, accustomed to roam over every quarter of the globe, attach little importance to the reasons which induce a man to undertake any expedition however distant, or foreign to the ordinary route of travellers. But the Spaniard, who never enters on a journey without having a specific and personal object in view, becomes very suspicious of hidden and ulterior projects, if there be any inconsistency in the ostensible motives of the expedition.

The Captain-General continued. "You have chosen an extraordinary time of the year to ramble over our mountain-districts."—"I had

no option with respect to time, as I must shortly return to Lisbon."

Captain-General.—"Yet while you travelled through days of continued rain to visit obscure places, that could possess no interest in your eyes, except in a political point of view, you neglected objects highly interesting to an antiquarian, or to a man of taste. For instance, you did not visit this very apartment."

Now that audience-room was certainly fine and well proportioned, but had no particular attractions to a man who had wandered among the palaces of Europe till he was tired of their very names, and had seen apartments immeasurably grander than the one in question. However, I should not have advanced my interests by mortifying Spanish pride, so policy kept me silent, and I gave no utterance to the thought which naturally arose in my mind.

But although his allusion to that particular room was founded on that little vanity which so often induces men to overrate objects in any way connected with themselves, there was both truth and shrewdness in the general observation. The desire of becoming acquainted with the actual state of the country induced me to undertake the expedition, and I constantly deviated from the high-road to communicate with persons for whom

I had letters, and to obtain the desired information. As the English at Oporto were principally connected with the Liberal party in Spain, my letters were often addressed to individuals, as I afterwards found, notoriously disaffected to the Government; a circumstance which did not prejudice my inquiries, as I made allowance for the natural bias of my informants, and became acquainted, through their means, with persons of different opinions; but it was eminently calculated to excite the jealousy of the police. They soon discovered that my inquiries were generally directed to political matters: and it appeared, in their eyes, highly improbable, that I should encounter so much trouble for the sole purpose of becoming minutely acquainted with the actual state of political feeling in Spain. They accordingly solved the difficulty, by concluding that I was one of the many emissaries who had lately traversed Gallicia with secret instructions from the exiled Constitutionalists. Having once decided upon my vocation, they soon fitted me with an identity, as will appear in the sequel. But to resume the examination:—

Capt.-General.—"Your inquiries were everywhere of a political nature. Did not you pay great attention to the dock-yards at Ferrol?"—"I certainly beheld that great national work with

considerable interest. In the eyes of a Spaniard such an admission can, I think, be prejudicial to no man."

Capt.-General.—"Did you not examine minutely the fortifications of Lugo?"—"At Lugo I certainly walked round the ramparts and examined some ancient masonry, but was accompanied by the Governor of the town. The presence of an officer, filling so high a post under the Crown, ought surely to have protected me from any injurious suspicions."

Eguia looked annoyed at this remark, but let it pass. After a momentary pause he continued. "Were you not joined at Corunna by a dark man who accompanied you to the dock-yard, and departed after a secret consultation with you? Did he not also call himself an English Fidalgo? Some years have elapsed since any foreign noble has been in Gallicia. Is it probable that two should meet accidentally at the same time, at the same place, and proceed together to examine one of our strongholds?"—"I cannot say whether such an event be probable, but thus it actually occurred. My friend Lord C—— was driven into Corunna by stress of weather, during my stay in that town, and being desirous of seeing Ferrol we joined parties and proceeded to that port. I remember no secret consultation. We certainly dined together after our visit to the arsenal, but

every word that passed between us might have been reported to the Government with my entire consent."

Capt.-General.—"Were you not urged by some friends on board the steam-boat to proceed to Lisbon by that conveyance, and did you not answer, that you should like it well, as you were tired of travelling in bad weather, but that you must positively see Gijon, an obscure place at a great distance from Corunna, difficult of access, and possessing no interest or consideration, except in a particular point of view; or, to speak more clearly, except as a place of descent on the coast?"

I have explained to the reader my reason for wishing to see Gijon; to the Captain-General I made no reply.

Capt.-General.—"Did not you engage a passage in a small vessel bound to Gijon, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of your friends? When the British Consul came down to the inn and attempted to dissuade you from so rash an undertaking, did you not reply that you were bent on seeing Gijon; and were you not solely frustrated by a continuance of adverse and tempestuous winds? Can you assign any reason for this extraordinary conduct?"

I was rather at a loss for a reply, at length I said,—"I wished to see Asturias; it is the only Spanish province I have not seen."

Capt.-General.—"Pardon me, Señor; you have stated in former conversations that you have never been in Estremadura."

I was really astonished at this instance of the Captain-General's minute information.—"Your Excellency is right," I replied, "and seems to possess a more distinct recollection of my movements than I do myself. I believe I have never been in Estremadura."

Capt.-General.—"You admit that you were in Spain some time ago. Pray name the period."—"During the years 1821 and 1822."

The Captain-General observed, that their suspicions were now confirmed, and acquainted me, for the first time, with the exact nature of the charges upon which I had been arrested. It appeared, that a gentleman of the name of G—— had taken an active part in the excesses committed by the Constitutionalists during those years, and, after the fall of the Constitution in 1823, had placed himself at the head of a band of partisans and had carried on a desperate struggle in the mountains, whence he had ultimately effected his escape. He was about my own age, and some real or fancied resemblance in my person to that Chief had given rise to the belief that G—— had re-entered Spain, pretending to be an Englishman.

This idea was communicated to the police, who

already viewed my movements with suspicion. They consequently made some peasants, who had seen the Chief in question, enter an inn where I was sitting over the kitchen fire, address me, and observe my features narrowly. These men returned to their employers under the full belief that I was the identical man. Their depositions were transmitted to the Government at Santiago, which immediately forwarded instructions to the authorities at Lugo to arrest me on my arrival at that town, and send me to the capital of the province.

The Captain-General then read letters from several individuals, whose names he would not disclose, but who all concurred in suspecting the motives of my journey, and strongly advised my arrest. I discovered some of the writers from particular circumstances to which they alluded; and perceived with regret, that in several instances they were persons from whom I had received great attention.

Eguia dwelt much on my resemblance to the Spaniards; the colour of my hair and eyes; the darkness of my complexion: my general manners, and even my habits, he said, were purely Spanish. I pleaded in opposition, my foreign accent and imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language. He admitted my plea, but observed that these were positively the only circumstances which

favoured my claim to an English origin, and being easily feigned, but slightly militated against the mass of evidence accumulated on the other side. He then declared his concurrence in the general belief, and strengthened his final arguments by specific allusions to the Spanish length, and breadth, and blackness of my whiskers. Hearing myself described as totally unlike my countrymen, and rather nettled at the remark, I said, perhaps idly, that I had only one observation to make. The General did not hear me; but the Police, in the true spirit of exaggeration, immediately informed him that I had something to reveal, and he, with an equal readiness of apprehension, supposed that I was on the eve of making a full avowal of my crimes. He waved his hand to the persons surrounding the table, to retire; a signal which they most reluctantly obeyed, only falling back as far as the door, where they stood eager to catch every syllable of the forthcoming confession. The Captain-General, well pleased that his oratory had at length prevailed, and fully expecting some mighty divulgement, bent forward with a most encouraging air, saying, that he would listen patiently to every particular; the police fixed their eyes intently upon me; the notaries resumed their pens, and a breathless silence prevailed. But when I was compelled to repeat

the trifling observation which had given birth to such high raised expectations, and which in fact was only that Englishmen had long, black, and broad whiskers, in common with the rest of mankind, the amusement of the spectators and the displeasure and disappointment of the authorities were truly ludicrous. A titter, repressed only by the awe in which the Captain-General and the Police were held, ran round the apartment, while Eguia drew himself up with a most indignant growl, vastly annoyed at the pompous dismissal of the spectators, and at all the solemn proceedings which had ushered in such a ridiculous declaration. This circumstance at once put an end to the examination, which had lasted two hours.

I returned to the inn, where I remained under surveillance, and was visited in the evening by the Intendant of the police, who communicated to me Eguia's final decision. He had determined to send an express to Mr Bartlett, the British Consul at Corunna, desiring him to state whether he could positively assure the Government that I was a native of Great Britain, and the person whom I professed myself to be; and whether he would guarantee the legitimacy of the objects I had in view in visiting Spain. The Intendant added, that in consideration of the rank I might possibly be found to possess, Eguia would, in the mean time,

only require my parole of honour, and the public appearance of some friend, as fiador, who would be held responsible for my presence in the city.

During my examination the Captain-General had requested me to name the persons resident at Santiago to whom I had delivered letters of introduction. I was embarrassed by the question, because I felt that, in the equivocal position in which I then stood, I could hardly name an individual without involving him in the suspicion that attached to myself. A moment's reflection, however, convinced me that the question was only asked to ascertain whether I should attempt to practise any deception. The Police had kept so vigilant an eye on all my movements, that they could not fail of knowing the persons with whom I had associated, and would certainly have imputed criminal motives to my friends, from any attempt on my part to conceal their names. I therefore mentioned some, and among others, Don Louis R——.

When the Secretary had communicated to me the Captain-General's decision, he requested me to accompany him to Don Louis's house; where a great, and, apparently, a very disagreeable sensation was produced by the appearance of the Secretary of the Police. The servant who opened the door, instead of showing us to the apartment

where her master was sitting, retreated in most admired disorder, leaving us in a dark passage to make the best of our way into the parlour.

Don Louis, who was transacting business, dropped some papers from his hand, in the alarm and surprise excited by the abrupt entrance of the dreaded functionary, and the strangers who were with him hastily glided out of the room. His apprehensions were not diminished by a peremptory order to give up his papers, and particularly to produce the letter he had received from me. Don Louis placed this valuable document in the hands of the Secretary, who examined it carefully, and becoming in some degree reassured by the harmless nature of its contents, informed him of the circumstances under which I had been arrested; and asked him whether he would become my Fiador, and pledge himself for my appearance at any moment that the Captain-General might require my presence. He said that, in default of such an arrangement, it would be necessary to keep me in strict confinement. The old man consented, and my situation became more tolerable. It is true, that a police officer was always stationed at the door of the inn, and regularly gave notice to some of his brethren whenever I left the house. They followed me through all my wanderings, keeping their eyes constantly upon me, but with-

out any active interference, and remaining so far aloof, that I became at length almost indifferent to such a mitigated surveillance.

During the remainder of the time I spent at Santiago I was treated with the utmost kindness by Don Louis and his son, and passed many pleasant hours in their family circle. During my previous visit to that city, the incessant rain had left upon my mind a very unfavourable impression of the surrounding scenery; but my opinion was completely changed when I saw it under the magical influence of a cloudless sky. Like the countenance of a pretty child, that country should be seen, not in tears, but in its laughing hours. It cannot boast of those striking features which retain their grandeur under every fluctuation of the atmosphere, but has all those softer charms, which rivet the eye, when clad in sunshine, though totally lost in the mists of a stormy day. The foreground is varied, and beautifully undulated, and the view is terminated by a range of blue mountains which rise boldly in the distance. I wandered almost every morning to a picturesque quarry, where I sat enjoying the prospect, till I perceived that my occupations were minutely observed, upon which I deserted my favourite spot, recollecting that even inanimate rocks must not be too much inspected in troubled times; "*etiam saxa loquuntur.*"

The dominion of the priests was then absolute at Santiago, and I was told that the outward indications of religious feeling had latterly increased. Before the revolution of 1820, faction was asleep; the Church and her partisans were not aware that the ground upon which they stood was undermined, and that the ancient institutions of the land were actually nodding to their fall.

The events of the following years opened their eyes; the facility with which the old Government was overthrown, and the evident intention of the Constitutionalists, during their day of power, not to reform, but to exterminate the priesthood, awakened their inmost fears, and roused an implacable spirit of vengeance. They naturally supposed that their existence, as a body possessing rights defined and recognised by the state, could only be secured by rooting out every vestige of principles espoused by a party whose hostility to their interests was so deadly and uncompromising. Even the moderate partisans of the Church, distrusting her actual strength and conscious of the great though latent danger, entered warmly into the measures adopted for her defence; while her more heated and enterprising adherents fell into the errors of an age gone by, revived the exploded doctrine, that men should be proscribed, not merely for their actions, but for their opinions, and loudly called for the re-

establishment of the Inquisition, as the only engine which could enable them to carry their giant schemes into complete operation. And yet, however exaggerated the views entertained by some of the priesthood, they were, as a body, engaged in a war of self preservation, not of aggression.

The progress of Constitutional principles, and the imminent danger in which the Church was placed, during the revolution of 1822, had the same effect upon their clergy which the growth of the dissenting interest has in some degree produced on ours. Their exertions to obtain influence over the people were never so great and sustained, as since they felt the danger of losing it entirely; and in many parts of the country, their labours were at that time rewarded by a proportionable increase of zealous feeling.

In Santiago itself the rites of public worship had never been so solemnly performed, the processions so frequent and interminable, or the voice of prayer so continual in the streets, as within the two years previous to my arrival. And effectively, although the High Church party failed in the struggle, then carrying on, to gain a complete ascendency over the Crown, their power was at this time inordinately great in the provinces, and frequently overshadowed the civil authority.

This peculiar state of things may be well illus-

trated by a little circumstance. I was walking one morning in the immediate environs of Santiago with an intelligent young Spaniard; he had been discussing political questions with great freedom; he had alluded with regret to the fall of the Constitution; he had mentioned in terms of unbounded censure the actual system of government, and had even spoken with contumely of the formidable Eguia. I happened, in the course of conversation, to ask him whether he did not think that some of the evils which afflicted Spain might be ultimately traced to the celibacy of the clergy. We were walking at the moment, but he stopped abruptly when I put this question; his face became flushed and he actually trembled, but quickly recovering himself he answered, "If the Captain-General and the Police knew that I had assented to such a proposition, the lowest and darkest dungeon in the city would not be low or dark enough for me." Yet this man, who treated the general system of civil government, and even the actual authorities, with open contempt, trembled at the idea of being supposed to cast the slightest doubt, even in the most indirect manner, upon any part of the practice of the Church.

But if the Spanish clergy, writhing under a bitter sense of unprovoked and recent persecution, were struggling to retain their empire over the

minds of men by means not altogether suited to the tolerant spirit of the age; Spain's liberal politicians, among the lower, and often among the middling classes, were far less advanced in the career of Christian charity than the calumniated members of the Church, and frequently entertained notions of religious toleration, well suited to the days of the second Philip.

Democratic opinions are no where more extreme than among the Spanish liberals; but in no country is the philosophy of freedom, civil or religious, less understood. I remember talking to a liberal in Valentia about the Inquisition, against which he declaimed with a truly patriotic energy. That institution was most annoying, he said, from its interference with the freedom of private life. "I hate oppression in any shape," he continued, "I am a friend to the human race; if, indeed, there be a Jew among us, burn him, I say, burn him alive; but interference with honest men like you and me, on account of our opinions, is beyond endurance."

Such barbarous and grotesque discrepancies between the most intolerant practice, and a profession of the most liberal opinions, are, of course, among the higher order of Spanish liberals, corrected by greater information and greater knowledge of the world; but the same utter misconception of the real principles of toleration actuates

their conduct. The law, in their opinion, should, in theory, be equally applicable to all parties; but to act on the principle of administering the same measure of justice to the opponent, as to the friend of the prevailing policy, to the Carlist, as to the Queenite, would be reprobated as an indication of positive weakness, or, more probably, resented as a proof of covert treason. The notion of impartial dealing between man and man, without reference to the political opinions he may entertain, is, in their eyes, a practical mistake, attributable only to incapacity or collusion.

But I was speaking of the effects and extent of the clerical influence, of which, even in my own examination before the Captain-General, I perceived some traces. I was reminded of some questions, which I had certainly asked, but remembered distinctly having only put them to one individual, who, I have every reason to believe, communicated them to the priest, by whom they were transmitted to the police. I do not accuse the Spanish clergy of violating the sacred trust reposed in them at the confessional—of this I am sure they are incapable—but I do think they often persuade their penitents to make, or at least to sanction, any revelations the Church may deem expedient; and this course I think is pursued still more where women are concerned. When

the devotional feeling is strongly impressed on the mind of a fair Spaniard, it supersedes every other, even the deep-rooted passion of love; but this excess of zeal is chiefly found in the remote provinces.

Under the influence of this engrossing passion the character of the Spanish woman becomes altogether changed. If once persuaded that the man she loves is conspiring against the Church, every avenue to her heart, that well of deep and inexhaustible feeling, is closed at once against him; an unworthy system of deception, the offspring of a false, but not of a debased principle, is substituted for her former sincerity; she believes that her own, that his salvation, that the immortal weal of thousands whom his machinations may endanger, imperiously require her to sacrifice every personal feeling; to dive into his inmost thoughts for the purpose of betraying them, and to treasure up, and afterwards reveal, every careless word breathed in the hours of dalliance, or dropped in the unguarded moment of powerful emotion.

During the civil war there were instances, of women, misled by their phrenzied attachment to the Church, who actually received their unwary admirers in the warm embrace of love, and even in that hour of reciprocal passion, dealt the fatal blow with a firm hand, but an agonized heart.

These remarks only apply to those volcanic dispositions, still, though but occasionally, found in parts of Spain, over which religion exercises her most fanatic sway, and to those particular cases in which the safety of the Church is considered by the impassioned votaress as imperiously opposed to the dictates of the heart. Generally speaking, love and religion are twin sisters in Spain, and accord extremely well: in England, that land of pure religion, a man of pleasure endeavouring to engage the affections of a married woman systematically undermines every sacred impression, and keeps out of sight all that can possibly promote religious zeal. In Spain, he attains his object by a different course; religion is too often made subservient to his views, he frequents the holy festivals which she attends, the deep devotion of her spirit lives upon his lips; and if he cannot kneel by her side in the long aisle, at least she knows, too well, that his eye is upon her. Spanish devotion is often attired in gloomy colours. I have seen the antiquated dames of Murcia solemnly pacing the public walks of their city with little scourges attached to their dress, and knotted for the purpose of self torture. But their faith is sometimes clad in a light and brilliant livery; "*la religion, l'amour, le parfum et les fleurs,*" all mingling in one flowery but delusive path.

Before I relieve my readers from any further

mention of my Gallician adventure, I must notice an incident, unimportant in itself, but curiously illustrating the vigilance of the Spanish police, and the intense acuteness of their observations in disturbed times. As the Indian discovers the recent footsteps of an enemy, on wastes that appear absolutely trackless to less gifted eyes, so the Spanish police follow their prey by indications so faint and infrequent, as wholly to escape the perception of less practised minds. I have already said that on my first arrival at Lugo, I took some refreshment in a small tavern at the entrance of the town; the bill being very moderate, and having no small change, I gave the waiter as much for himself as the dinner had cost. The man casually adverted to the circumstance before an agent of the police, whose curiosity was excited by a statement that would have attracted no attention from any other individual. He shrewdly remarked, that the act, trifling as it might appear, was rather the act of a gentleman than of the little traders who travelled along that road, and put up at the inn. He knew that they were well acquainted with the exact proportion which should subsist between the amount of the bill, and the payment of the waiter, and would not have been induced, by any accidental circumstances, to have given a fraction beyond the necessary sum. Under this impres-

sion, he entered the tavern, seated himself opposite to me, scrutinized my movements, observed my general manner, and soon became convinced that I was the individual whose appearance had been described to the Police, and whom they had been long expecting. He immediately communicated to his superiors the result of his observations, and I was in consequence arrested during the ensuing night.

I remember seeing a similar instance of extreme subtlety in the police, during a still more distracted period, for at such times every faculty is quickened to a wonderful extent by an active and perpetual sense of impending danger. During the great northern insurrection in 1822 I walked from Irun to Fontarabia; and entering the town explored it, and, being as usual mistaken for a Spaniard, was unmolested by any questions. I might then have retraced my steps unsuspected, but wishing to obtain a fuller view of the glorious prospect before me, I endeavoured to approach the edge of the cliff, which was separated from me by a low wall. Being extremely short-sighted I did not immediately perceive a breach, through which it was perfectly easy to pass, but went to the head of the wall and skirted it downwards till I reached the aperture. This circuitous process was observed by an officer of the police, who instantly concluded that I was unacquainted with

the place, consequently a stranger, and, therefore, a suspicious character. He joined me, entered into conversation, and finally gave me up to the Authorities, by whom I was examined, and sent back to Irun under an escort.

But to return to my narrative. While I remained at Santiago in this state of partial freedom, I was one day visited by a Spaniard dressed in a naval uniform, and apparently a professional man. He said, that happening to lodge in the same house, and having heard that an Englishman of rank was detained under vexatious circumstances, he had thought himself bound in courtesy to call upon me, and make me a free tender of his services. We conversed for some time on general subjects; his appearance was highly prepossessing; his manners had the courtesy and distinction of high birth; he was eminently handsome; his fine dark eyes often kindled with enthusiasm, and a strong tinge of romance pervaded all he said, and seemed inherent in his character. He showed me some verses to a lady; verses full of fire and feeling, which he had apparently just composed, for the ink was scarcely dry. He dwelt, with an emphasis that was irresistibly comical, upon every epithet sacred to the Dulcinea of his strain, for whom he seemed to feel a chivalrous devotion, the true love of the middle ages, which could not tolerate any com-

petition with the object of its idolatry. He was a genuine child of romance, for engrossed by the idea of his absent mistress, and hurried on by his poetic ardour, he never once reflected on the singular appearance which such unusual frankness of communication from a perfect stranger must have had in my eyes. Such was the apparent character of the man; but I will not conceal from my readers that a shade of suspicion respecting the real object of his visit occasionally crossed my mind. I knew that the police made use of various means to extract information from suspected persons, and frequently employed agents to elicit facts, and obtain admissions under the mask of friendship, which could not be extorted by any legal process. Now certainly the apparent openness and generosity of Atocha's character, and the unreserved nature of his conversation, were highly calculated to call forth some degree of reciprocal confidence from a stranger, friendless and unacquainted with the subtle intrigues of the Spanish police, and the circuitous paths by which they often obtain their information. Other circumstances in some degree strengthened this disagreeable impression. My sitting-room was only separated from an adjoining apartment by a door which was kept constantly locked, and I heard, upon two different occasions, when engaged in conversation, a rustling near

the key-hole, as if some persons on the other side were in the act of listening. Upon inquiry I learnt that the apartment was occupied by Señor Atocha; but he was frequently out of the house, and it is possible that others may have taken advantage of his absence. In his interview with me he certainly led the conversation more than once to the cause of my arrest, but it is probable that curiosity alone dictated his inquiries. I was unwilling to attribute unworthy motives to a man, upon whose open brow honour and truth seemed written in characters too legible to be mistaken; but experience had taught me to distrust actions which, under happier circumstances, could have borne no invidious construction. For at that time friend suspected friend, and the father could hardly place reliance on his son: in such a state of society, suspicion becomes not an occasional inmate, but a prevailing habit of the mind; nor is this the least evil resulting from long-continued civil dissensions.

A day or two after this visit, the Secretary of the Police called at the inn, and requested me to accompany him to the audience-room, where I found the Captain-general enthroned. Eguia informed me that he had just received a dispatch from Mr. Bartlett, the British Consul at Corunna, declaring that I was an Englishman, and the person whom I professed myself to be, guarantee-

ing the legitimacy of the objects I had in view, and in short, confirming all my statements." He was therefore pleased to tell me, that after such an explicit declaration from the British Consul, he could no longer entertain a doubt upon the subject, as he was a gentleman for whom he entertained the highest sentiments of respect. My manner and appearance were, however, so decidedly Spanish, that even now he was unable to convince the Police and others of a fact which the Consul's positive assurance alone induced him to credit. He said that the disasters into which I had fallen had been, to a great extent, the result of my own imprudent conduct; that the persons with whom I had associated, the political inquiries I had made, my frequent deviations from the high-road, and my wild and rambling excursions among the fastnesses, at such an unusual time of the year, had all confirmed the impression which my striking resemblance to the outlawed chief had originally created. He concluded by saying, that as the Government had resolved to liberate me, I should probably be disposed to leave Santiago on the following day. I assured the Captain-general that I was fully prepared to meet his wishes in that respect, and was anxious to have my passport made out for Orense on that very evening. The allusion to Orense threatened to produce a fresh commotion: looks of horror

and suspicion were renewed among the agents of the Police, and the Captain-general declared that the safety of the people entrusted to his charge rendered it absolutely necessary that I should quit Spain, with all imaginable rapidity, by the road to Tuy, the most direct to the frontier. I replied, that of course no reason which I could allege would have any weight with his Excellency, if it were once established that my journey to Orense would disturb the tranquillity of Spain; but as I had actually made arrangements to re-enter the Trazos Montes by the north-eastern frontier, such a complete deviation from the route I had prescribed to myself would be attended with great personal inconvenience. He had, however, determined that I should leave Spain by the Tuy road, from which he requested me on no pretext to wander; and, to prevent me from holding communications with my supposed adherents, he specified certain towns, and villages in which alone I might pass the night. If found in Spain after the expiration of three days I was again liable to be arrested. He then expressed great anxiety for my safety, and recommended me to accept his offer of an escort, which should accompany me to the frontier, and effectually protect me from any popular ebullition. I perceived his real motive, and knowing well that these friends and protectors would speedily become my masters,

I thanked him for the interest he took in my safety, but expressed the utmost disinclination to deprive his Majesty of any defenders at a time when their presence was so much required at home.

Matters were then adjusted; I was conditionally restored to freedom, formal salutations were coldly exchanged between us, and we separated. Eguia was an admirable specimen of the old fanatic Royalist; yet all the zeal and ability which he displayed in detecting the most hidden conspiracies, and bringing to justice the most wary conspirators, could not preserve him from a fearful disaster, for he was dreadfully wounded in 1829 by the explosion of some fulminating powder, artfully placed under the seal of a letter; a base and malignant act, probably emanating from some exasperated victim of his severity. Having taken leave of my kind friends the Rivas I mounted my horse. My guardian Angel, in the shape of a Police-officer, remained to the last moment at his post near the inn. News from Catalonia arrived immediately previous to my departure from Santiago; the insurrection still continued to gain ground, the Queen had been insulted in her passage through Valentia, and the expected re-establishment of the Inquisition excited, in the highest degree, the hopes and fears of the conflicting parties.

And now having given a faithful account of the singular events which befel me in consequence of a misconception of my motives, I should be acting an uncandid and ungenerous part if I did not state, that calmly reflecting upon events, now long elapsed, I cannot impute much, if any blame to the Spanish Authorities. The civil war, then raging in the kingdom, the plots that were multiplying on all sides, and the spies who had lately inundated Gallicia, and were communicating with the Spanish democrats in Portugal, were circumstances pregnant with danger to the established Government. At the time, I was naturally annoyed at such an attack upon my liberty, but I can easily conceive that the local authorities may have considered it their bounden duty, in the critical situation of public affairs, to arrest a stranger, coming from a most suspected country; whose journey too was performed at a very unusual time of the year, and was accompanied by circumstances in some degree calculated to throw doubt upon his intentions. I think I might have experienced the same interruption under any Government so circumstanced; and of this I am sure, that had I been arrested by my Spanish liberal friends, under suspicion of Royalist intrigues, my thraldom would have been more protracted, and my treatment not quite so tolerable.

The evening was rainy, but the country through which I rode to Padron lively and diversified.

There I was refreshed by some tea, and fatigued by a host of insatiable women, who overwhelmed me with queries touching England. As a plain unvarnished statement of facts did not appease their appetite for the marvellous, I gratified their taste by assuring them that Englishmen were guaranteed by law in the undisturbed possession of four contemporary wives, and concubines *ad lib-tum.* They remarked that better conduct could hardly be expected from Jews, and the English were avowedly of the Jewish persuasion; but in return for my communications, they tried to convert me to the Catholic faith, and assured me, that, with such a pious object in view, they would raise no injudicious objections to a little well-timed gallantry, although such gentle lapses were considered by their Church as mortal sins.

On the following day I continued my journey to the frontier, through a delightful country. I met some Spaniards at Redondela, who asked me more questions than I thought right to answer at such a doubtful time. Near Tuy I saw a curious instance of that inaptitude to accommodate established habits to actual circumstances, so peculiar to the Spanish character, and some times so truly ludicrous in its results. A superior kind of countryman, driving a vehicle containing parcels and goods, (his own, moreover,) had been so unfortunate as to overturn it, not far from the gates of the town. The horse was lying under

the shafts, the vehicle was in the ditch, the goods were scattered along the road, and, although of a perishable nature, were lying, for the most part, immersed in mud. Under these circumstances any man but a Spaniard would have immediately assisted his horse to rise, would have examined his vehicle to ascertain that it had suffered no injury, and would have carefully replaced his goods: not so our friend the Spaniard; the hour had arrived at which he was accustomed to make his mid-day repast, and that repast was not to be postponed by any freak of malignant fortune; so, perched on one side of the subverted vehicle, he sat calm and conspicuous, knife in hand, leisurely apportioning his cheese to his bread, and eyeing with indifference, horse, vehicle, and soaking goods; nor till the inward man was thoroughly appeased, did he begin in sober earnest to inspect and repair the evil. He was a Catalan, and not a Gallician, and this slight incident is an apt and faithful illustration of the phlegmatic disposition of his countrymen, and of their dogged adhesion to ordinary habits under every contingency.

We sometimes hear, in France and England, of a spirit of encroachment, and a spirit of concession; in Spain, a spirit of *mal à propos*, if it may be so termed, unquestionably tinges the national character. I have heard, that in the agony of the

Cortes, and when the French were actually entering Cadiz, a glowing orator was arguing, with energy, on the exact degree of precedence which should hereafter be accorded to a Rear-Admiral of Constitutional Spain. There surely is, however remote, a family resemblance between our feasting farmer and the orator, for, under their respective circumstances, the feast and the argument were equally inappropriate.

At Tuy I met my old ally, the Consul's agent, who dispatched my business with great expedition. Here a member of the Police assured me that a detailed account of my arrest, and of the proceedings instituted against me, had been forwarded to their office, and added that my movements had been narrowly observed during my first visit to Santiago. While I was standing on the bank, expecting the boat destined to convey me across the Minho, a noble stream which here divides the rival kingdoms, two Capuchin friars approached me, and entering into conversation endeavoured, by many subtle questions, to discover the real object of my Gallician expedition. At length we embarked, and I bade a final farewell to Spain, renowned, romantic Spain; a country which I had found always fraught with stirring adventures, and always enveloped in the storms of civil dissension. I landed on the Portuguese shore, and breathed freely.

CHAPTER VII.

First Impressions confirmed—Surpassing Beauty of the Entre Minho—Superstition of the Bento—Convent of Thibaim—Guimaraens—Inhabitants of the Minho and Mountaineers of the Trazos compared—Breakfast in the Convent Parlour—Monkish Flattery—Return to Lisbon.

At Valença I called on the Governor, and in the evening attended a party at his house, where I was introduced to the ladies of his family, the officers of a regiment stationed in the town, and three fat and favourite pugs. I found the Governor, a most worthy man, in bed, suffering from indisposition, and a lady of a certain age, evidently wife, mother, or daughter, feeding him with affectionate solicitude. Valença is a place of great strength, and might easily demolish its sister town on the opposite bank: in allusion to its fortifications, some Portuguese officers observed, that their forbearance, in refraining from such a tempting act, was a signal proof of the national moderation, and added, as a supplement to the remark, that the strong were always merciful; as if the destruction of Tuy involved that of Spain, and would be followed by no retributive consequences.

The exquisite beauty of the country between Tuy and Ponte di Lima baffles all description. I rode among hills covered with cork and olive, over knolls partly bare and partly clothed with picturesque groups of chestnut, emulating the richest park scenery, and through fields of the most delightful verdure, intersected by streams of clear water, and overshadowed by ancient oaks. Here too the walnut grew profusely; that tree at once the beauty and disgrace of English scenery; for, in England, its leaves fall early in September, and its bare, denuded branches form a mournful contrast to the green luxuriance of the surrounding forest: with us, it is the first harbinger of winter, an early and unwelcome herald of the general dissolution; but, in the Minho, its foliage was unimpaired, even in the heart of November. The rare union of trees and shrubs belonging to different climates, and growing side by side, is the most striking feature of this earthly paradise. Here the north and south may be said to meet on amicable terms, for the Indian corn, the dark cork, the deep-green orange, and the luxuriant vine, then completely turned and of a bright-red colour, were beautifully interspersed with the oak, and elm, and the hardy vegetation of the northern world. At length I reached Ponte di Lima, and rambled along the banks of that delightful stream, the Cavado. I

thought I had never gazed upon a lovelier scene, as I saw the sun set gloriously behind a range of bold mountains then robed in the deepest purple, and illuminate with its last beams many peaceful and picturesque hamlets built of cork and thatched with broom. From Lima I rode on to Braga, through a continuation of the same enjoyable country and execrable roads; while the hedges, high and covered with wild flowers, reminded me of the lanes near Dawlish on a spring day; a little farther on, the pine abounded, mixed with the red heath in full bloom.

In the course of this day's journey we passed the hut of a lone Bento. The superstition of the Bentos is deeply rooted in parts of Portugal, and the Bentos and Bentas are greatly venerated. As the Bento is distinguished by the possession of extraordinary faculties during his mortal career, so his entrance into this world of grief and sin is accompanied by extraordinary circumstances. Before his birth strange and fearful lamentations are heard to issue from his mother's womb, and when born, the sign of the cross is seen distinctly marked on the roof of his mouth; his progress from infancy to manhood is characterized by unusual gravity, by an abstinence from all boyish amusements, by premature wisdom, and by a foresight exceeding that of man: no fraud, however well contrived, can escape his penetration; if an

offence has been committed, he fixes with unhesitating decision upon the offender; if a robbery has occurred, he indicates the place where the stolen goods are deposited, and names the robber. To him the shades of midnight are clear as the glare of noon; and if man's life be taken at that silent hour, his glance can pierce the darkness impenetrable by other eyes; and his awful voice proclaims the accursed man of blood.

And there, where his lonely hut lies buried amid crag and heath, there, after a heavy fall of rain, when the mountain streams are flooded, and the wild clouds chasing each other over the disordered face of heaven, there may be seen the aged Bento, filling the magic phial with the waters of seven different fountains; waters which, united by his pious hand, and at the fitting moment, have some strange inexplicable power to heal the most grievous maladies: there too, on the still eve, when not a breath disturbs the forest trees, that sainted and solitary mortal is beheld by a revering peasantry, culling simples from the hill-side, or kindling a mysterious fire upon the rock, and feeding it with the sable feathers of some spell-bound bird; a wonder-working combination which can infuse fresh vigour in the healthy, and restore to life the dying man.

Arrived at Braga, I stopped at the Dos Ami-

gos, and in the evening was visited by the Commandant. On the following morning I partook of a sumptuous breakfast at his house, after which he mounted me on a fine horse, and accompanied me to the Convent of Thibaim, a spacious edifice placed in the midst of an enchanting garden. The verdure was wonderfully rich; the roses in full bloom; and the whole country, seen from the convent windows, resembled a great extent of pleasure ground This monastery contains some pictures of considerable merit. Two are said to have been executed by Rubens, and I have little doubt that one at least is an original. There is also one by Raphael, and some others called Italian, which may, I think, be safely ascribed to the Bologna school. There are two pictures of Inez de Castro, the one representing her in the first blossoming of youth; the other, a few years later, when her charms had fully expanded. The general character of the colouring, the stiffness of the figure, and the hardness of the outline, fully establish their claims to antiquity. In the convent garden I observed a very peculiar species of poplar, with so large a leaf that I at first suspected it to be a variety of the banyan tree; as I returned to Braga, I saw the Indian corn, cut and piled around the trees, the stalk being left for cattle to feed on. A branch hung over the portal of a house, is here, as it was in

England during Shakspeare's time, an unfailing sign of entertainment for man and horse. In the evening, the Dean of Braga accompanied me to the Cathedral, an edifice possessing little beauty, but venerable from its antiquity, and supposed to have been built before the Moorish invasion. The scene was melancholy but imposing. The Archbishop had lately died, the walls were hung with black cloth, and the low funereal music, mingling with the tender voices of the young choristers, sounded sweetly but mournfully through the long aisles. The Archbishop of Braga is Primate of the two Spains, in virtue of his office; he, therefore, fills a post of the highest dignity, and at that time enjoyed an enormous revenue.

Early on the following morning I continued my journey. The vale of Braga richly wooded; the white walls of innumerable quintas peeping through the trees; the monasteries crowning the heights; the fleecy clouds, which rested midway on the adjacent hills, and the blue smoke, curling upwards from the town, produced a very pleasing effect. At Guimaraens I visited the old palace of the Kings, now converted into a barrack, and afterwards explored the castle, evidently built by the Romans in the days of their best workmanship, and still in high preservation. Prisoners for debt are now confined within its walls, which seem calculated to endure for ages. There

I saw a man whose haggard face was fearfully impressed by want and wretchedness; and when I gave him a piece of money he prostrated himself before me in the depth of his humility, with such an air of utter self-abasement, as hardly became a human being when addressing his brother man. The Cathedral of Guimaraens is ancient, and more worthy of notice from its extreme singularity than from any architectural merits. The old columns are strong, uncouth, and barbarous; the walls are partially tiled with china; and decorations in the most execrable taste have been added in latter times. Guimaraens contains many wealthy inhabitants, and some of the provincial nobles have houses in the town, and are by no means unpopular. The people were much attached to the convents, and particularly to the nunneries, which dispense assistance to the poor with great liberality. From Guimaraens I rode on to Oporto, which terminated an expedition attended with considerable hardship and fatigue, but full of interest and excitement. Since we left Santiago the weather had been truly delightful: the three weeks that succeed the heavy autumnal rains in Portugal are often the most agreeable in the year; and that season, known by the name of Saint Martin's summer, combines the unclouded sunshine and genial sen-

sations of the real summer, without its oppressive heat.

I had now traversed the Entre Minho twice, and during my second journey through the country was still more impressed with a sense of its surpassing beauty All that is most graceful in cultivated scenery, all that is most striking in the wild landscape, have combined to render this little district a fairy land. In the more sheltered situations of the Entre Minho the tea-plant and the Cape jessamine grow with little care, while the azereiro, or Prunus Lusitanica, the Cytisus, and several varieties of the Cistus tribe, are intermingled in gay profusion with the lofty broom of Madeira. The fields are full of Indian corn, the meadows are abundantly watered by artificial as well as by their own natural and beauteous streams; the sides of the hills, converted into terraces, are cultivated with exquisite care, the vines climb up the highest trees and at once embrace and unite the oak, the chestnut, and the poplar. Let the traveller pause in almost any valley of the Minho, and his eye will feast on all this rich detail of beauty, while from the adjacent heights of granite rock he will command a gorgeous scene of woodland, diversified by streams, and frequent cottages half-seen, half-hid by their embowering groves; he will perceive spots almost

inaccessible, yet reclaimed from the heathery mountain, planted with maize, and hanging as if in the air; he will gaze with admiration on the many remnants of the old warrior castles, each invested with its peculiar legend, and guarded by its own enchanted Mooress; and last, not least in beauty, on the convent towers, rising in peaceful pomp above the luxuriant plain.

His heart must be insensible to external influences who can behold without delight, or quit without regret, such a favoured country. Even the stern victors of the ancient world, little prone to the soft emotions of our nature, were vanquished by the bewitching beauty of the valleys of the Cavado. Upon the banks of that matchless stream they threw down the national eagles, and refused to leave that happy land. They caught the poetic spirit of the people, they called the Lima and the Cavado the rivers of oblivion, and, in a fit of passionate enthusiasm, forgot the ties that bound them to their distant home, and renounced the glories of Imperial Italy for the pastoral and peaceful seclusion of the Minho.

I have already observed that poetry and song are here much in vogue, indeed they seem the spontaneous growth of the mind; that tendency to poetic expression and poetic exaggeration in the ordinary intercourse of life, which characterizes the inhabitants of the Trazos Montes, is equally

remarkable in the Entre Minho, but is modified by the different character of the people and of the country. In the Minho the mind of man is more light and elastic, embellishing all it touches, investing matters of little interest with a nameless grace, and frequently adverting to common objects with an almost Oriental profusion of metaphor. But in the Trazos Montes the imagination of the mountaineer partakes of the gloom of his own less genial climate and of the Gothic world. For instance, the crimson clouds, that surround the setting sun, would be compared by the gay people of the Minho to the damask rose of their own enchanted valley of Barcelos, while the same clouds in the Trazos Montes would be likened to the blood of a slaughtered enemy. A difference equally striking pervades the provincial songs; soft and tender in the Minho, generally plaintive, but almost always celebrating the joys and sorrows of a gentle love, in the Trazos Montes they breathe more often the language of frantic passion and vehement revenge. The common peasant in the Entre Minho not unfrequently adopts the expressions and understands the delicacy of refined courtship; in the Trazos Montes he often holds the language, and is animated by the sentiments of a hero. The inhabitants of both provinces are loyal to excess. In the Minho, it is the unthinking, reckless, laughter-

loving loyalty of the Frenchman of the old school; but in the Trazos Montes, attachment to the Sovereign is, in times of trouble, a stern, engrossing passion which banishes every selfish consideration, and scarcely admits of a co-existing thought. The inhabitant of the Minho, under every fluctuation of feeling, enjoys equal and unclouded spirits; but his brother mountaineer, like the Highlander of old, is alternately wrought to the loftiest enthusiasm, or weighed down by the deepest dejection; and in that mood of mind, an omen from the river or the cloud will daunt a heart assailable by no mere mortal peril: he has indeed his golden dreams, his confident anticipations of success, but then he has his sure forebodings of approaching doom. Both the inhabitants of the Trazos Montes and of the Minho are devotedly attached to their native soil: the people of the Minho frequently maintain that neither the rest of Portugal, nor any known portion of the globe, can compete in beauty with their valleys, but that Heaven alone possesses such scenes of true enchantment.

I remained at Oporto for several weeks after my return from Spain. In the society of Count Villa Flor and his beautiful Countess, time glided rapidly and pleasantly away.

A few days previous to my departure from that city I accepted an invitation from Dona R——

P—— to breakfast with the nuns at the Convent of Benedictines. This amiable and interesting young lady was descended from a noble English family remotely connected with my own, and had recently taken the veil. Our party, consisting of my intelligent friend Mr. Whiteley, Mrs. Whiteley, another lady, and myself, were shown into the convent parlour, where we found breakfast prepared; about the same time the Lady Abbess, accompanied by some young nuns, entered an adjoining apartment, only separated from ours by a double grating. The reception she gave us was courteous, though dignified; the nuns were gentle and retiring in manner, yet totally free from any appearance of awkward embarrassment, joined gracefully, though but occasionally, in conversation. I observed on some of their countenances an expression pensive and resigned, but not indicative of mental disquietude; their deep black attire accorded well with the clear paleness of their complexions; the mantilla depended from the head, protecting rather than shrouding the face; their hair was parted in the Madonna style, and a curious kind of whalebone projected from the forehead in a curve and rested upon the nose.

After breakfast we walked through the convent church, and listened with delight to the rich sounds of its powerful organ, and saw the nuns

looking down upon us from another grate raised high above the body of the church. At length the grate was opened; the nuns descended, and warmly and affectionately embraced the ladies of our party, after which we exchanged salutations and departed. The general effect was pleasing, but I was still more impressed by a scene which I afterwards witnessed at the same place. I walked with my friend Mr. Whiteley to the church at a late hour on Christmas eve. It was brilliantly illuminated, and crowded to excess by persons flocking in from the country as well as from the town, anxious to behold the celebration of the Christmas rites, and animated by a spirit of the most fervent devotion. I felt no common interest, as I gazed upon those beautiful young women who appeared at the high and distant grate, waking at intervals the deep organ and accompanying it by their voices, voices of surpassing sweetness, which thrilled through a thousand hearts. Raised far above the lower world, they reminded me of the angelic host, seen by the awe-struck shepherds, on the blessed anniversary of that eve, floating upon the realms of space, breathing celestial strains and singing—"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth good will to Man."

I cannot quit this subject without stating my conviction that the aspersions cast upon the nuns

are, generally speaking, unjust. As far as regards the interesting persons to whom I have been alluding, their conduct was universally admitted to be pure, and unexceptionable; to call them blameless would be faint praise indeed,—their lives were spent in an uninterrupted exercise of the most active charity. In a country abounding in convents some few instances may be adduced of nuns who have broken their vows, overcome by the force of an earthly passion; but the disgrace entailed upon the sisterhood, by any detected frailty, is considered great, and the penalty inflicted upon the offender is proportionably severe.

I had now devoted more time to the North of Portugal than I had originally intended, and my departure from Oporto had been for several days delayed solely by the rough sea and tempestuous winds, which effectually prevented the steam-boat from quitting the harbour. At length the weather became more favourable, and having taken leave of my friends, I rose before break of day on the 27th of December, and embarked on board the steam-boat bound to Lisbon. But the discouraging accounts brought by the pilot of the state of the bar, determined the Captain to defer the voyage to another day. The passage of the bar is perilous when the sea is much disturbed, or the water low, as the only channel through which

a vessel can navigate in safety is shallow, confined, and hemmed in by rocks. It may easily be conceived that among the English society at Oporto, which is principally composed of gentlemen engaged in commerce, the state of the bar becomes a frequent and anxious subject of conversation at their evening parties. "How is the bar this evening?" is as often asked at an Oporto dinner as "Were you in the Park to-day?" in St. James's Square. There are some curious facts connected with this dangerous accumulation of sand. The sea, previously tranquil, often rises in the immediate vicinity of the bar, and rushes in upon it with tremendous force, although no visible cause of excitement can be discerned, while, strange to say, a little farther along the shore the water remains completely undisturbed. Oporto is nearly three miles from the main ocean, but even at that distance I have been sometimes forcibly struck by the loud and awful roar produced by the sudden rise of the bar, unexpectedly breaking in upon the stillness of night.

A somewhat similar phenomenon sometimes prevails along the coast. Upon such occasions the whole sea becomes chafed without any assignable cause, and rolls in its mountainous surges upon the beach, although the day is perfectly calm, and there is not the lightest cloud, or the faintest breath of wind. Some persons attribute

this peculiar kind of ground-swell to the operation of heavy gales in distant seas: those gales, they suppose, chafe the waters under the influence of their own immediate action, and the waters, becoming disturbed, gradually communicate their own agitation to the remoter parts of the ocean.

I have observed the same kind of swell, in a lesser degree, at Bude Haven, a wild port on the Northern coast of Cornwall, which should be visited by every painter of the storm, and, indeed, by every man who loves the sea in its roughest mood: for he will there behold, on a tempestuous day, a size and grandeur of wave, and an uninterrupted surface of foam, such as perhaps no other part of the British coast can present. I asked an Irish sailor, who had lived two years at Bude, whether he had ever seen a wilder sea on his native shore. "Never, indeed, Sir," he replied, "and I verily believe that Bude Haven was the last harbour God Almighty made." * Those great masses of foam, contrasting with the dark crag of the coast, form not unfrequently a scene which Morland would have loved.

* It must not, however, be supposed that this place, so remarkable for the grandeur of its sea effects, is destitute of the comforts or conveniences of life. There is a very good hotel established at Bude, and good lodging-houses. Sir Thomas Acland has generously built a Chapel, at his own expense, where the Rev. Mr. King officiates, and delivers some of the most practical, yet eloquent sermons that it has ever been my lot to hear. The people are well disposed and grateful.

But I am wandering strangely from my subject. On the following morning I again rose before daylight, and embarked on board the steam-boat, where I finally took leave of my kind friend Mr. Whiteley, whom I quitted with real regret. The sun shone brightly on the beautiful banks of the Douro, as we glided down the river; but when we approached the formidable bar, the old doubts were revived, and the propriety of passing it was again called into question: the Captain, who had been prevented from quitting the harbour for two-and-twenty days by the state of the bar, became impatient of further delay, and decided in the affirmative. He was not, however, altogether without apprehension lest the water should prove too shallow, and he afterwards admitted, that there was only just sufficient depth to permit the free passage of the ship. Long before we reached the bar I was struck with the magnificent appearance of the distant breakers, which, succeeding each other rapidly, as they rolled in upon the shore, resembled spirited chargers with high crests, and white flowing manes coming proudly in at the end of the race. The passage of the bar was the work of a moment, and looking back upon it, it resembled a foaming whirlpool. Emerging from the channel, we entered on an enormous length of swell, the vessel alternately riding over a mountainous wave, and fall-

ing completely into a valley; a heavy sea, which prevailed only in the immediate neighbourhood of the bar, for as we receded from it the water became perfectly smooth.

Our progress was but slow, as the Captain did not venture to apply a strong horse-power to the engine, the vessel being shattered and unfit to navigate the Atlantic during the winter months. The state of that ship was a remarkable instance of the mischief arising from the system so much in vogue in Portugal, but so prejudicial to the public interest, of granting monopolies to favoured individuals. The communication between Lisbon and Oporto is so frequent, that the establishment of steam-boats would in all probability have been attended with perfect success, had free competition been allowed; but the right of carrying passengers, in vessels worked by steam, was restricted by the Government to a single individual. The public suffered extremely from this narrow policy; travellers, having no choice, were compelled to avail themselves of this the only conveyance; yet no improvements, and scarcely even the necessary repairs, were made in it, the proprietor being actuated by no fear of competition. In consequence, we spent no less than thirty-three hours in performing a voyage, which had been often performed in seventeen or twenty.

The last steam-packet, which ran between

Lisbon and Oporto, was lost, but the cause of the accident has never been fully understood, as there was little wind at the time, and the sea was calm. A noble who escaped from the wreck, related a curious anecdote of monkish flattery connected with the loss of the ship. In the desperation of that dreadful moment, when she struck upon the rock, many passengers, anxious to disengage themselves from the sinking vessel, sprang into the boats, which became overladen, and went down. A few days after this disaster, my friend met at court a Friar, who was also in the ship, and had like him escaped the fearful fate which surprised so many persons on the night of the wreck. The King inquired minutely into the particulars of an accident which was then the general subject of conversation. The Friar entered into all the details, and concluded by declaring that, at the moment when the boats went down, the dreadful certainty of approaching death was lost in an overpowering sense of loyalty; and that an unanimous shout of "Long live our excellent King!" was heard from the drowning crew. This little imaginary trait of devotion to the Crown, notwithstanding its great improbability, time and place considered, was highly palatable to the royal hearer; and my friend, a man of scrupulous veracity, was hugely discomfited

when his delighted Sovereign required him to confirm the truth of these loyal vociferations.

The day was beautiful, and the deck was profusely adorned with flowers and odoriferous plants. I fell asleep towards sunset, and did not awake till a late hour, when I arose and paced the deck. The scene was striking, but wild and dreary; black clouds were rapidly chasing each other over the face of heaven, and contrasted strongly with occasional intervals of deep-blue sky, upon which the stars were shining brightly: the immeasurable waste of waters obscurely seen by their dubious light, and undistinguishable from the horizon; the silence, broken only by the sullen dash of the waves, and the short, stern call of the men on duty, were all circumstances fraught with poetic interest. We passed the rock of Lisbon on the afternoon of the following day, and anchored in the Tagus as the last beams of the setting sun threw a fine glow over the river. Our passage from Oporto had been slow, but totally free from danger or alarm. Our party was singularly uninteresting; the only personage worthy of record was a French lady, who, rejoicing largely in flowers and feathers, affected a juvenile deportment: though somewhat *passée*, she was, however, still pretty; and benevolently disposed to be appropriated, either with, or with-

out, the nuptial ceremony. At times inordinately sick, she apparently derived unspeakable solace from the affectionate attentions of two parrots, three Canadian ducks, four gold-fish, a cat, a dog, a monkey, and a couple of hideous maids, who alternately laughed and wept over their recumbent mistress.

CHAPTER VIII.

Opening of the Cortes—The Chambers—Don Miguel's Arrival in the Tagus—Swears to maintain the Charter—Tumults—Melancholy Party at Bemfica—Progress of the Revolution—Policy of the Court—Emigration of the Imperialists—Interview with Count Villa Flor on board the Frigate—Visit to Costa—A Night's Adventure.

A FEW days after my arrival at Lisbon I engaged apartments at a Spaniard's house, which was situated on the Caes da Sodre, and commanded a splendid view of the Tagus, the various shipping, and the mountains beyond. The southern sun sparkled brightly upon the water for many hours in the day, and its setting tints, though more subdued, were not less beautiful. In my landlord, who was married to an Englishwoman, by whom he had a very pretty daughter, I recognised "The noblest work of God," an honest man. As a husband, and a father, and, indeed, in all relations, his conduct was unexceptionable: he was just to his neighbour, obedient to the existing powers, professed no political opinions, and received men of all parties with equal courtesy.

On the 2nd of January, 1828, I attended the Royal Sitting for the opening of the general

Cortes, which took place at the Palace of Ajuda. The Infanta Regent, scarcely restored to health, began her speech in a languid voice, congratulating the Peers and Deputies on the favourable prospects of the kingdom, and exhorting them to continue their patriotic exertions; she deplored the failure of the bank, but trusted that credit would soon revive; she glanced at, what she called, the aggressive conduct of the Spanish Government, but was glad to state that their assurances had been latterly more pacific, and the character of their policy materially improved. In conclusion, she spoke of Don Pedro as the undoubted Sovereign of Portugal, and declared that her younger brother Don Miguel would speedily arrive to administer the Government in his name.

The suspension of payments in cash by the bank had occasioned general surprise, and had given rise to much angry discussion, but had not excited the great alarm which such an event would have produced in England. The bank, in the first instance, engaged, at the solicitation of Government, to take on its own account half the loan voted by the Chambers, but was subsequently induced to contract for a larger proportion. The Directors were in consequence obliged to extend their issues, and eventually became unable to give silver in exchange for their notes; yet they might have answered the demand in

gold, but rather chose to incur the discredit of suspending payment altogether, than adopt this equitable and obvious course.

Thirty-six Peers were present at the opening of their house, and forty-one declared absent: they commenced their labours by a spirited assertion of their privileges, and refused to recognise General Caula as a Peer, because the Emperor had raised him to that dignity without the sanction of his council of state; an act of prerogative disallowed by the Charter. In the House of Deputies, the law on the liberty of the press was brought forward in the first days of the Session. Senhor Sarmento, a most able speaker, distinguished himself in the course of the discussion, but some foolish resolutions were passed by the house; among other questions, the proposed division of the territory, and a project for the amelioration of the judicial system, were debated. Soon afterwards a proclamation was issued by the Infanta, in which she deplored the sacrilegious robberies that had taken place in different parts of the kingdom, accompanied with insults to the Eucharist, and in conclusion denounced vengeance on the impious offenders.

The impeachment and trial of the Archbishop of Elvas, the Marquis of Fronteira, the Count of Taipa, and the Count of Cunha, were perhaps the only public events that about this time ex-

cited any general interest. These Peers were accused of stimulating the people to revolt, and of encouraging certain manifestations of republican feeling, which took place during the disorders consequent on Saldanha's retirement from the ministry; an accusation which appears to have been wholly unfounded. With respect to the Archbishop of Elvas, the Papal court revived its antiquated pretensions, insisted on his total exemption from civil jurisdiction, and arrogated to itself the sole right of pronouncing judgment in his case. This claim, advanced by the Legate, was referred to the astonished House of Peers, where it was warmly advocated by the Cardinal Patriarch, the Bishop of Viseu, and the Count Rio Pardo, but negatived after a stormy debate.

I was well acquainted with Fronteira and Taipa, and therefore frequently attended the House of Peers during the progress of the trial, which was long-protracted, but terminated in their acquittal. The debates in both houses were uniformly conducted with dignity; even during the discussion of the most momentous questions, members never indulged in those lively ejaculations and sudden bursts of passion, which convulse the French Chamber on very trivial occasions. In Spain, during the heat of the revolution, the most monstrous doctrines were uttered

with a calmness and moderation that formed a singular contrast between the matter and the manner of the speaker. The Conde da Linhares, the Conde da Taipa, the Conde da Puente, and the Conde San Miguel, spoke with considerable talent in the House of Peers; and Senhores Sarmento and Guerrero took a prominent part in the Lower House. The Houses were opened at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the dispatch of business, and usually continued sitting till two o'clock, when the Members returned home to dine. About this time the secret marriage of the young Infanta with the Marquis of Loule took place, and the melancholy circumstances attending her departure from the kingdom excited much interest.

The presence of the British Officers, the flower of our army, gave an unusual degree of spirit to society: my time was partly spent with them, and partly with my Portuguese friends, into whose feelings and opinions I daily gained a further insight. The wintry months rolled pleasantly away, if wintry they could be called, which had nothing of that inclement season but the name, for the air was constantly warm, the sky serene, and the sun bright: it rose with its accustomed splendour on the memorable twenty-second of February; about two o'clock in the afternoon, the royal flag was seen flying from all

the signal posts; and thundering salutes from the various shipping, answered by the cannon at the castle, proclaimed the Infant's arrival. The joy occasioned by this event was increased by the fears latterly entertained for his safety, as the coast had been visited, on the 19th of February, by one of the most tremendous gales on record; and his preservation was considered by many of his adherents as a signal proof of the interposition of Providence in his behalf. That extraordinary storm gave little warning of its approach, and lasted only a few hours; on that evening the heavy clouds cast an unusual gloom, relieved only by vivid and repeated flashes of lightning; and "The troubled Tagus chafing with its shores" immediately beneath my window, was indeed a noble object. I saw many of the smaller craft, riding on its waves, dismasted, and some actually go down amid the strife of wind and water; at Setuval alone nineteen vessels were lost, and the whole line of the Atlantic coast was strewed with wrecks.

The western coast of Cornwall was ravaged by a tempest equally terrific on the 21st of February, 1833; I happened to be at Bude at the time; the oldest inhabitant recollected no similar visitation; two ships were wrecked at the entrance of the port during that memorable storm. On the evening of the 21st I was accosted by a sailor

who had belonged to the vessel wrecked in the morning, and had been saved from a dreadful death by the combined exertions of the people of Bude: weak and exhausted, he had crawled to a fire kindled in a blacksmith's shop, on the very edge of the sea, and was at that moment watching, with an interest no less intense than mine, the progress of another vessel then rapidly approaching the harbour; and was offering up most earnest wishes for the deliverance of his brother seamen from the same raging waters which had so nearly engulphed him a few hours before. He told me that, in the course of a long naval life, he only remembered one storm of equal horror; the storm to which I have been just alluding, which had ravaged the coast of Portugal, five years before, almost on the anniversary of that day. He had then been wrecked for the first time, and now returned unfeigned thanks to that Almighty Being, who had twice stretched forth his hand to save, and had borne him unharmed through two such fearful visitations. As we were still speaking, the vessel, that was rather rushing than sailing into the harbour, impelled by a furious wind, passed the most dangerous point in safety; but while we were exulting at her apparent escape, she suddenly deviated from the right track and struck upon some hidden rocks, close to the ship which had been stranded

a few hours before. It afterwards appeared that the crew, unacquainted with the port, had mistaken, in the gloom of the evening, the black hulk of the stranded ship for the pier, and had not discovered their mistake till the mischief was irremediable. The situation of those poor men was awful in the extreme: instead of the friendly shelter anticipated but a moment before, they saw, immediately beside them, an appalling proof of the violence of the gale and the insecurity of their own situation; a spectacle that warned them of the recent fate of others, and seemed a dreary prelude to their own. For some hours they confidently expected death, and when the receding tide permitted the people of Bude to approach them, they were overwhelmed with joy and astonishment. The crews of both vessels were saved: the first by great exertions, and with great difficulty, the second crew by a fortunate accident, too detailed in its character for insertion here; or, I should rather say, by an interposition of Providence in their behalf, for as the tide was nearly at its height, no human aid could have been extended to them at the moment when they struck upon the rock. It was a scene of wild and almost terrible excitement. A fire was kindled upon the heights, while the fury of the wind and the raging of the waters drowned the voices of the sailors on

the pier, but could not prevent their passionate gesticulations, as they beheld the vessel striking upon the rocks, and knew that death was staring their shipwrecked brethren in the face.' But it is high time to leave the coast of Cornwall and return to the shores of the Tagus.

'The Infantas proceeded to the royal frigate to receive their brother, but when he saw them approaching he sprang into a boat, and embraced them with tears of affection. As he landed, the soldiers cried out "Long live the Infant!" the people replied with "vivas" for the absolute King. At the Palace of Ajuda he was welcomed by his Mother. Falling upon one knee he imprinted the most fervent kisses on her hand, and said, taking from his bosom an image of the Virgin of the rock, "Behold this relic, your parting gift. Mother, you see before you the same child you lost in 1824." From that moment the royal attendants knew that his political tendencies were unaltered, her influence over his mind unimpaired, and the fate of the Charter sealed. In the evening the palace was surrounded by people shouting for the absolute King. The officer on duty sent a message to the Infanta Regent requiring instructions, and offering to disperse the crowd; but her Royal Highness referred the messenger to the Infant, saying, "Brother Miguel, you hear" "Let it

pass," replied the Infant, and the people, emboldened by his obvious approbation, reiterated their shouts.

That night the city was brilliantly illuminated. On the following day Don Miguel repaired to the Cathedral; again he was greeted with "vivas" for the absolute King, more generally and vehemently expressed; and some soldiers who attempted to stifle those cries were severely reproved. I conversed with some Constitutionalists in the evening, and even then they were greatly dispirited, and predicted the overthrow of the Constitution. The Infant's ambiguous reply to the Portuguese deputation in London, his actual encouragement of the rioters, and the absence of any proclamation, were justly considered as no slight indications of his real feelings. Don Miguel's intention of taking the oath to the Constitution was, however, known on the following morning, and revived the drooping hopes of the Imperial party.

I repaired on the 26th of February to the great saloon of the Ajuda. The Peers, attired like Roman senators, occupied the front benches on the right hand; immediately above sat the Peeresses, among whom the Countess of Villa Flor and the Countess of Alva were undoubtedly the most distinguished by their personal attractions: the Deputies were ranged along the benches on

the left hand, and the space above was reserved for strangers. At one o'clock Don Miguel entered the saloon, accompanied by his sisters. The Infanta Regent seated herself on the throne; the Prince at first stood by her side under the royal canopy; but taking him familiarly by the arm she forced him to occupy part of her seat, during the delivery of the speech. She expressed her sincere desire for the welfare of the Charter, and assured her hearers of the upright intentions which had uniformly actuated her conduct in the administration of the Government; and of the pleasure with which she now resigned it into her brother's hands. She was frequently interrupted by shouts proceeding from the court below, and her voice was at one time so completely lost in the clamour, that she was obliged to pause; upon which occasion Don Miguel's flashing eyes gave indications of that impatient temper which has characterized him from his earliest years. Having concluded her speech she arose, and retiring from the throne, which she appeared to resign with the utmost cheerfulness and good humour, she placed herself by her sister, an interesting young person, seated on the right hand bench immediately above the Peeresses.

The written oath of adherence to the Charter was then presented to the Infant, who regarded it with apparent confusion, and seemed unable

or unwilling to read it: at the same time the Duke de Cadoval drew near with a missal to administer the oath; but his Excellency's wide-spreading mantle so effectually concealed the Infant from the general observation, that it was impossible to see him kiss the Sacred Book, or hear him pronounce the solemn words. I was not far from the Royal party, but cannot give any decided opinion upon that much debated point, whether Don Miguel really went through, or evaded the forms prescribed. Many of his adherents declared then, and still assert, that he neither repeated the words nor kissed the book; and the Infant himself is said to have assured his favourite nurse, on the same day, that in subverting the Charter he should incur no moral guilt, as he had not bound himself by any oath to maintain it.

The ceremony being now completed, he walked towards the great folding-doors at the extremity of the hall, between the Peers and Deputies ranged on both sides; but suddenly paused mid-way, and recollecting that he had left his sister, the Infanta Regent, he returned, and led her down the saloon. During the whole proceeding Don Miguel's countenance was overcast, and he had the constrained manner of a most unwilling actor in an embarrassing part. I read the approaching fate of the Constitution in the sullen

expression of his countenance; in the imperfect manner in which the oath was administered, and in the strange and general appearance of hurry and concealment. This opinion was so much increased by his hasty departure from the saloon, without uttering a single word confirmatory of his new obligation, that, under the strong impression of the moment, I observed to an officer standing near me, "This is surely ominous:" he replied, "Poor boy, he is only shy." I began to doubt the justice of my suspicions, but in the evening they returned with all their original force. Yet, in spite of symptoms so discouraging to their cause, the Imperialists began again to indulge in sanguine anticipations, and the city was brilliantly illuminated that night; but the appointment of a Corcunda, or ultra Royalist ministry on the following morning, destroyed their hopes, and placed the real intentions of the Infant in the clearest light.

A crisis was foreseen, and consequently the panic on the Exchange was immense; commercial transactions were suspended, and in the public mind there was a general misgiving, an undefined alarm, a certainty of coming change, a fearful looking forward to the issue of events. No circumstances worthy of record occurred during the next few days, but groups continued to assemble and shout for the absolute King; and these pro-

ceedings were openly encouraged by persons within the palace, who appeared at the windows, joined in their "vivas," and waved white handkerchiefs in token of their cordial approbation. But the evening of the 1st of March was marked by serious tumults; and the strange selection of time and place, for the perpetration of those outrages, was perhaps the most extraordinary feature of all those extraordinary transactions. That evening was fixed on for the presentation of certain eminent persons, and many others availed themselves of that opportunity to repair to the palace, and offer the earliest tribute of their homage to the Infant; but their astonishment was extreme when they found the inner courts of the palace, and the flight of steps leading into the hall of the Archer's Guard, completely occupied by a lawless mob. To such an extent was the popular feeling at that time in favour of Don Miguel, that every individual who entertained Constitutional opinions, however moderate, was assailed. The Cardinal Patriarch was compelled to make the sign of the Cross, to call down heavenly blessings on the excited people, and to join in the cry of "Down with the Charter." Fortunately, Count Villa Flor was absent, for the mob expected him with impatience, and had sworn to take his life; but General Caula

was severely wounded, and the Count da Cunha was only rescued from assassination by some officers, who drew their swords to protect him in the palace itself.

The tumult was so great that the address from the academy, which the Secretary was at that time reading to the Infant, could be scarcely heard by any of the surrounding courtiers. Yet the Infant was unmoved, and would not, or perhaps could not, restrain these outrages perpetrated on his guests, and committed in his own palace. The indignant troops, compelled to endure passively the insults heaped upon their officers, manifested their unabated attachment to the Imperial cause by playing Don Pedro's hymn, during the greater part of the ensuing night, under the windows of the Ajuda. At this critical period Sir William A'Court, now Lord Heytesbury, one of the best diplomatists this country ever produced, left Portugal, being appointed to the Court of St. Petersburg.

On the 7th of March, Count Taipa made an eloquent speech, and moved that Ministers be summoned to explain the causes of the recent tumults. I met him that evening at the Opera, in Count Villa Flor's box, and he then clearly foresaw the approaching downfal of the Constitution. Count Villa Flor was depressed, and the

conviction that all his military efforts during the preceding year had been of no avail, weighed heavily upon his mind.

Three days afterwards I dined with the Marquis of Fronteira, at his noble mansion near Bemfica; the dining-room is truly magnificent, the carving rich, the height imposing; it is built in the old style, and graced with a fine heroic bas-relief of the first chivalrous Marquis of Fronteira. Our party consisted of the British Commander of the Forces Sir William Clinton, and his Military Secretary Colonel Hare, the Count and Countess of Villa Flor, the Count of Alva, and his young daughter-in-law, the beautiful and unaffected Countess of Alva, the Count of Taipa, the Count of Puente, Don Carlos, and our noble host and hostess. I allude particularly to this party, because it was chiefly composed of men who played a prominent part during that eventful crisis; because it was the last act of hospitality I received from my Portuguese friends at Lisbon, and, still more, because it was the last time they met in their native land around the festive board, for, before three days had elapsed, they were exiles, and at sea. This was a trial hour indeed; their long descended rank was henceforth to be denied, their privileges annulled, their possessions confiscated; even those ancient halls in which we were then sitting for the last time; those halls inherited

from a long line of ancestors, were passing away from the rule of their lineal lord.

During dinner no allusion was made to public events, but afterwards the party divided into separate groups; the conversation was now carried on by the men in a low, but calm voice, and the darkening prospects of the country, which engrossed their thoughts, became the only subject of discussion. They knew the extent of the crisis, they felt the magnitude of the danger; they had maintained Don Pedro's cause with unshaken fidelity, and were in consequence exposed to the resentment of the actual Government; that Government was advancing by rapid strides to the establishment of absolute power, and had already dismissed from the army many officers of moderate opinions, and had supplied their places by persons devoted to the court. They knew that the vengeance of Don Miguel would be directed against themselves, when the changes then in progress should be completely effected, and the court be enabled to strike the blow securely. They were still unmolested, it is true, but theirs was a hollow peace, a treacherous quiet; they slept upon gunpowder, and were well aware that the match would be applied at the fitting moment.

Wishing to divert the minds of her guests from the heavy sense of impending calamity, the Marchioness of Fronteira placed herself at the piano,

and played a lively air; but though her taste and execution were equally admired, it seemed as if the very music was infected by the melancholy of the time; and like—

> "The practised Minstrel's fabled strain,
> That, disobedient at the call,
> Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd hall,
> Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,
> Were exiled from their native heaven,"

even so her notes, as if prophetic of approaching woe, fell heavily upon a silent room and a lifeless audience.

On the following morning fresh changes were announced. The Count of Villa Flor was dismissed from the military Government of Alentejo, the Count of Alva from the Algarves, the Marquis of Valença from the Traz os Montes, the Count of Lumiares from the Minho, and Sir Thomas Stubbs from Oporto; and their appointments were given to the adherents of the ultra-Miguelist party. The Marquis of Chaves and the chiefs lately in arms against the Government were recalled. I do not blame their recall, but the proceedings against the Imperialists were, to the last degree, impolitic; for every measure tended to produce a struggle, and every circumstance showed that a day of active conflict was at hand.

On the 12th of March the panic was at its height among the Imperialists, and the Miguel-

ists were scarcely less alarmed. Rio Pardo, a decided Absolutist, and then Minister of the War Department, terrified at the rapidity with which the wheel of revolution was revolving, exclaimed, "We have done in a week what could not have been effected, with safety, in a year!" He was an able man, and knew the danger of the crisis. Spirited and even fierce discussions had taken place in the Chambers; and the militia and the regular troops were united, almost to a man, in their opposition to the Government. Whenever the Infant appeared in public, they struck up the national hymn: the Court, in consequence, forbade it to be played; the order was complied with, but flashes of resentment broke forth among the troops, and they did not scruple to declare that the oppressive measures then in progress should recoil on the oppressors.

I saw a detachment of the Caçadores drawn up in line at the Opera-house. Their Colonel had been just superseded; the usual expression of good-humour no longer irradiated their features; but they stood with lowering countenances, preserving a gloomy silence. Probably the members of the administration had no alternative in the course which they pursued: as a dismasted ship is driven upon the breakers by an uncontrollable tempest, so the Government, deprived of its better judgment, was compelled to adopt these

perilous expedients, by the secret but powerful influence of a fanatical priest, and the frantic energy of the Queen-mother.

That extraordinary person possessed abilities, and a firmness of purpose, that, under better regulation, might have led to all that was good and great. She had been foolishly insulted by the Cortes of 1820, and the sense of injury was not appeased, in her vindictive mind, by the overthrow of the offending parliament, but every modification of the representative system became afterwards hateful in her sight. She organized conspiracies against the Charter in every part of the kingdom, and communicated with the conspirators; she originated, matured, and carried every desperate measure into execution; her word was law, her smile promotion; she sometimes persuaded, sometimes intimidated her incapable son; she snatched the rudder from his feeble grasp, and, with a furious but not unsteady hand, steered onward to the destined point, rejecting the safer, but more circuitous path, and unappalled by the tempest gathering round her.

Don Miguel in the mean time remained, like an eastern monarch, shut up within the walls of his palace, and refused to partake of any food that was not prepared by his faithful and favourite nurse. Nor were his apprehensions groundless: by a more conciliating policy he

might have eventually secured the highest object of his ambition, and have probably governed with undisputed authority; but the impolitic violence of his conduct produced a corresponding spirit of resistance; and unforeseen events alone prevented, at that period, the re-action which might have been expected in the actual temper of the troops.

It was said, and I believe truly, that an extensive conspiracy was organized under the direction of a secret committee, but was rendered abortive by peculiar circumstances. Don Miguel stood at that time on the brink of a precipice. Never, in any preceding period of Portuguese history, had a Prince of the House of Braganza been involved in greater and more imminent peril; but in spite of his actual danger he succeeded for the moment; a short-lived success, not produced by plans wisely conceived and greatly executed, nor yet the offspring of that steady foresight, which calculates on the stunning effects produced by vigorous measures following each other in rapid succession; nor of that considerate courage which carries unshrinkingly into execution the daring acts dispassionately resolved on as at once the boldest and the wisest policy. The fleeting triumph of the court was the result of unreflecting passion, aided by a fortunate combination of causes over which it had no control, and its

ultimate failure was the almost certain result of a policy which outraged the feelings, not of the people generally, but of those who had arms in their hands; and who, baffled, it is true, in the first hour of surprise and alarm, had yet eventually, as circumstances have since proved, the great question in their decision *.

When Don Miguel arrived in Portugal, he found his authority rather nominally than practically controlled by the establishment of the Charter, divested as it was of any very popular tendencies, and essentially aristocratic in its elements. An enlightened or even a selfish view of his real interests should have made him cling to that Charter; upon that Charter he should have lavished every outward mark of respect, for under the actual combination of parties, and in the actual temper of the people, it could have formed no real barrier against any determined exertion of the royal prerogative; yet would have enabled him to effect, without incurring personal odium, those reforms which had become absolutely essential to the prosperity of the state, and to the stability of his Government.

It is true that at the period in question the

* About this time, and subsequently, I blamed the policy pursued, on certain points, by our Ambassador, Sir Frederick Lamb. I must frankly admit that, in that respect, I was completely in error, for I then possessed only a partial knowledge of events.

national feeling very generally inclined to the ancient rule; for although the Portuguese Government had been for ages despotic in form, it had yet in practice been mild and paternal. But although the manifest sympathies of the people with the old order of things induced many persons to believe that the restoration of the absolute system on a stable basis was by no means impracticable, still, beneath these favourable appearances, there were symptoms in the body politic which led the calm and unprejudiced observer to infer that the best chance of preserving the old institutions of the country was to be found in an honest recognition of the Charter of 1827. To every man who looked beyond the surface, it was evident that, unless considerable changes were introduced into the financial and other departments, the wasteful expenditure of the public money could not be checked, the disorder of the finances, then yearly increasing, would continue to augment, and, in the critical state of parties, almost inevitably terminate in popular revolution. Internal revolutions are, at present, with few exceptions, ultimately referrible to one and the same cause. The circumstances which immediately produce the change vary indeed in different states, according to the different character, habits, and condition of the people, but almost every revolu-

tion in our own times is ultimately referrible to embarrassments connected with the revenue. In states that have undergone the fiery ordeal of revolution, it will be generally found that difficulties of finance were not only an accompanying symptom, but often a very efficient cause of the national malady, and have not unfrequently preceded for a long time the crisis of the disease.

A Portuguese monarch, relying for support exclusively on the Absolute party, could hardly have ventured to introduce reforms prejudicial to the interests of many of his partisans, however essential to the safety of the state; he might, perhaps, have corrected the abuses which disfigured the judicial system, but he could hardly have abolished the gross monopolies which then pervaded the kingdom, checked the development of the national industry, and prevented the improvement of the revenue: but by means of the Chambers he might have easily carried into effect the necessary improvements; the partial unpopularity resulting from those changes would have been borne by the legislature, while the advantage would have been reaped not only by the people but also by the Sovereign. Don Miguel might, at that period, have affixed his own limits to every measure of change,—a power seldom enjoyed by the Head of the state in periods of active transition. The Charter of 1828 and the

Charter of 1834, though essentially the same, were calculated to produce very different results. The Charter overthrown by Don Miguel could not, I think, have been detrimental to the established interests of the country, at a time when an immense majority of the nation were attached to his person and the strength of his adherents was unbroken; but it was fraught with ruin to many of those interests, when imposed on a defeated people by a party that had outstripped the moderation of their early leaders, that was flushed with success, and triumphant over every obstacle opposed to the gratification of their wishes. But in 1828 the Charter was an engine which would have obeyed the slightest impulse of the master-mind; a great majority of the House of Peers were devoted to him; the representative assembly would have been moulded to his will, and thus, I believe, under the protecting sanction of the popular forms, he would have acquired a more real authority, and a more effective command over the resources of his country, than had ever fallen to the lot of any Prince of the House of Braganza under the old despotic rule. Had the Charter been respected, that species of authority which, however grateful to the caprices, is unimportant to the solid power of the monarch, could indeed have been no longer exercised; the nobles could not have been kept in a state of tutelage, their pro-

perties and family honours would not have remained dependent on the will of the Court, nor would individuals in any rank of life have been liable to arrest at the mere fiat of a minister; but that power of calling forth and wielding the national resources which constitutes the real strength of a government, and should alone be coveted in the present day by an enlightened sovereign, would, I think, have been considerably augmented. But if this view of the case had proved in the result erroneous, and he had eventually discovered that the new Constitution was practically incompatible with a fair exercise of the royal prerogative, Don Miguel might, even then, I am convinced, by personal conciliation, and by a gradual succession of cautious measures, have ultimately removed every obnoxious privilege, without incurring any real hazard: for among the Portuguese, with whom the love of liberty is of recent date, and altogether subordinate to their hereditary sense of loyalty, the Constitution was not sufficiently rooted in the hearts of the people, or of any influential order in the state, to have interfered with the attachment which would have soon grown up for a young and popular Prince.

A prædial insurrection is usually produced by some general and pervading cause of discontent, but men in a higher rank of life are influenced at all times, and especially during periods of in-

ternal commotion, by motives of a mixed nature. Unquestionably, some of Don Miguel's opponents were staunch adherents of the Charter; but many, who became determined enemies, would have quietly acquiesced in his authority, if the impolitic measures of his Government had not rendered submission more perilous than resistance. By declaring open war against the Constitution, and, still more, by the unmeasured denunciations of the Court against the Constitutionalists, he drove into complete insurrection not only those who were sincerely attached to the Charter, but all who had, from various reasons, enlisted under its banners during the preceding year, when Constitutional principles were still in the ascendant. Many of these would have adopted, with little reluctance, a system more congenial to his views, if their retreat had been rendered easy, if a prudent veil had been thrown over the past, and the new reign had been ushered in by the prospect of a lenient and impartial rule. "*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,*" was a maxim which should have been graven in letters of gold upon the royal tablet, and should have uniformly influenced Don Miguel's political conduct; but, by dividing the nation into two fierce and hostile factions, he evoked against his Government every varied principle of action which could sway the minds of his opponents. He should have allowed

the distinctions of party to have blended insensibly, and have become lost in a general emulation to meet his wishes, and a general sense of loyalty to his person; and this, in the then temper of the nation, would have been not only a consummation to be devoutly wished for, but most easy of attainment. But when he drew, still broader, the actual line of demarcation between the rival factions, and compelled every man to proclaim his faith, and to take up his position, either as an opponent, or as a friend of Don Pedro and the new Constitution; shame, and a sense of consistency, and the strong obligation of party ties, combined to retain under the standard of the Charter an immense proportion of those who had once espoused its cause: while others became involved in a mortal struggle with the Government; not without regret on their part, not from attachment to any abstract theories, not for the sake of the extinguished Constitution, but simply because they found themselves proscribed. In corroboration of this statement, witness the personal terrors experienced by the Constitutionalists in the last days of the Constitution, witness the general expatriation before the standard of revolt was raised.

That statesman would materially underrate the real measure of the attachment felt by the Portuguese for the old institutions of their country,

if he judged entirely from the apparent strength of the respective factions, as arrayed against each other during the recent struggle, or even from the final issue of the civil war. The most popular cause that ever was maintained by man would have been endangered, if not ruined, by the policy of Don Miguel's Government. It would therefore be incorrect to imagine that the great body of the people were friendly to the unjust and oppressive measures adopted by Don Pedro, after his return to Lisbon, against the Peers, the convents, and the church generally; no such inference can be fairly drawn from the facility with which acts subversive of their interests were carried into execution.

The Miguelists were naturally opposed to these innovations, but they were vanquished, and had no voice: the moderate and influential men of the Imperial party beheld these violent changes with dissatisfaction; but, absolutely committed by the part they had taken in the recent struggle, they trembled for the safety of the new Government, and were consequently unwilling to endanger its stability and perhaps restore Don Miguel's power, by any vehement opposition to measures which they justly considered tyrannical and oppressive. Don Miguel's failure in Portugal is not a proof that the great body of the people are favourable to the changes so hastily

adopted by the Governments which succeeded him; it is only a practical proof that institutions supported by the greatest portion of the property of the country, and firmly rooted in the popular affections, may yet be lost by an improvident policy on the part of their supporters, and by the gross mismanagement of their available resources.

There was a disposition in the leaders of the popular party in 1828 to reform manifest abuses, but at the same time to preserve all that was venerable in the old institutions. This spirit pervaded their legislation, and appeared in their careful abstinence from any foolish intermeddling with the property enjoyed by the church and the aristocracy, and in their almost ostentatious respect for the convents, even in the projected subdivision of the territory, although fresh arrangements were resolved on, as essential to the better administration of the local government of the country, the old names of the provinces were religiously preserved. Their policy was to retain old laws and usages whenever they could be retained without injury to the state, and in all instances to surround their new institutions with the old forms of the monarchy. This judicious deference to the popular prejudices was not imitated by their constitutional successors of 1834. They, on the contrary, adopting a different prin-

ciple, laboriously endeavoured, upon all occasions, to obliterate that which was ancient and substitute that which was new,—a policy in which they were supported by Don Pedro, who sacrificed the real interests of his country to the passionate indulgence of his personal resentments. In the altered spirit of their legislation may be found the cause of half the evils that afflict Portugal; to this cause may, in a great degree, be attributed the desecration of the convents, the consequent alienation of the peasantry, their unsettled state, and the lamentable change that has recently taken place in their habits and modes of life. The loss of the British privileges in Portugal, and the decline of British influence, may be traced, not very remotely, to the operation of a kindred feeling. But why, it may naturally be asked, were the liberal party of 1828 exempt from the influence of that hostility to every established system which almost invariably actuates the foreign Constitutionalist? Because the prevailing spirits of that party were, in 1828, the leaders of society, were men of rank and stake in the country, swayed by many of the prejudices that attached to the old regime, and rather friendly to representative government from the force of circumstances than from any natural bias in favour of constitutional doctrines. I felt at the time that a state of parties and a conjuncture of circumstances so

favourable to the old institutions of the country were not likely to recur, if no real settlement were then effected; for I could not believe that, with an expenditure unchecked in the various departments, and which the state had become wholly unable to support, an absolute government could be maintained for any great length of time in the face of a powerful minority in the towns. I therefore earnestly desired a compromise of parties and of interests, in which all that was really valuable in the new system of opinions might be brought in aid of the tried and long-established institutions of the kingdom. But parties were at that time too exasperated for mutual concession, and a compromise was rejected, which might have been fraught with benefit to the country, and have long protracted the existence of institutions, many of which unhappily, I think, for the interests of Portugal, have now ceased to exist.

I called on Sir William Clinton on the morning of the 12th of March, and found him suffering from the effects of a violent kick from a mule. Among the absurd rumours of the day, it was reported that the Queen-mother had purchased the recalcitrant brute, as a signal proof of the hate she bore the English. I afterwards called on Count Villa Flor; he was absent, but I found the Countess conversing with her mother, the Marchesa di Loulé, in the beautiful saloon over-

hanging the sunny Tagus. The Marchesa was a soft and interesting person; she held her daughter's hand affectionately clasped in hers; she dwelt with feeling upon the anguish of their approaching separation, and bewailed, in simple but affecting language, the heavy times, that rendered so precarious any future meeting on this side of the grave.

During the night of the 12th of March the troops remained under arms; some decisive blow was in consequence expected, and on the following morning the Chambers were closed by a decree of the Infant. As usual, the general apprehension exceeded the real danger; a belief was prevalent that stronger measures were in the contemplation of Government, that the leading Imperialists would be arrested during the course of the ensuing night, and that an extensive list of proscriptions, prepared by the Queen-mother and her confessor Macedo, were actually delivered into the hands of the officers appointed to carry them into execution.

The terrified Imperialists no longer ventured to remain within their houses, but concealed themselves during the day in various parts of the city, and, favoured by darkness, escaped to the vessels of neutral powers lying in the Tagus. On the following day I hired a boat, and rowed to the frigate of the British Admiral, to take a

last farewell of Count Villa Flor and the Marquis of Fronteira, who had sought refuge on board the Spartiate. Times had changed, and the splendid Governor of Oporto*, so lately hospitable to the stranger, courted by the great, and worshipped by the poor, could no longer rest his head securely in the lowest hamlet of his native land. He was evidently dejected, but endured with firmness this rapid reverse of fortune, and pressed my hand warmly, as he alluded to the brighter days of our first acquaintance. "However, I have not abandoned the cause; honour is preserved," he said. His young and beautiful Countess was much affected by this sudden wrench from so many cherished ties; but the same exalted spirit that supported her during the dreadful night of her Father's murder, and afterwards in the prisons of Peniche, sustained her in this heavy hour of hopeless separation from the kinsmen and the country of her youth. Determined to follow her husband's fortunes through every sad vicissitude, this exemplary woman renounced, without a murmur or a tear, the home that was soon to become the prey of the spoiler, and the friends she might never see again. The Marchesa of Fronteira wept bitterly, but did not speak; Fronteira was depressed, but said that he did not regret the part he had taken in public affairs: we

* Count Villa Flor.

walked to the cabin window; he gazed earnestly on the well-known towers of Lisbon, and his eyes filled with tears as he saw, for the last time, the sun go down upon his native shores. Before that sun had risen again, they were far away on the wide Atlantic.

In the evening I saw the police drawn up in rank, each man standing by his horse, obviously prepared to act at a moment's notice, and the regular troops were again under arms, and remained in that state during the whole night. The Imperialists beheld, with renewed alarm, preparations which were in fact only precautionary, for the court dreaded a military reaction, as much as the liberal party feared some sudden act of ministerial aggression. The rumours were exaggerated and endless, the ferment great, the alarm universal, and it is difficult to say, by which party it was entertained in the highest degree. During the following days the emigration was incessant, and the agonizing scenes which passed in the interior of Portuguese families would have touched the hardest heart; for persons of either sex, and of every rank and age, were involved in the general expatriation, and the British ships overflowed with the unfortunate fugitives who crowded around them, imploring that protection which was never yet denied by British seamen to the desolate and oppressed.

In this crisis Lord Amelius Beauclerk extended his line-of-battle ships from the harbour up to Lisbon. This movement, though judicious, alarmed the timid, while the protracted occupation of the forts by British troops against the known wishes of the Court exasperated the Miguelists, and the popular feeling, which afterwards flowed so strongly against the English, began even now to take a direction hostile to our Government. In the mean time Don Miguel made arrangements to leave Lisbon and repair to his palace at Villa Viciosa, ostensibly to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. There, joined by his mother, supported by the peasantry, and strengthened by the Marquis of Chaves and his troops, he hoped to find himself speedily at the head of an overwhelming force, in a condition to march upon Lisbon, and dictate terms of submission to the Imperialists; a scheme discovered, I believe, and disconcerted by Sir Frederick Lamb.

On the 15th of March an official proclamation appeared, alluding in terms of high commendation to the conduct of the troops during the crisis of 1824, expressing a confident hope that they would show the same zeal and loyalty when a similar occasion should require similar exertions, and threatening any refractory corps with severe punishment. As the violent overthrow of the first Constitution (and it must be admitted that

most deservedly it fell) was the act of heroism for which the troops now received the Infant's thanks, it was impossible to misunderstand the nature of the services hinted at in this address and expected from the soldiery: this was followed by an order to the Intendant-general of the police, requiring him to supply the Minister of the Interior with a list of the magistrates, throughout the kingdom, who had prevented the people from manifesting their affection for Don Miguel, that such disaffected persons might feel the terrible effects of his justice. It is difficult to describe the alarm and indignation perpetuated by these successive announcements in the minds of the Imperialists, who enjoyed no repose, no freedom from anxiety, not even a momentary respite from great and continued excitement.

NOTES

TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

NOTES.

[As I have dwelt at some length in the previous part of my work upon the Catalan revolt of 1822, I reinsert the account of a wild adventure which befel me when travelling with a relative during that troubled period, as it may acquaint my readers with the peculiar feelings which agitated the province at that time, and illustrates the devoted loyalty of the insurgent Guerillas. My readers probably recollect that the contest was carried on in 1822 between the Constitutionalists, or the armies of the Cortes, on the one hand, and the Royalists on the other, who were endeavouring to release King Ferdinand from the thraldom in which he was held.]—See page 156.

As we crossed the Ebro in a ferry-boat, we heard from a goatherd, for the first time, of the insurrection in Catalonia, that afterwards became so famous, and for seventeen months continued to desolate the country. Our accounts during the next day were very imperfect, but before we reached Barcelona we had entered the revolted districts. Vendrell, where we paused for a few hours, had been occupied, and again evacuated by the Royalists, three days previous to our arrival. Tarragona was menaced by armed parties, and the authorities had in consequence left the town. We were required to produce our passports at every village through which

we passed, and on my arrival at Barcelona I was placed under arrest, on account of some informality in the signatures, occasioned by the absence of the Governor of Tarragona. I was detained in the Hôtel de Ville till the arrival of the political chief, who, if I remember rightly, was Rotten, whose name became so generally known at a later period of the revolution. He listened attentively to my explanation, perceived how the mistake had originated, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his secretary, suffered me to depart without delay. At Barcelona, where we were compelled to remain some days, as the roads were on all sides occupied by the Royalists, we received more correct information respecting the state of the country. For the last two months, large bodies of the insurgents had shown themselves, and harassed the soldiers; but during the fortnight that preceded our arrival the entire peasantry had taken up arms against the Government in many parts of the country, and the insurrection had assumed an alarming character. The Royalists, commanded by Misas and the famous Trappist, had established their head-quarters at Cervera, a large town on the high road between Barcelona and Madrid, and intercepted all official communications. While we delayed at Barcelona until some change in the state of affairs should again permit us to renew our journey, despatches arrived from the Commander of the Constitutional forces, announcing the defeat of the Royalists and the fall of Cervera; but adding, that victory had been accompanied by a dreadful carnage (horrososa clade). In this encounter, the Royalists sustained one of the severest reverses which they experienced during

the whole course of the civil war: they fought for fourteen hours with undaunted courage, but were completely routed at the close of the day.* As the road was again

* We arrived at Cervera a few days after its recapture. I found the same difficulty in procuring information which I everywhere experienced on the scenes where such events had recently taken place. Indeed, I was tempted to believe that much exaggeration had prevailed in the statement of the killed and wounded, till I saw the official returns, and afterwards heard a detailed account of the assault from an officer connected with the regiments engaged. The following relation of the fall of Cervera, extracted from the Annuaire Française, a work generally free from political bias, may not be uninteresting to my readers, as it was one of the most important events of the civil war; it dispersed a large undisciplined force, and inundated eastern Catalonia with the broken and retreating bands of the Royalists, who spread the flame of insurrection over the remotest parts of the country:—

"A la nouvelle des succès de Misas, qui avait pris Campredon (17 Avril), et levait des hommes et des contributions dans tout le pays, le Général Lloberas, commandant à Barcelone, s'était mis à la tête de quelques troupes regulières et de milices, pour arrêter ses progrès, et il en joignit quelques bandes qui furent battues et dispersés. En même tems, le Général Don Joseph Bellido, commandant à Lérida, avait été détaché contre le Trapiste: cette colonne sortie de Lérida le 17 Mai, se composait de trois bataillons d'infanterie, régiment de Ferdinand VII. des Asturies et de Tarragone, et de cinquante chevaux du régiment d'Espagne. Dès le lendemain (18) elle trouva un corps d'insurgés retranchés sur une hauteur qui domine Tarrega; elle les culbuta dans la ville, où Bellido entra avec eux, et les poursuivit jusqu'à Cervera, où était le quartier-général des insurgés, et une espèce de junte Apostolique. Tous les habitans avaient pris parti pour la cause de la Foi; ils se mirent en état de défense: repoussés dans la ville, ils se retranchèrent dans les maisons crénelées, d'où ils faisaient un feu meurtrier; le Général Bellido ne vit pas d'autre moyen de les réduire, que de faire mettre le feu aux quatre coins de la ville; et au milieu du désordre occasionné par cette mésure il ordonna une attaque générale à la baionette; elle fut quelque tems incertaine, car les insurgés renfermés dans les maisons, malgré le progrès de l'incendie, faisoient pleuvoir sur les soldats

open into Aragon, we left Barcelona on the 22nd of May, and arrived in the evening at Esparraguerra, where we had been preceded by a regiment of the Constitutional troops, who were singing the Tragala in the streets. Before I retired to rest, I left the Posada. Montserrat rose gloomily before me; the streets were deserted, and beyond the town I perceived there were no lights in any of the neighbouring hamlets. These were dreary signs of the times. I returned to the inn, threw myself on my bed, and slept till morning. I then understood that an order had been issued, forbidding any individual to leave his house after dark, and requiring every peasant who dwelt beyond the walls of Esparraguerra, to quit his hamlet and enter the town before dusk. This measure was intended to prevent any communication between the Royalist Guerillas and the peasantry, who were rapidly enlisting in their bands. It was known that parties of the insurgents descended the mountains at night, foraged the country for provisions, and were well received by the inhabitants, who were in those districts universally favourable to the Royal cause.

une grêle de balles, de tuiles, de morceaux de bois et de pierre. Enfin, après une vigoureuse résistance, la ville fut rendue à dix heures et demie du soir, et subit toute la nuit les suites horribles d'une prise d'assaut. Elle était presque detruite et ses habitans en partie exterminés, mais elle avait coûté cher aux vainqueurs— ils avaient perdu le commandant des Asturies, et au moins deux cent cinquante hommes. Suivant le rapport du général Constitutionnel, la perte totale des insurgés dans ces deux affaires avait été de plus de douze cents hommes, entre lesquels cent cinquante à cent soixante tonsures avaient été trouvés sur le champ de bataille ou dans la ville; ceux qui purent échapper à ce désastre se dispersèrent dans les montagnes, où le Trapiste les rallia."

Early on the following day we left Esparraguera, and passing a fine regiment that was marching upon Vila, or Vilia, arrived in less than two hours at Colbato, a small village at the foot of the mountain of Montserrat, whose singular assemblage of cones rising one above another, on a high range of crags, had long formed the most prominent object in the landscape. We determined to visit the convent; and giving instructions to our servants to join us with the carriage at a particular spot on the opposite side of the mountain, we commenced the ascent, accompanied by a young Catalan who led the way. Soon afterwards I remembered that we had left our passports in the carriage—an omission which, at that period of alarm, might have been productive of serious inconvenience. The boy, who was accustomed to the *patois* spoken by the peasantry of Catalonia, hardly seemed to comprehend my meaning when I requested him to return and fetch it, nor when I asked him some questions relative to the day's expedition. He fixed his eyes on the ground with such an expression of phlegmatic indifference, that for a moment I thought it would be advisable to procure a more hopeful guide; but when he at length understood me, he volunteered his services with the most good-humoured readiness. Our companion improved upon acquaintance: he possessed a quick perception of the ludicrous; and, though young, his remarks upon persons and events that fell under his immediate observation were shrewd and caustic. We had toiled up the hill to a considerable height by a narrow and regular zigzag, when we suddenly heard the roar of the cannon from the valley below: it was twice

repeated, and all was again silent. I shall never forget the change that was visible in his countenance, as he turned round and said to me, pale rather with awe, than with apprehension, "El cañon!" I had been informed that a large body of the Royalists were stationed at Vila, had resolved to defend it to the last extremity, and that an engagement was expected to take place about this very time in the valley below. We did not, however, hear the sound repeated for some hours; and I afterwards learned that these two discharges were unconnected with the great attack that followed. A small party of the Royalists, who had been separated from the main force to which they belonged, and were surrounded by the Constitutional troops, had found their last refuge in a house which they had fortified. Here these unfortunate men defended themselves with a gallantry that deserved a better fate: when the two discharges of cannon, which we heard on the mountain, had effected a breach in the wall, they still refused to surrender, set fire to the house, and died on the bayonets of the enemy, shouting "Viva el Rey!" Three alone survived the assault, were made prisoners, and shot, a few hours afterwards, by martial law.

We reached the convent of Montserrat early in the day, and were glad to escape for a short time from the intolerable glare of the sun. This pile of building, irregular, and apparently constructed at different periods, is still venerable and imposing, and retains evident traces of former magnificence. Here formerly existed one of the most splendid establishments of the Catholic world, but its fortunes had undergone a melancholy change.

The pile was falling into decay; the chapel, a perfect specimen of architectural beauty before it experienced the ravages of war, was then a ruin. Three monks and their old abbot alone remained, stripped of those domains which had given wealth and consideration to a numerous fraternity. The abbot came to receive us with grace and dignity: his welcome was friendly, his manners calm and distinguished, and in his countenance was an expression of melancholy mingled with resignation. He had been reduced to extreme poverty by the revolution; during the French invasion he had raised the peasantry, and armed a Guerilla; he had shared the perils and hardships of that species of warfare with the rudest peasant, for the independence of Spain. The memory of past services should have ensured to him better treatment in his declining years. He led us to the terrace, where we enjoyed a magnificent view of the country; fine masses of wood lay around us and beneath our feet, while tall grey pinnacles of rock overhung the monastery. From this eminence, which is estimated at nearly three thousand feet above the sea, the country beneath rather resembled a plain varied by slight inequalities of surface, than what it really was—a district intersected by ranges of high hills. Here they pointed out to us Vila, or the houses in its vicinity, where the Royalists were encamped; they informed us that the people of that town and the neighbouring districts had taken up arms in their cause—that bodies of the Constitutionalists had been marching in that direction during the morning and the whole of the preceding day—that the attack would take place

immediately, and be opposed with the utmost determination. Their anticipations were just: those walls, then glittering in the bright beams of the morning, were a heap of blood and ashes when the sun went down. The resistance was desperate beyond what had been expected; the priests carried the cross before the Royalist force, and exhorted them rather to die than submit to the oppressors of Catalonia, the enemies of their God and their King; men, women, and even children, rose at the sound of the tocsin, and fought in the ranks of the Royalists; the town was almost destroyed before the troops could effect an entrance, and when it was taken, no quarter was given, and a scene of indiscriminate massacre ensued.

As we took leave of the Abbot and the monks, they pressed us to dine and spend the day at the convent, with so much earnestness, that we afterwards suspected they were not unacquainted with the dangers we were likely to incur by pursuing our journey. I have never heard any certain account of the fate of this interesting old man, and the monks who were with him. More than a year afterwards, when the French were entering Spain, I saw in one of the Journals, at Paris, that the monks of the convent of Montserrat had become implicated with the Royalist Guerillas, had been detected by the Revolutionists, conveyed to prison, and would immediately undergo the sentence of the law.

As we proceeded on our journey the scenery became bolder, the road bordered the precipice, and the mountain formed itself into a series of recesses or inland bays, terminated by projecting heights. As we turned

one of these headlands, we saw three or four men advance beyond the point which bounded the opposite side of the road, pause, retreat, re-appear, and suddenly fall back, as if startled, and doubtful what course to pursue. This hesitation did not long endure. A party of peasants broke from the shelter of the rock, shouting loudly, they desired us to halt, and keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon us, that their aim might be unerring if we attempted to escape, they came with their muskets to their breasts and their hand to the trigger, rushing towards us with the utmost speed. At first the extraordinary position of their bodies, half bent to the earth, from the difficulty of holding their muskets presented in a course so rapid, the wildness of their dress, the frantic yells which they uttered, the irritation stamped on their countenances, and increased by the violence with which they came, rather resembled an irruption of savages than the charge of an organized Guerilla; but when the first tumultuous onset was over, they recovered all their native dignity. Their hair was unconfined, their trowsers blue, their plaid dark red, and the scarlet bonnet of Catalonia fell far down their shoulders. When first they reached us, they held their muskets to our breasts, saying, "You are traitors! you are enemies of the King and the Holy Faith! you shall die! you shall die!" They required us to give up our money; and in the first transport of rage dashed it upon the ground, saying, it was the gold of traitors! But when we assured them that we were strangers totally unconnected with the troubles of the times, that we belonged to that distant country whose sons had fought side by side with

them for the rights of King Ferdinand and for Spain, against the people who dwelt beyond those Pyrenees that were then in sight, and to which we pointed as we spoke, they shook hands with us enthusiastically, and gave an unconditional promise that our lives should be respected. By this time the Captain, and a man who was apparently second in authority, whom we afterwards distinguished by the name of Lieutenant, had arrived. They were superior in language, manners, and education, to the surrounding group; they were not subject to the same fluctuations of opinion; they were less convinced of our innocence at one moment, of our guilt at another. They possessed more judgment, more reflection, and that moderation which generally arises from matured knowledge of mankind; they examined us with method and minuteness, seemed anxious to ascertain the exact number of the Constitutional troops that we had left in the valley, and the precise direction they had taken: we answered their questions with fidelity. At times, and particularly when we alluded to Vila, they seemed startled at our replies. As they now appeared to regard our conduct with less suspicion, we trusted that they would not detain us, when we had frankly communicated the little information we possessed respecting the views and movements of the enemy; but an incident occurred that entirely changed their feelings, and would have proved fatal to us, had not the Captain and the Lieutenant interfered in our favour. When they had sufficiently examined us, they desired to see all that we had brought with us to the mountain. In consequence of this request, P—— was obliged to pro-

duce three pistol balls that were by chance in his pocket at the moment. These balls effected an instantaneous and astonishing revulsion of feeling: they were looked upon as proofs conclusive of our connexion with the revolutionary army, and of the hostile motives that had led us to the mountain; they became as violent as before; some cocked their muskets and were only prevented by the Captain and the Lieutenant from carrying their threats into execution. We explained with some difficulty, amid the tumult, that these balls belonged to pistols which we carried for safety on the high roads. They appeared in some degree re-assured by this probable statement, but not convinced. They were evidently disposed to believe that we had come to the mountain for the purpose of reconnoitering, and were acting in concert with the Constitutionalists in the plain; nor could we give any satisfactory answer respecting the reasons that had induced us to deviate from the road, and visit the mountain, at a moment when, to adopt their emphatic language, every man from Lerida to Montserrat stood with his musket at his breast:—(*Todo da Lerida à Montserrat sta con escopeta al pecho.*) We said, however, we had been informed that the mountain was for the moment in a tranquil state, and assured them that our visit was solely occasioned by motives of curiosity. Unaccustomed to travellers, they had probably never heard such reasons assigned before, and received them with justifiable suspicion. After some discussion, the Captain turned to us and said we had informed him that our servants had instructions to join us with the carriage at a particular

spot, on the opposite side of the mountain; that he would ascertain the fact, and that we should be judged by our own words. If our story proved consistent, and the result of his inquiries satisfactory, we should depart in peace; but that if the first proved inconsistent, and the latter unsatisfactory, he had no alternative left in the critical state of their affairs, as no quarter was given to prisoners by either party.

These words were spoken frankly, but not uncourteously; nor was there any appearance of insult in his manner. This species of dictation was not agreeable from any individual; still I felt, at that time, what my poor Catalan expressed in simple language, some hours afterwards, when we stood on the moor —"Señor, your lot has been unfortunate to-day; but such are the chances of men who range over the world." We now continued our journey, guarded by the band. A wild original, whom we afterwards distinguished by the name of Shocky, from his shock head of hair, attached himself to me, and kept near my horse's head; though such a precaution was quite unnecessary, as any attempt to escape would have been impracticable. He was on terms of familiarity with the Captain, though he seemed to have little authority in the troop; and was certainly more calculated to further an enterprise by his courage and exertions than to plan and direct its execution. He differed totally in manners and character from the rest of the Guerilla, and was the only individual who uttered any offensive expressions; and these, I have little doubt, originated more in a thoughtlessness and natural vehemence of temper, than in any malig-

nant feeling. For some time we proceeded tranquilly along the road; the Guerilla looked upon us with less displeasure, and Shocky's repeated assurances that we should die began to abate. Although little regularity was observed in their march, they paid implicit obedience to their chief, who omitted no point of necessary caution: before we turned any of the projecting rocks that concealed the view of the road beyond, he regularly sent forward a vidette, consisting of three or four men, who, advancing carefully, reconnoitered the pass; and when they were satisfied that no danger was at hand, made signals to their companions. By these means they effectually guarded against any sudden surprise. This calm, however, did not endure; and indeed their temper was destined to undergo a severe trial. We had travelled with them for a short distance, when we heard a rolling discharge of musketry from the valley below; the Guerilla turned, and listened attentively; it was again and again repeated. They knew by those sounds, and I knew also, that the long-expected engagement had commenced. I was aware that these discharges would probably continue, and could not fail to exercise a most unfavourable influence on our destiny—an anticipation quickly realized in their increasing irritation and change of conduct. Their countenances became sullen, and almost ferocious; many scowling glances were bent upon us, many threats were uttered, and they spoke of our guilt as certain. At length we heard the tremendous roar of the cannon; it was awfully reverberated among the rocks, and produced a strong sensation upon the mind of every man. For some minutes I had closely

observed the Captain, who was walking near me, with the young Catalan, along the edge of the precipice. He neither paused nor turned his head towards the quarter whence those blasts proceeded. In spite of the exasperation of his men, and the indignant observations that were indirectly addressed to him, he fixed his eyes on the ground, and made no reply; his consciousness of those sounds was alone manifested by the determined slowness of his step, and the increasing gloom of his countenance. This peculiarity of manner was not the effect of indifference or inattention, but arose from a feeling of deep-rooted pride: hemmed in these fastnesses by the Constitutional troops who surrounded the mountain on all sides, separated from his companions in arms, unable to lend them any assistance in the hour of their greatest emergency; compelled to hear inactively the sound of that musketry which was levelling their ranks, and would soon be directed against his own, he would not express an impotent desire of vengeance before two strangers, whom he regarded as secret enemies of his cause; though, in default of better evidence, he had not yielded to the clamour of his band, and signed our death-warrant. That such were his reflections I have little doubt, from his manner, his subsequent conduct, and from casual expressions. At all events, he preserved silence while the musketry continued; but when the loud roar of the cannon suddenly broke upon us, his countenance changed, and the passion that had long been gathering in his breast seemed at once to master his better judgment, as he turned to the young Catalan, and said that the Constitutionalists were at that

moment exterminating his companions; that no mercy had been shown to the Royalists who were taken in arms near Tarragon, and that the circumstances under which we were captured justified the retaliation which he would no longer delay. In answer to his last speech, I turned and said to him, that we could feel no apprehension; that he had pledged his word—the word of a Catalan—that our lives should be respected; that such a pledge, so given, could not be disregarded in my country, nor, in his, would be violated by any man of honour. In spite of the irritation under which he was labouring, he listened to me with attention, but made no reply; and, I think, was embarrassed by the recollection of a promise he no longer intended to preserve, and which he now conceived had been obtained by falsehood, and given under a false impression. At this crisis, when our situation seemed desperate, we were saved by an honourable feeling of fidelity in our guide. During the first part of the day's expedition I had been annoyed by the indifference which the young Catalan had shown on occasions that in some degree required activity. I was afterwards amused by the caustic humour of his remarks; but was totally unprepared for the vigour of mind which he now displayed in defence of men who, till that morning, had been entire strangers to him and his. He said, in a firm tone, that he would pledge his existence that we were foreigners, unconnected with party: we had visited the mountain, relying on the hospitable feelings of the people, and under his peculiar guidance. He called upon the Captain to pause for further proof, and not

commit an act that would cast an indelible stain on their honour. The Captain replied with warmth; but these remonstrances had certainly the effect of preventing the hasty measures he would otherwise have adopted in the irritation of the moment. I was surprised at the intimacy that seemed to exist between the Chief and the young Catalan; but I afterwards learned from our muleteer that the Captain was a native of Monistrol, a town not far from Colbato; that they had been previously acquainted; and that a brother of our guide had fought with the Royalists. This account explained the influence which he possessed over the Captain's mind.

About this time the Guerilla paused near a fountain, formed by a mountain-torrent that came down a ravine in the rock. It is not easy to describe the sublimity of the scene that presented itself;—it was a scene that Salvator Rosa should have sketched, and Walter Scott described. We stood amid one of the grandest landscapes of savage nature: above our heads the mountain was clothed to a considerable height with pine forests, that were surmounted by a range of tall gray crags, beneath our feet, stretching as far as the Pyrenees that bounded the distance, lay Catalonia, the theatre of the civil war. The fountain was overhung by a rock, covered with wood, that overshadowed the road with its branches. Beneath this cliff the Guerilla had collected to enjoy a moment's rest in the shade; still the beams of the sun broke at intervals through the foliage, and flashed upon their arms, their dark-red plaid, and scarlet bonnet. The individuals who composed the Guerilla seemed chosen men, in the vigour of youth, and pos-

sessed all the characteristic dignity of Spanish manners. Their dress was picturesque, and suited to the scene; their figures were stately; their countenances, for the most part handsome, were now lighted up by the various feelings of anxiety, deep thought, and gloomy resentment. These passions prevailed, but were differently expressed, as they were more or less felt, according to the temper of each man; but on every countenance I read the same character of high determination. Some were kneeling by the fountain, and drinking with avidity; others reclined along the ground; and a few were leaning on their muskets. One man advanced to the edge of the precipice; and when he heard the heavy sound of the cannon, he clenched his fist and shook it, looking with an expression of determined hatred towards the position that he conceived to be occupied by the Constitutional troops.

Perhaps there was no circumstance so striking as the courtesy with which we were treated, at a moment when their passions were exasperated, and our doom almost decided. While the Guerilla were reposing under the rock, the Captain asked me whether I were not fatigued, and would not like also to rest; and Shocky, who was my guard, when he paused to drink from the numerous streams that intersected the road, always invited me to follow his example. While the Captain and myself interchanged a few words, the young Catalan, who omitted no opportunity of interceding in our favour, again renewed his advice against intemperate measures; but the Captain turned aside, adding, "No hay remedio"—"There is no alternative."

These words, combined with the calm determination of his manner, convinced me that his courtesy arose more from the delicacy natural to a high-minded man, than from any favourable change in his intentions; and in this light it was evidently regarded by his followers, who said, then and afterwards, in the Catalan patois, "Estan perdut, estan perdut,"—(They *are lost men, they are lost men.*) After we had left the fountain, some private conversation passed between the Captain and his Lieutenant. When this was concluded, the latter selected two men from the band, and led the way to a narrow path that wound through the wood to the crags above. He ascended the hill a step, turned, drew himself up with dignity, waved his hand, and, addressing the Guerilla, said that he should mount the heights, to learn if the Spaniards were approaching; for by this appellation they invariably designated the revolutionary forces, in opposition to the native Catalans. He added, that if he perceived them, he should fire as a signal, and then *dos tiros a los Señores*, ("two volleys upon the Signors.") This injunction was not particularly enlivening, as the mountain was on all sides surrounded by the adverse forces. Soon afterwards I heard a musket fired, which I thought for a moment was the appointed signal; but was quickly undeceived by the manners of the Guerilla, who paid no attention to the discharge, and probably knew by the sound that it was unconnected with their companions. As we continued our journey slowly, the Captain seemed engaged in deep and more amicable conversation with the young Catalan: it seemed desponding, by the low tones of his voice, and

by a few broken sentences which I heard from time to time; the indignant feelings that had flushed his cheek were gone, and the fever of his eye was replaced by an expression of subdued melancholy. He said that the mountain was encompassed on all sides by an overwhelming force; he was aware that his companions in the fortified house must have already perished; "I know," he added, "that, so surrounded, we too must die, (*se bien que hemos de morir,*) but we will shed our dearest blood for the King and the Holy Faith." His former animation returned for a moment, when he alluded to a proclamation that had been issued on the preceding day, offering mercy to all who would lay down their arms within four-and-twenty hours. He kindled with indignation as he mentioned some Royalists of a different Guerilla, who, he said, had compromised their principles and sued for pardon, (*que han pedido pardon.*) "The time limited by act," he added, "is expiring; our situation is hopeless, but not a man will submit." I say, it was impossible to hear such sentiments expressed at such a time, without a strong feeling of respect for the individual—and of contempt for the incapacity of a government that had enlisted such a spirit against the cause of freedom. There was no period of the civil war more disastrous to the Royalists than these days that immediately followed the fall of Cervera. The Provisional Government of Urgel was not yet in existence. There was no rallying point—there was no union among the chiefs of the insurrection—there was no safety left for the Royalists, except in the sympathy of the people. Chieftains everywhere sprung up, acted

independently of each other, and increased the general confusion. Little Guerillas, formed from the wreck of their army, renewed a desperate war in the mountains, and were taken or cut to pieces in detail. During these successive reverses, acts of devoted heroism were performed, such as were never surpassed in La Vendée; but they occurred in a remote corner of Europe,—they had no historian, and are unknown.

The cannon had ceased for some time before we reached a solitary house, that had probably flourished a bad venta in its best days, but was now in a ruinous condition. Here, the Captain said, he expected to receive the requisite information respecting ourselves; and, addressing a lad who came to assure him that no immediate danger was at hand, he entered the house. We were led into the court, to await the result of their conference: the outer walls had experienced the ravages of war, and were falling into decay. A woman, bearing a child in her arms, was seated on a plank that lay at the extremity of the court. She was evidently accustomed to the Guerilla, as she scarcely seemed to observe their arrival, and paid no attention to the scene that was passing around her. In a few minutes the Captain re-appeared; and, quitting the road that wound along the defile, he led across an open moor. In answer to a question asked him by my friend P——, he answered—"If you are men of honour, you are betrayed; but, if so, you have nothing to fear"—(*Si stan hombres de bien stan vendidos.*) Here a scene of a ludicrous nature occurred. We met a young peasant, whom some of the Guerilla seized; and, suspecting that he intended to join

the militia, compelled him to follow in their train. As I was mounted on horseback, and rode in advance, the lad imagined that I was captain of the band, and implored my interference with a most ungainly mixture of sobs and supplications. In spite of my assurances to the contrary, he continued these piteous vociferations for mercy, till he was informed by the Captain that my predicament was not more hopeful, or my authority more extensive, than his own. He then bewailed his fate in a strain of unmanly lamentation, that first provoked the contempt, and finally the anger, of these high-spirited mountaineers. For the honour of Spain, I must add that I never saw a similar character among her peasantry; and, indeed, from his subsequent manner, I believe the poor lad was half-witted.

The scenery had now materially changed: we saw some peasants ranged upon low hills, that rose on each side, crowned with pinaster. The Lieutenant and his two followers, who had quitted us near the fountain, stood on a neighbouring height, their wild and martial figures resting against the sky. As we drew near, they came rushing down to meet us, their dress and arms beautifully gilded by the setting sun.

At length the Captain desired the band to halt; and I perceived that we had reached one of the heights that overlooks the main road from Barcelona to Madrid. We had toiled for many hours under a burning sun; and, completely fatigued, threw ourselves on the moor. With that courtesy which had distinguished his conduct during the day, the Captain offered me part of his plaid, as we lay on the ground; but Shocky was still indefatigable

in his suspicions. He renewed his scrutiny, and particularly examined my glass, which he evidently thought of highly anti-royalist construction, and framed expressly for the purpose of reconnoitering their positions. Ten minutes had not elapsed before we saw two of the band, who had been posted on the heights, descending the hill with muskets presented. We all started from the ground; and I saw with pleasure our carriage in the road below, as we should have been effectually compromised if our servants had omitted to join us at the appointed spot. At this sight the Guerilla could no longer restrain their impatience, but rushed down the steep, and for the first time I was delivered from my persecutor Shocky. The Captain delayed an instant; then, hastily leaving us in the charge of one of his men, joined his party, as they had begun to plunder the carriage. We stood alone on the moor with our Catalan guide, and the guard, who could scarcely have attained the age of seventeen. Our situation was still precarious: we had a copy of the Spanish Constitution in the carriage, that, if found, would have been a grievous offence. I remembered also that I had deposited in a drawer of my desk, a tricolor, which had been presented to me during the first days of the revolution that agitated Piedmont in the preceding year, on which the words Liberty and Constitution were worked in large characters. Such would have been naturally applied to Spanish politics; nor indeed could a stronger point of circumstantial evidence have been adduced in confirmation of their suspicions. This danger was, however, imaginary, as my dear sister had removed it from my desk, without my knowledge,

before I left England. Lastly, they suspected that I was an officer in the Constitutional militias; and the discovery of my regimental uniform would have confirmed that belief. Our best policy was to join the band, and direct the search that we could not prevent. Escaping from our guard, we reached the carriage, as Shocky, who had probably never beheld a vehicle of this kind before, was climbing, like a wild cat, over its sides, and effecting an entrance. The work of plunder and investigation proceeded gloriously under such congenial auspices; some gold seals, &c. were quickly disposed of; he seized a gold and platina chain, placed it round his neck, and expressed his intention to wear it always, saying it would be a fine distinctive decoration. I now experienced a severe loss in the destruction of the notes which I had made on the north of Africa and on Spain, and which had been kept with great minuteness from the moment of our passing the Pyrenees to the day that we left Barcelona. As Shocky explored my desk—as he removed each paper, that nothing might escape his observation—I expected every moment that the fatal tricolor would appear; nor could I account for its non-appearance till my return to England. Still the discovery of my uniform seemed almost inevitable; the desk was disposed of, and Shocky had invaded the trunk that contained it, and seizing part of my wearing apparel, appropriated it to himself, saying it would remain in excellent hands. At this critical moment, farther search was prevented by the natural pride of the Spanish character. The Captain, for the first time, expressed his conviction that we were men of honour and good faith, ("*hombres de bien y de palabra;*") and perceiving the

extent of Shocky's depredations, said that not an article of our dress should be taken by men who were not robbers, but defenders of the Faith. The Captain now consented to release us, and gave us part of his cockade in token of friendship. We shook hands with him, and in return requested his acceptance of some presents of slight value, that had escaped my friend Shocky's rapacity. During the spring of the preceding year, a revolutionist who was dancing round the tricolour standard, on the day that the constitution was proclaimed at Nice, gave me his tricolour cockade, desiring me to keep it as a memorial of liberty; and now, by a singular chance, I was given the badge of Royalist principles by a Chief in arms for the Royal cause. A few of the Guerilla came up and shook hands with us as we departed. The sun was now actually sinking below the horizon, and the scene around us was bathed in a rich flood of crimson; by this light we saw them, till they were concealed from our view by the turning of the road, glittering on the height, and waving their bonnets to us.

So terminated an adventure fraught with peril, which gave me a deeper insight into the feelings and opinions of the peasantry than could have been obtained by years of investigation in calmer times. On the whole, we had no ground for complaint; they would have proceeded against us somewhat hastily, but at a period when the Constitutional troops had orders to give no quarter, and the Royalists in consequence took no prisoners, it could not be expected that evidence would be weighed with the dispassionate consideration that is brought into a court of justice. We had just left Barcelona, the focus

of Constitutional principles, and, misled by false information, had invaded their hold at a moment when the mountain was surrounded by an overwhelming force; the want of good intelligence seemed improbable; that our visit should be occasioned by motives of mere curiosity, appeared still more extraordinary. There existed grounds for suspicion; policy might have justified the adoption of extreme measures, and few men would have conducted themselves with greater moderation under the aggravated circumstances in which they were placed. They considered the sums of which they deprived us as a tax fairly levied in the King's service on men who had incurred a much severer penalty, by coming to their fastnesses from the very camp of their enemies, provided with Constitutional passports. Upon this principle, the Captain authorized the detention of our pistols, but would not allow the seizure of a single article of our wearing apparel; and when we had quitted the band, a Guerilla-man, influenced by the same irregular principle of honesty, hastened to restore our drinking bota, which was handsome, and would have been esteemed a prize by any Spaniard of his class. Shocky, it must be admitted, made no refined distinctions, and by no means thought the restitution of goods a necessary ceremonial to be observed on our liberation. The Guerilla were joined, at the close of the day, by two labourers, who drew their muskets from some bushes, where they were concealed; including these men, their numbers, I believe, amounted to twenty-five. They were only armed with carabines; a few, I think, had short knives, which could seldom be available in the field. Their manners

were frank, manly, and above their station; they were sincere in the opinions which they had embraced, and were certainly not, at that time, influenced by foreign agency. It was melancholy to see the attachment which they devoted to a cause whose failure, almost certain for the moment, would inevitably involve their own destruction, and impossible to refuse a tribute of admiration to principle unshaken by the extremity of danger, and energies so generously though ineffectually exerted. The few opinions which they casually expressed respecting their church were certainly bigoted, and exaggerated by the heat of party; still I believe that such originated rather in a generous sympathy with the priesthood, and in an attachment to their old institutions, which they associated with the cause of God, than in any genuine intolerance. In this opinion I was confirmed by a few words that passed between two Guerilla-men, whose moderation, as applied to ourselves, formed a striking contrast to the religious horror with which they regarded the Constitutionalists. "Some maintain," said the first to his companion, "that they resemble the Moors, others deny it; I am ignorant how the matter stands, but we are all brothers." ("*Unos dicen que son como los Moros, otros no, io no se, pero somos todos hermanos.*") This native generosity breaking through the cloud of prejudice and party—these sentiments uttered by an uneducated soldier of the Faith—surprised and pleased me greatly. I must notice one peculiarity, unusual to the Spaniards, in some degree, I think, attributable to the religious character which the war had assumed: in their utmost exaspera-

tion, I never heard a single man give vent to his anger in an oath, or in any irreligious expression. With respect to ourselves, a courtesy and a delicacy pervaded their conduct, astonishing, when we consider that, with the exception of the Captain and the Lieutenant, the men who composed the Guerilla were only peasants. They observed my dress with attention, but not with rudeness; they examined a severe blow which I had received over my eye many years before, which they thought a sabre cut, and an additional proof of my connexion with the army; but although they questioned me freely on other points, they abstained from any remark which they conceived might be personally offensive. In answer to some plan proposed by the eternal Shocky, which had for its object the discovery of our intention in visiting the mountain, though we never understood its nature, his companion answered, "Seria muy poco delicado." (*It would be little delicate.*) And in this, as in many other instances, a delicacy of feeling was shown that would have reflected honour on refined society. When we were taken, after the first discussion the Lieutenant called us aside, and, regretting that the King's service compelled him to make such a demand, desired us to deliver our gold, unconscious that Shocky's zeal had disembarrassed us of all we possessed. The subject was never mentioned by the Captain, but, after our carriage was taken, the Lieutenant renewed the request with the same guarded delicacy of manner, saying that the defence of the mountain required every assistance. When we assured them, in the earlier part of the day, that we had given up all we had brought to the

mountain, although they regarded our conduct with deep suspicion, even Shocky, who was the least satisfied, and by far the least considerate of the band, did not attempt to ascertain the fact. I might have carried in my pocket half the gold of which we were dispossessed, had I conceived such conduct either honourable or prudent.

In Spain a beggar will invite the passenger to share with him his last crust of bread: with the same characteristic generosity, although they never scrupled to express before us their belief in our guilt, and their desire of vengeance, still, whenever they paused to drink from the stream, they pressed us to do so likewise; and while they took some refreshment at the venta, a Guerilla-man came out, and offering us brandy, pressed us to drink it with good-humoured earnestness.

The alliance that existed between me and Shocky was certainly of a curious and indefinable character. This man was totally unlike the rest of his companions, and in all respects a perfect original. He possessed neither the pride, the stateliness, nor the delicacy of the Spanish character, but was good-humoured, and not ungenerous; he was cunning, and had much of that dry wit peculiar to the Catalans, which he sometimes exercised upon his prisoners with more talent than judgment. In the first moment of our capture he was more violent than the rest; when their suspicions had abated, he shook hands with us most warmly, and when their doubts revived, his voice was most decidedly against us. During our march, he principally attached himself to me, asking many indifferent, some very insidious questions,

and mingling amicable conversation with repeated assurances of our destruction. The ardour with which he gave his voice for our death whenever the question was agitated, and, when he was overruled, the *naïveté* with which he resumed his place by the side of my horse, and renewed the conversation without any appearance of ill-will or the slightest suspicion that I could entertain feelings of ill-humour with him for the part he had taken in the discussion, were infinitely absurd. He was short; his countenance unprepossessing, and at times ferocious; but, in his good-humoured moments, there was a lively and reckless expression of eye, that, combined with the general animation of his manner, disguised the natural plainness of his features. I do not believe he was malignant: he supposed us to be enemies, and possibly, like the fox-hunter, who thinks the sport incomplete if he lose his fox, so Shocky thought that the day's business would be unsatisfactory, if two strangers of doubtful character were permitted to escape. In the evening, when he saw us exchanging presents with the Captain, he came up to me actually arrayed in my spoils, and asked, in the most artless tone, whether no present was reserved for him—"*Nada para mi?*" He evidently thought that his connexion with me during the march had fully entitled him to this parting act of friendship, and was in nowise cancelled by the summary proceedings he had so constantly advised, or the rapidity with which every article of value had vanished under his inspection. I laughed at his request, and with some difficulty found an old knife, which I presented to him, and which he

may since have possibly applied to the disadvantage of some Constitutional throat. He took it good-humouredly, and as we lost sight of the band, we saw him waving his bonnet higher and longer than the rest of his companions.

I have dwelt, perhaps, too long on details of this nature; but I wished to make my reader in some degree acquainted with the character of the Royalist insurgents, and with the interior, if I may use the expression, of a Catalan Guerilla. The Captain was distinguished only by a hat which he wore instead of the bonnet. He had fought among those mountains in the war of Independence: he was middle-sized, but his features were handsome and expressive; he seemed to be from thirty to thirty-five years of age, and was apparently a man of deep reflection, and of strong but controlled passions.

I have dwelt but slightly on the mode of warfare peculiar to the Guerillas, as it has been so often described by officers engaged in the Peninsular war. During the civil war of 1822, the Constitutional troops, compelled to attack the insurgents in their own fastnesses, and frequently in situations where cavalry is useless, suffered almost equally from victory as from defeat. Small parties were totally destroyed, convoys cut off, and every straggler from his regiment doomed to destruction: sometimes, at the call of a popular leader, like the Trappist, the Royalist Guerillas came down from the mountains, like a whirlwind, formed at once a powerful army, supplied the want of good discipline by fanatic courage, overran the open country and even

obtained possession of the fortified towns. The Trappist, supposed to be invulnerable, went to battle, mounted on a black charger, bearing the sabre in one hand and the cross in the other, and habited in his monastic garb, that was perforated with musket-balls. Before the combat, he knelt upon the ground, prayed fervently for success, then burst upon the enemy with a valour that was thought supernatural. Such was his influence, that, at his approach, the tocsin rang, and the peasantry rose to arms. He was connected with the great military operations of that time, and his fame has survived; but others, whose names are scarcely remembered, appeared for a moment on this scene of confusion, emulated his actions within the narrow limits of their native district, acquired a great though bounded influence, and stamped the war with an extraordinary character of chivalry and devotion.

I am not acquainted with the fate of our Captain and his band. Few of the petty chieftains who played a prominent part in this early period of the civil war, survived the disastrous days that followed the fall of Cervera. The principal leaders had more resources at their disposal, for the most part succeeded in effecting their escape into France, and re-appeared with greater force.

We left Pampeluna in the commencement of June, and passing through some bold and beautiful scenery, followed the road to Tolosa. The main pass of the Pyrenees was at that time occupied by a Royalist Gue-

rilla. On leaving the Posada at the entrance of the defile, we were preceded by a man, whom I afterwards discovered to be the Chief of the band, and one of the guardians of the mountain appointed by the Royalists for the purpose of examining suspicious persons and protecting travellers from outrage. He joined me as I was walking before the carriage, and almost immediately led the conversation to public events, as if desirous of ascertaining my opinions. I replied freely, and followed him without hesitation as he entered a wood, and led the way by a shorter path to the main-road: he was flattered at the want of suspicion implied in my manner, and continued to discuss the political grievances of his party with much earnestness. The treatment of the King and the clergy, and the abolition of the provincial distinctions, formed the principal causes of complaint; but his language was free from the bitterness so prevalent *in the districts that* we *had lately quitted: it was* generally considerate; and more than once he corrected himself when he had made use of an expression which he thought intemperate. Not only the insurrection was recent in Navarre, and mutual injuries had not yet, as in Catalonia, brought every deadly passion into play, but its population is less intractable, and neither party would have been so eager to adopt the system of extermination that characterised the struggle in Catalonia. In that province, the most ferocious acts were perpetrated by the native militias, and the Catalan partisans were distinguished as the "terrible Guerillas," from their unrelenting retaliation. In allusion to the massacres engendered by this system of war, the Cortes,

in an address presented to the King on the 25th or 26th of May, conclude their review on the state of Catalonia in the following expressive language:—"Sire, the statement which we have laid before you is unhappily proved by the different factions that have simultaneously appeared in Catalonia, where events have occurred that are too horrible to recal to your recollection, and that the pen trembles to record." But a milder spirit prevailed in Navarre. He told me that, a few days before, his band had captured a small party of the Constitutional troops, but had only disarmed them, and desired them to make the best of their way to Pampeluna, under the protection of the Deity. He seems to have partly relied on a promise which he had exacted, as the price of their liberation, that they would not again bear arms against the soldiers of the Faith—an engagement that superseded the severe measures adopted *in Catalonia, where the difficulty of* maintaining prisoners in the mountain-fastnesses rendered their execution, on the part of the Royalists, not only an act of reprisal, but almost of necessary policy. He spoke confidently of the approaching invasion by the French troops, and dwelt enthusiastically on the praises of the Baron Eroles, under whom he had served, and who would again place himself at the head of his ancient followers—a prediction that was afterwards verified. This valley, he said, was rendered famous by the annihilation of a French regiment, during the war of Independence; and he trusted the Constitutionalists would not provoke a similar fate, by venturing to attack them in their fastnesses. He then gave me a detailed

account of the manner in which his party had baffled a large body of the French troops, who had completely surrounded the mountain where they had retreated. It was resolved that the Guerilla should disperse; that each man should choose a separate path; but that all should re-assemble at a given hour and at an appointed spot. They dispersed, and every man left to his own resources effected his escape; nor was an individual absent when the Captain called over their names at the stated time and place.

When we reached the middle of the pass, he showed me a rock on the opposite side, hanging over the stream that flowed beneath covered with chestnut and underwood. There, he said his Guerilla were concealed. A few minutes later, he fired his musket as a signal that they should not descend at the sound of the carriage, and soon afterwards shook hands with me and departed. During this conversation, in which he frankly but temperately expressed his opinions, his language was always elevated, and sometimes scriptural. I give one specimen of his native eloquence: while he was speaking of the sufferings of the priesthood, he saw some little children playing on the road, and, turning to me, said with vehemence,—"*Nosotros sabemos bien la ley de antès y la ley de Dios; pero esos chicos—que ley conoceran?*" We are well acquainted with the law of the old time and the law of God: but these little ones—what law will they know?—and his voice faltered with emotion.

END OF VOL. I.

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